

THE
HISTORY
OF

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, B.
AND THE
HONOURABLE MISS BYRON.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

LETTER I.

CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR.
BARTLETT.

WIND HOUSE, THURSDAY, SEPT. 14.

YOU will be so good my dear friend, as to let my neighbours, particularly the gentlemen you mention, know, the only reason I forbear paying my respects to them, now I am so near, is, that I cannot as yet enjoy their company with that freedom and ease I hope in a little while to do. Tell me, that I purpose, after some particulars are determined, (which will for some while longer engross me) to devote the greatest part of my time to my native land; and then I will endeavour to make myself as good a neighbour, and as social as they can wish me to be.

Yesterday I had a visit from the two

They gave me very satisfactory proofs that they were able, as well as willing, in support of the right of the Mansfields, in the estate of which they had been seized, and shewed me a paper, which I thought was in being, of the utmost consequence in the cause.

Monday, by appointment, I attended at the Mansfields. Two lawyers of the first rank were with him. They gave in their demands. I had mine ready; but they were so extravagant, that I would not consent to them: but, taking Sir John's advice, I said I, 'to affront a profession; but I am convinced, that I shall come to an understand-

ing, if we consider ourselves as lawyers and clients. I am no lawyer; but I know the strength of my friends cause, and will risque half my estate upon the justice of it. The Mansfields will commission me, if the Keelings will join; and we perhaps may do something; if not, let the law take its course, I am now come to reside in England. I will do nothing for myself, till I have done what can be done to make all my friends easy.' Sir John owned, that he thought the Mansfields had hardships done them. Mr. Keeling, senior, he said, had heard of the paper in the Hartley's hand; and praising his honesty, told me, in confidence, that he had declared, that if such a paper could have been produced in time, he would not have prosecuted the suit, which he had carried. But Sir John said, that the younger Keeling was a furious young man, and would oppose a compromise on the terms he supposed the Mansfields would expect to be complied with. 'But what are your proposals, Sir?'

'These, Sir John: the law is expensive; delays may be meditated; appeal may be brought, if we gain our point. What I think it may cost us to establish the right of the injured, which cannot be a small sum, that will I prevail upon the Mansfields to give up to the Keelings. I will trust you, if you give me your honour, with our proofs; and if you and your friends are satisfied with them, and will consent to establish our right by the form only of a new trial; then may we be agreed: otherwise, not. And I leave you and them to consider of it. I shall hear

from you within two or three days." Sir John promised I should; but hoped to have some talk first with the Hartleys, with whom, as well as with me, he declared he would be upon honour.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

I HAD a message from Sir John last night, requesting me to dine with him and the elder Mr. Keeling this day; and to bring with me the two Mr. Hartleys, and the proofs I had hinted at.

Those gentlemen were so obliging as to go with me; and took the important paper with them, which had been deposited with their grandfather, as a common friend and contained a recognition of the Mansfields right to the estates in question, upon an amicable reference to persons long since departed: an attested copy of which was once in the Mansfields possession, as by a memorandum that came to hand; but which never could be found. The younger Keeling was not intended to be there: but he forced himself upon us. He behaved very rudely. I had once like to have forgotten myself. This meeting produced nothing: but as the father is a reasonable man; as we have obtained a re-hearing of the cause; as he is much influenced by Sir John Lambton, who seems convinced; and to whose honour I have submitted an abstract of our proofs; and I am in hopes that we shall be able to accommodate.

I have Bolton's proposals before me. The first child is dead, the second cannot live many months. He trembles at the proofs he knows we have of his villainy. He offers on the death of this second child, to give us possession of the estate, and a large sum of money, (but thought not to be half of what the superannuated Calvert left) if we will give him general releases. The wretch is not, we believe married to the relief of Calvert.

I am loth, methinks, to let him escape the justice which his crimes call for: but such are the delays and chicaneries of the law, when practisers are found who know how to perplex an honest pursuer; and as we must have recourse to low and dirty people to establish our proofs; the vile fellow shall take with him the proposed spoils: they may not be much more than would be the lawyers part of the estate, were we to push the litigation.

As to our poor Everard, nothing, I fear, can be done for him, with the men who are revelling on his spoils. I have seen one of them. The unhappy man has signed and sealed to his own ruin. He regrets, that a part of the estate which has been so long in the family and name should go out of it. What an empty pride is that of name! The general tenor

of his life was not a credit to him; though he felt not that, till he felt distress. Disgrace is actually incurred. Does all the world know his loss, and the wretches triumph? and if the world did, can he conceal from himself those the consequences of which have reduced him to what he is? But perhaps the happy man puts a value upon the name in compliment to me.

Mention not to him what I write. The poor man is sensible enough of his fate to engage pity: whether from a sense, or not, must be left to his heart.

As to the woman's claim—what honour, can I do, against a promise he owes may be proved upon him? did not condition with her, that she was to be a spotless woman. If he thought she was so when he solicited her to yield to his desires, he is the less to be excused: as she comes out to be, he had proposed to make her as vile, if he had feared her not so. He promised her marriage meant he only a promise? See it punished in being what she is: his punishment cannot be condign, but by his being obliged to perform his promise. Yet I can bear to think, that my cousin Grand should be made, for life, the dupe of a successful and premeditated villainy; the less, as, in all likelihood, the poor gentleman Lord B. would continue to him from the merit with her of having vindicated her claim, an interest in the woman's favour, were she to be the of poor Everard.

But certainly this claim must be prosecuted with a view only to extort money from my cousin; and they know him to be of a family jealous of its honour. I think she must be treated with for relief. I could not bear to appear in such a case as this, in open court, in support of a cousin, against a promise made by him, he is of age, and thought to be no more in the ways of the town. I am mild in Mr. Grandison's spirit, if it do lead him to think himself very severely punished (were he to have no other punishment) by the consequence of vices which will bring an expence on me.

But if I should be able to extricate the unhappy man from this difficulty, what can next be done for him? The portions of his fortune will not support him who has always lived more than genteel. Will he be able, think you, to resist thoughts of living in a constant dependence, however easy and genteel? Should endeavour to make it so. There may be many ways (in the offices, for example,) for providing

as tradesman: but for a man who himself, and is, a gentleman; who expects, as such, to rank with his equals; who knows nothing of figures, business of any kind; who has been brought up in idleness, and hardly knows the meaning of the word *diligence*; and who could bear the word confinement; who can be done for such a one in the sick offices, or by any other employment that requires punctual attendance? Can you quit this subject, for a more reasonable one.

I have for some time had it in my thoughts to ask you, my dear friend, whether your nephew is provided for to his liking, and his *own*? If not, and he had put it in my power to serve him, leaving myself, I should be obliged to him permitting him so to do, and to do for his consent. I would not affront him by the offer of a salary: my presents shall be such as benefit the services. Sometimes as my amanuensis, sometimes as a transcriber and methodizer of papers and letters; sometimes in adjusting servants accounts, and sitting them under inspection. You need not fear my doing to myself in my acknowledgements made to him, (that, I know, will all your fear;) for I have always considered profusion and parsimony as two vices, equally to be avoided. You, dear Dr. Bartlett, have often enforced this lesson on my mind. Can it then be forgotten by your affectionate friend and servant,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER II.

JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA,
TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

BOLIGNA, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1701.

YOUR kind letters from Lyons, my dearest friend, rejoiced us extremely. Clementina languished to hear from you. Was it possible for you to write with so much warmth of affection to her, yet with so much delicacy, that a rival could have taken exceptions at it?

You write to you. It is not for me, but for any of us, I think to say one word to the principal subject of her letter. I showed it to me, and to her mother,

my creature! could she but be present upon it!—But how can you be asked to support the family-wishes? Yet if you support them just, I know you will. You know *yourself*, when justice and the service of your friend stand in opposition to

it. All that I am afraid of, is, that we shall be too precipitate for the dear creature's head.

Would to God, you could have been my brother! that was the first desire of my heart!—But you will see by her letter, (the least flighty that she has written of a long time) that she has no thoughts of that: and she declares to us, that she wishes you happily married to an English woman. Would to heaven we might plead your example to her.

I will certainly attend you in your England.—If one thing, that we all wish, could happen, you would have the whole family, as far as I know. We think we talk, of nobody but you. We look out for Englishmen, to do them honour for your sake.

Mrs. Beaumont is with us. Surely she is your near relation. She advises caution; but thinks that our present measures are not wrong ones, as we never can give into my sister's wishes to quit the world.—Dear Grandison! love not Mrs. Beaumont the less for her opinion in our favour.

Mr. Lowther writes to you: I say nothing, therefore, of that worthy man.

I am wished to write more enforcingly to you, on a certain important subject: but I say, I cannot, dare not, will not.

Dear Grandison, love still your Jeronymo! Your friendship makes life worthy of my wish. It has been a consolation to me, when every other failed, and all around me was darkness, and the shadow of death. You will often be troubled with letters from me. My beloved, my dearest friend, my Grandison, adieu!

JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA.

LETTER III.

LADY CLEMENTINA, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

BOLIGNA, MONDAY, SEPT. 15, 1701.

HOW welcome to me was your letter from Lyons! My good Chevalier Grandison, my heart thanks you for it: yet it was possible that heart could have been still more thankful, had I not observed in your letter, an air of pensiveness, though it is endeavoured to be concealed. What pain would it give me to know, that you suffer on my account!—But no more in this strain: a complaining one must take place.

O chevalier, I am persecuted! And by whom? by my dearest, my nearest friends. I was afraid it would be so. Why would you deny me your influence, when I importuned you for it? Why would you not stay among us, till you saw

me protestant? Then had I been happy—
In time, I should have been happy!—
 Now am I beset with entreaties, with sup-
 plications, from those who ought to com-
 mand—yet unlawfully, if they did: I pre-
 sume to think so, since parents, though
 they ought to be consulted in the change
 of condition, as to the *person*; yet surely
 should not oblige the child to marry, who
 chuses to be single all her life. A more
 cogent reason may be pleaded, and I do
 plead it to my relations, as catholicks,
 since I wish for nothing so much as to as-
 sume the veil.—But you are a protestant:
 you favour not a divine dedication, and
 would not plead for me. On the con-
 trary, you have strengthened their hands!
 —O chevalier, how could you do so, and
 ever love me! Did you not know, there
 was but one way to escape the grievous
 consequences of the importunities of those
 who justly lay claim to my obedience?—
 And they *do* claim it.

And in what forcible manner, claim it?
 —Shall I tell you? Thus, then; my fa-
 ther with tears in his eyes, beseeches me!
 My mother gently reminds me of what
 she has suffered for me in my illness; and
 declares that it is in my power to make
 the rest of her days happy; nor shall she
 think my own tranquillity of mind se-
 cured, till I oblige her!—O chevalier,
 what pleas are these from a father, whose
 eyes plead more strongly than words;
 and from a mother on whose bright days
 I cast a cloud;—The bishop pleads; how
 can a catholick bishop plead, and not for
 me? The general declares, that he never
 wooed his beloved wife for her consent
 with more fervour than he does me for
 mine; to oblige them all. Nay, Jeronymo!
 Blush sisterly love! to say it—Jeronymo,
 your friend Jeronymo, is solicitous on the
 same side.—Even Father Marefcotti is car-
 ried away by the example of the bishop.
 Mrs. Beaumont argues with me in their
 favour.—And Camilla, who was ever full
 of your praises, teases me continually.

They name not the man: they pretend
 to leave me free to chuse through the
 world. They plead that, zealous as they
 are in the catholick faith, they were so
 earnest for me to enter into the state, that
 they were desirous to see me the wife
 even of a protestant, rather than I should
 remain single: and they remind me, that
 it was owing to *my* scruple only, that this
 was not effected.—But why will they
 weaken, rather than strengthen my scruple?
 Could I have got over three points—
 The sense of my own unworthiness, after
 my mind had been disturbed; the insuper-
 able apprehension, that drawn aside by
 your love, I should probably have ensnared
 my own soul; and that I should be per-

petually lamenting the calamity of
 loss of his whom it would be my duty
 love as my own; their importunity
 hardly have been wanted.

Tell me, advise me, my good cher-
 my fourth brother, (You are not
interested in the debate.) If I may not
 fully stand out? Tell me, as I know,
 I cannot answer their views, except
 marry, and yet cannot consent to do so,
 whether I may not as well sequester
 self from the world, and *infil* up
 doing?

What *can* I do?—I am distressed
 thou, my brother, my friend, whose
 heart ever must hold dear, advise me
 you I have told them I will appeal.
 are so good as to promise to suspend
 solicitations, if I will hold suspended
 thoughts of the veil till I have your
 —But give it not against me.—If you
 valued Clementina, *give it not against*

LETTER IV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO LADY
 CLEMENTINA.

LONDON, MONDAY, 4TH 17TH.

WHAT can I say, most excellent
 women, to the contents of the
 ter you have honoured me with! What
 task have you imposed upon me! You
 great, and, respecting your intention,
 will call it *kind* care to let me know
 I can have no *interest* in the decision
 case you refer to me. I repeat my
 ble acquiescence, but most again de-
 that it would have been next to impos-
 to do so, had you not made a point of
 science of your scruples.

But what weight is my advice like
 have with a young lady, who repeats
 in the clove of her letter, desires
 to give it *for her parents*?

I, Madam, am far from being
 judicious in this case: for, can the man
 once himself hoped for the honour of
 hand, advise you against marriage?
 not your parents generously inter-
 when they name not any particular
 to you? I applaud both their wisdom
 their goodness, on this occasion.
 bly you *guess* the man whom they
 recommend to your choice. And
 sure, Lady Clementina would not
 their recommendation, merely be-
 was *theirs*. Nor indeed upon any
 reason than an unconquerable aver-
 a preference to some other catholick
 protestant, it seems, *is cannot be*.

But let me ask my sister, my
 what answer can I return to the
 had shown, in one instance, that
 not an insuperable aversion to mar-
 yet, on conscientious reasons, refusing
 man, and not particularly favouring
 can scruple to oblige (say in such

...a father, who with tears in his eyes bepleches her; a mother, who gently reproaches her of what she has suffered for her; she declares, that it is in her power to make the rest of her days happy; and who gives a still stronger plea, respecting them, and the whole family, to engage the affection of the beloved daughter?—O Madam, what pleas are those (Let me still make use of your own pathetic words.) from a father whose eyes plead more powerfully than words! and from a mother, whose whole bright days you had (though voluntarily) cast a cloud!—Your brother, a bishop, a man of piety; your confessor, a man of equal piety; your two other brothers, your disinterested friend Mrs. Beaumont; your faithful Camilla; all wholly interested.—What an enumeration against yourself!—Forbidden, as I am, to take the cause *against* you, what can I say?—Madam, Lady Clementina, can I, on your representation, give it for you?—You know, Madam, the sacrifice I have made to the plea of your conscience, of my own. I make no doubt, but parents as indulgent as yours will yield to your wishes, if you can plead *conscience* against the performance of the *filial duty*; the duty, as it is so gently urged; nay, gently urged; but by tears and wishes, which the eyes, not the lips, express; and which if you will perform, your parents will think themselves under an obligation to their child.

Lady Clementina is one of the most generous of women: but consider, Madam, in this instance of preferring your own will to that of the most indulgent of parents, whether there is not an apparent selfishness, inconsistent with your general character even were you to be as happy in the event, as you propose. Would you, in that case, live to yourself, and refuse your parents and family, as parts of that world which you would vow to forsake?—Dear lady! I asked you once, is there any thing sinful in a sacrifice? Such all good catholics deem matrimony. And shall I ask you, whether, if self-denial is held to be meritorious in your church, there is not a merit in denying yourself in the case before us, when you can, by performing the filial duty, save your whole family?

Permit me to say, that, though a protestant, I am not an enemy to such foundations in general. I could wish, under proper regulations, that we had nunneries among us. I would not indeed, have the obligation upon nuns be perpetual: but that they have liberty, at the end of every three years, to renew their vows, or otherwise, by the consent of friends, to take a new one, is an indispensable

law of your church: yet a cardinal has been allowed to lay down the purple, and marry. You know, Madam, I must mean Ferdinand of Medicis. Family reasons, in that case, preponderated, as well at Rome, as at Florence.

Of all the women I know, Lady Clementina della Porretta should be the last who should be earnest to take the veil. There can be but two persons in the world, besides herself, who will not be grieved at her choice. We know *their* reasons. The will of her grandfather, now with God, is against her; and her living parents and every other person of her family, those *two* excepted, would be made unhappy, if she sequestered herself from the world and them. Clementina has charity: she wishes, she once said, to take a great revenge upon Laurana. Laurana has something to repent of: let her take the veil. The fondness she has for the world, a fondness which could make her break through all the ties of relation and humanity, requires a check: but are any of those in convents more pious, more exemplarily pious, than Clementina is out of them?

Much more could I urge on the same side of the question, but what I *have* urged has been a task upon me; a task which I could not have performed, had I not preferred to my own, the happiness of you and your family.

May both earthly and heavenly blessings attend your determination, whatever it be, prayers, dearest Madam, your ever faithful friend, affectionate brother, and humble servant,

GRANDISON.

LETTER V.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO SIGNOR JERONYMO DELLA FORETTA.

LONDON, SAT. SEPT. 18. 29.

I Have written, my beloved friend, to Lady Clementina; and shall enclose a copy of my letter.

I own, that, till I received hers, I thought there was a possibility, though not a probability, that she might change her mind in my favour. I *foresee* that you would all join for family reasons, to press her to marry: 'and when,' thought I, 'she finds herself very earnestly urged, it is possible that she will forego her scruples, and, proposing some conditions for herself, will honour with her hand the man whom she has avowedly honoured with a place in her heart, rather than any other.' The malady she has been afflicted with, often leaves, for some time, an unsteadiness in the mind: my absence, as I proposed to settle in my native country, never more, perhaps, to return to

Italy; the high notions she has of obligation and gratitude; her declared confidence in my honour and affection; all co-operating, 'she may,' thought I, change her mind; and, if she does, I cannot doubt the favour of her friends. It was not, my Jeronymo, presumptuous to hope. It was justice to Clementina to attend the event, and to wait for the promised letter: but now, that I see you are all of one mind, and that the dear lady, though vehemently urged by all her friends to marry some other man, can appeal to me, only as to her *fourth brother*, and a man *not interested* in the event—I give up all my hopes.

I have written accordingly to your dear Clementina; but it could not be expected, that I should give the argument all the weight that might be given it, yet being of opinion that she was in duty obliged to yield to the entreaties of all her friends, I have been honest. But surely no man ever was involved in so many difficult situations as your Grandson; who yet never, by enterprise or rashness, was led out of the plain path into difficulties so uncommon.

You wish, my dear friend, that I would set an example to your excellent sister. I will unboast my heart to you.

There is a lady, an English lady, beautiful as an angel, but whose beauty is her least perfection, either in my eyes, or her own; had I never known Clementina I could have loved her, and *only* her, of all the women I ever beheld. It would not be doing her justice, if I could not say, I *do* love her; but with a flame as pure as the heart of Clementina, or as her own heart, can boast. Clementina's distressed mind affected me: I imputed her sufferings to her esteem for me. The farewell interview denied her, she demonstrated, I thought, so firm an affection for me, at the same time that she was to me, what I may truly call, a first love; that though the difficulties in my way seemed insuperable, I thought it became me in honour, in gratitude, to hold myself in suspense, and not offer to make my addresses to any other woman, till the destiny of the dear Clementina was determined.

It would look like vanity in me to tell my Jeronymo how many proposals, from the partial friends of women of rank and merit superior to my own, I thought myself obliged, in honour to the ladies themselves, to decline: but my heart never suffered uneasiness from the uncertainty I was in of ever succeeding with your beloved sister, but on this lady's account. I presume not however, to say I could have succeeded, had I thought myself at liberty, to make my addresses to her: yet, when

I suffered myself to balance, because my uncertainty with your Clementina had hopes from the interest my two sisters had with her, (her affections disengaged that, had I been at liberty to make addresses to her, I might.

Shall I, my dear Jeronymo, own truth?—The two noblest minded women in the world, when I went over to London on the invitation of my lord the bishop held almost an equal interest in my life, and I was thereby enabled justly, with the greater command of myself, to declare to the marchioness, and the general, at my last going over, that I held myself bound to you; but that your sister and you all, were free. But when your dear Clementina began to show signs of recovery, and seemed to confirm hopes I had of her partiality to me; my gratitude and attachment seemed of importance to her complete restoration; then, my Jeronymo, did I content myself with wishing another husband to the English lady, more worthy of her than an embarrassed situation could have made me. And when I farther experienced the condescending goodness of your family, all united in my favour; I had a wish but for your Clementina.

What a disappointment, my Jeronymo, was her rejection of me!—obliged I was, to admire the noble lady, the more for her *motives* of rejecting me.

And now, my dear friend, what is my wish;—That I shall set your sister an example? How can I? Is marriage in my power? There is but one woman in the world, now your dear Clementina has refused me, that I can think worthy of succeeding her in my affections, though there are thousands of whom I am not worthy. And ought that lady to accept of a man whose heart had been another's, and who had another living, and single, and still loving him with so much other regret, may be thought sufficient to attach a faithful heart, and occasion a divided affection? Clementina herself is not more truly attached than this lady. Indeed, Jeronymo, ready, when I contemplate my firmness, a *supposition* of making my addresses to you, to give up myself, as the unworthy rival of her favour of all the men I know; she has for an admirer almost every man who sees her—Even Olivia admires her. Can I do justice to the merits of both? yet not appear to be divided by a double love?—For I will own to all the world my affection for Clementina; and, as you were encouraged by her whole family to glory in it.

You see, my Jeronymo, how I am circumstanced. The example, I fear, comes from Italy; not from England.

that I not this for punctilio sake; it is in my power to set it, as it is in your aunt's: it would be presumption to make it so. Clementina has not an averment to the state: she cannot to the man have in view, since prepossession in her of another is over.—This is a hard one upon me. I presume not to say what Clementina will, what she can do: but it is naturally the most dutiful of children, and has a high sense of the more common obligations she owes to parents, to brothers, to whom she has as unvoluntarily given great distress; and in religion, the motive of her doing me is not in the question: filial duty is an article of religion.

I do myself the honour of writing to your marchioness, to the general, to Father Beccoffi, and to Mr. Lowther. May Almighty perfect your recovery, my Jeronymo; and preserve in health and in the dear Clementina!—and may my adorable wife of the hearts of a family truly excellent, be granted to them! My dearest Jeronymo, the friend who expects to see you in England; the friend who loves you, as he loves his own; and equally honours all of your family; and will, so long as he is

CH. GRANDISON.

LETTER VI.

MRS. REEVES, TO MISS BYRON.

TUESDAY, SEP. 5.

My dear cousin! I am now sure you will be the happiest of women! Charles Grandison made us a visit this day.—How Mr. Reeves and I rejoiced to see him! We had but just before been called upon by a line from Lady G. in praise with her on her brother's happy journey. He said he was under obligation to go to Windsor and Hampshire, upon extraordinary occasions; but he could not go, he had paid his respects to us, as well as to our own sakes, as to enquire after your health. He had received, he said some agreeable intimations in relation to it.

He said him you were not well: but we did not dangerously ill. He said so kindly, tender, yet respectful things to you.—O my Harriet! I am sure, and so Mr. Reeves, he loves you dearly. Yet we wondered that he did not talk of paying a visit. But he may have great matters to mind.—But what matters can be so near to not to be postponed, if he loves you?—and that he certainly does. I should not have known how to contain my joy before him, had he declared himself your lover.

He condescendingly asked to see my Harriet.—Was not that very good of him?

He would have won my heart by this condescension, had he not a great share of it before.—For your sake, my cousin.—You know I cannot mean otherwise; and you know, that, except Mr. Reeves and my little boy, I love my Harriet better than any body in the world. Nobody in Northamptonshire, I am sure, will take exception at this.

I thought I would write to you of this kind visit: be well, now, my dear; all things I am sure, will come about for good: God grant they may!—I dare say, he will visit you in Northamptonshire; and if he does, what can be his motive? Not mere friendship: Sir Charles Grandison is no trifter!

I know you will be sorry to hear that Lady Betty Williams is in great affliction. Miss Williams has run away with an ensign who is not worth a shilling: he is, on the contrary, over head and ears, as the saying is, in debt. Such a mere girl!—But what shall we say?

Miss Cantillon has made as foolish a step. Lord bless me! I think girls, in these days, are bewitched. A nominal captain too! Her mother vows, they shall both starve, for her; and they have no other dependence. She cannot live without her pleasures; neither can he without his. A Ranelagh sop. Poor wretches! What will become of them? For every thing is in her power, as to fortune.—She has been met by Miss Allestree; and looked so shy! so silly! so flatteringly! Unhappy coquetish thing!

Well, but God bless you, my dear!—My nursery calls upon me: the dear little soul is so fond of me!—Adieu, Compliments to every body I have so much reason to love: Mr. Reeves's too. Once more, adieu.

ELIZ. REEVES.

LETTER VII.

MISS BYRON, TO MRS. REEVES.

SELBY HOUSE, FRIDAY, SEPT. 8.

YOUR kind letter my dear cousin, has, at the same time, delighted and pained me. I rejoice in the declared esteem of one of the best of men; and I honour him for his friendly love expressed to you and my cousin, in the visit he made you: but I am pained at your calling upon me (in pity to my weakness, shall I call it? a weakness so ill concealed) to rejoice, that the excellent man, when he has dispatched all his affairs of consequence, and has nothing else to do, may possibly, for you cannot be certain, make me a visit in Northamptonshire.—O my cousin! And were

his absence, and the apprehension of his being the husband of another woman, think you, the *occasion* of my indisposition; that I must now, that the other affair seems determined in a manner so unexpected, be well?

Sir Charles Grandison, my dear cousin, may honour us with the *prognosticated* visit, or not, as he pleases: but were he to declare himself my lover, my heart would not be so joyfull as you seem to expect, if Lady Clementina is to be unhappy. What though the refusal of marriage was hers; was not that refusal the greatest sacrifice that ever woman made to her superior duty? Does she not still avow her love to him? And *must* he not, *ought* he not, ever to love her? And here my pride puts in its claim to attention—Shall your Harriet sit down and think herself happy in a second place love? Yet let me own to you, my cousin, that Sir Charles Grandison is dearer to me than all else that I hold most dear in the world: and if Clementina could be not *un*-happy, (Happy I have no notion she can be without him) and he were to declare himself my lover; 'affectation, be gone!' I would say: I will trust to my own heart, and to my future conduct, to make for myself an interest in his affections, that should enrich my content; in other words, that should make me *more* contented.

But time will soon determine my destiny: I will have patience to wait its determination. I make no doubt but he has sufficient reasons for all he does.

I am as much delighted, as you could be, at the notice he took of your dear infant. The brave must be humane: and what greater instance of humanity can be shown, than for grown persons to look back upon the state they were once themselves in, with tenderness and compassion?

I am very sorry for the cause of lady Betty's affliction. Pity! the good lady took not—But I will not be severe, after I have said, that children's faults are not always *originally* their own.

Poor Miss Cantillon!—But she was not under age; and as her punishment was of her own chusing—I am sorry, however, for both, I hope, after they have smarted, something will be done for the poor wretches. Good parents *will* be placable, had ones, or such as have not given good example *ought* to be so.

God continue to you, my dear cousins both, your present comforts, and increase your pleasures! for all your pleasures are innocent ones; prays your *ever obliged and affectionate*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER VIII.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

SELBY HOUSE, WEDN. 22.

MY DEAREST LADY G.

DO you know what is become of my brother? My grandmamma has seen his ghost; and talked with it an hour; and then it vanished. I am surprised, my dear creature, I am in amaze at the account my grandmamma gives us of it's appearance, discourse, vanishing! Nor was the dear part a reverie. It happened in the middle of the afternoon, all in broad day.

Thus she tells it—

'I was sitting,' said she, 'in my drawing-room, yesterday, by myself, when, in came James, to whom I appeared, and told me, that a gentleman desired to be introduced to me. I was reading *Sherlock upon Death*, with cheerfulness with which I always read the subject. I gave orders for his attendance: and in came, to appearance of the handsomest man I ever saw in life, in a riding-dress. It was a comely ghost: it saluted me; or at least I thought it did; for it answered to the desire that you, my Harriet, had given me, that amiable man, I was surprised. Contrary to the manner of ghosts, it first—"Venerable lady," it called me, said, its name was Grandison, in a voice so like what I had heard you speak of, that I had no doubt but it was Charles Grandison himself; and was to fall down to welcome him.

'It took its place by me: "Madam," said it, "will forgive the intrusion;" and it made several inquiries with an air so modest, so manly—I almost all the talk to itself. It could bow, and be pleased; for still I thought it was corporally, and indeed Sir Charles Grandison. It said, that it had but a little while to stay: it must reach its own place that night—"Will you not go to Selby House?" said I, "will you not see my daughter Betty?" Will you not see my aunt Selby?" it desired to be excused. It talked leaving a packet behind it; and seemed to pull out of it a pocket a parcel of letters, and sealed up. It broke the seal, and laid the parcel on the table before me. It took refreshment. It desired in a courteous manner, an answer to what it had courted upon—made a profound reverence—and—vanished.

And now, my dear lady G. let me

about my question; what is become of my brother?

Forgive me, this light, this amusing manner, my grandmamma speaks of this visit as an appearance, so sudden, and so short, and nobody seeing him but herself; it gave a kind of amusing levity to my pen, and I could not resist the temptation I was under to surprize you, as he had done us all. How could he take such a journey, see nobody but my grandmamma, and fly the country? Did he do us any harm, or himself?

The direct truth is this: my grandmamma was fitting by herself, above: she told her, that a gentleman desired to be introduced to her. He was introduced. He called himself by his own name; took her hand, saluted her—'Your character, madam, and mine,' said he, 'are so well known to each other, that though I never before had the honour of approaching you, I may presume upon your pardon for this intrusion.' He then launched out in the praises of your happy friend. With what delight did the dear, the indulgent parent, repeat them, from his mouth! I hope she mingled her own partialities with them, whether I deserve them, or not; from those with to love us. And then he said, 'You see before you, Madam, a man glowing in his affection to one of the most excellent of your sex! an Italian lady; the pride of Italy! And who, from motives which cannot be withstood, has rejected him, at the very time that all her friends consenting, and innumerable difficulties overcome, he expected that she would yield her hand to his wishes—And they were his wishes. My friendship for the dear Miss Byron [You and she must authorize me to call her by a still dearer name, before I dare do so] is well known: that also has been my pride. I know too well what belongs to female delicacy in general, and particularly to that of Miss Byron, to address myself first to her, on the subject which occasions you this trouble. I am not accustomed to make professions, not even to ladies.—Is it consistent with your notions of delicacy, Madam? will it be with Mr. and Mrs. Selby's; to give your interest in favour of a man who is thus situated?—A rejected man! A man who dares to own, that the rejection was a disappointment to him; and that he tenderly loved the fair rejecter? If it will, and Miss Byron can accept the tender of a heart, that has been divided, and consequently so, (the circumstances, I

presume, you know) then will you, then will she lay me under an obligation, that I can only endeavour to repay by the utmost gratitude and affection.—But if not, I shall admire the delicacy of the second refuser, as I do the piety of the first, and at least, suspend all thoughts of a change of condition.'

'Noblest of men—' And my grandmamma was proceeding in high strains, but very sincere ones; when, interrupting her, and pulling out of his pocket the packet I mentioned above; 'I presume, Madam,' said he, 'that I see favour and goodness to me in your benign countenance: but I will not even be favoured, but upon your full knowledge of all the facts I am master of myself. I will be the guardian of the delicacy of Miss Byron and all her friends in this important case, rather than the discourager, though I were to suffer by it. You will be so good as to read these letters to your daughter Byron, to her Lucy, to Mr. and Mrs. Selby, and to whom else you will think fit to call to the consultation: they will be those I presume, who already know something of the history of the excellent Clementina. If, on the perusal of them, I may be admitted to pay my respects to Miss Byron, consistently, as I hinted, with her notions and yours of that delicacy by which she was always directed, and at the same time be received with that noble frankness which has distinguished her in my eye above all women but one, [Excuse me, Madam, I must always put these sister-souls upon an equal footing of excellence;] then shall I be a happier man than the happiest. Your answer, Madam, by pen and ink, will greatly oblige me; and the more, the sooner I can be favoured with it: because, being requested by my friends abroad to set an example to their beloved Clementina, as you will see in more than one of these letters; I would avoid all punctilio, and let them know, that I have offered myself to Miss Byron, and have not been mortified with absolute denial; If I may be so happy as to be allowed to write so.'

Thus did the most generous of men prevent, by his reference to the letters, my grandmamma's heart overflowing to her lips. He should directly, he said, proceed on his journey to London; and was in such haste to be gone, when he had said what he had to say, that it precipitated a little my grandmamma's spirits: but the joy she was filled with, on the occasion, was so great, that she had only a concern upon her, when he was gone, as if something was left by her undone or unsaid,

which the thought should have have been said and done to oblige him.

The letters he left on the table, were copies of what he wrote from Lyons to the marquis and marchioness, the bishop, the general, and Father Marescotti; as also to Lady Clementina and her brother, the good Jeronymo. That to the lady cannot be enough admired, for the tenderness, yet for the acquiescence with her will expressed in it. Surely they were born for each other, however it happens, that they are not likely to come together.

A letter from Signior Jeronymo, in answer to his from Lyons, I will mention next. In this Sir Charles is wished to use his supposed influence upon lady Clementina, (what a hard task upon him!) to dissuade her from the thoughts of going into a nunnery, and to resolve upon marriage. —[See Letter II.]

Next is a letter of lady Clementina to Sir Charles, complaining tenderly of persecution from her friends, who press her to marry; while she contends to be allowed to take the veil, and applies to Sir Charles for his interest in her behalf.

The next is Sir Charles's reply to lady Clementina.

Then follows a letter from Sir Charles to Signior Jeronymo. I have copied these three last, and inclosed them in confidence.

—[See letters III. IV. V.]

By these you will see, my dear, that the affair between this excellent man and woman is entirely given up by both; and also in his reply to Signior Jeronymo, that your Harriet is referred to as his next choice. And how can I ever enough value him, for the dignity he has given me, in putting it, as it should seem, in my power to lay an obligation upon him; in making for me my own scruples; and now, lastly, in the method he has taken in the application to my grandmamma, instead of to me; and leaving all to our determination? But thus should the men give dignity, even for their own sakes, to the women whom they wish to be theirs. Were there more Sir Charles Grandisons, would not even the female world (much better, as I hope it is, than the male) be amended? My grandmamma, the moment Sir Charles was gone, sent to us, that she had some very agreeable news to surprize us with; and therefore desired the whole family of us, her Byron particularly, to attend her at breakfast the next morning. We looked upon one another, at the message and wondered. I was not well, and would have excused myself; but my aunt insisted upon my going. Little did I or any body else think of your brother having

visited my grandmamma in person. She acquainted us that he had, my aged spirits wanted support: I was grieved to withdraw with Lucy.

I thought I could not bear, when I recovered myself, that he should be so and not *once* call in, and enquire after health of the creature for whom he professed such high esteem, and even affected but when, on my return to the company my grandmamma related what had passed between them, and the letters were read then again my falling spirits were unable to support me. They all gazed upon us as the letters were reading, as well as my grandmamma was giving the relation of what he said; and of the noble, manly air with which he delivered himself.—With joy and silent congrats they gazed upon me, while I felt so many varieties of sensibilities in my heart, never felt before; sensibilities mixed with wonder; and I was sometimes ready to doubt whether I was not in a reverie whether indeed I was in this world or another; whether I was Harriet Byron. I know not how to describe my feelings in now fluttering, now rejoicing, now dejected heart.

Dejected;—Yes, my dear Lady Dejection was a strong ingredient in my sensibilities: I know not why. Yet there not be a fulness in joy, that mingle dissatisfaction with it? if I may, shall I be excused for my solemnity if I deduce from thence an argument, that the human soul is not to be fully satisfied by worldly enjoyments, and that there is the completion of it's happiness must be in another, a more perfect state? Lady G. are a very good woman, though a lively one; and I will not excuse myself if on an occasion that bids me look forward to a very solemn event, you will not for my *seriousness*—that bids me look forward to it. I repeat; for Sir Charles Grandison would not alter his mind: the world has whetted with to tempt him to alter it, he has made such advances, except I behave.

Well, my dear, and what was the result of our conference?—My grandmamma, my aunt, and Lucy, were of opinion, that I ought no more to repeat the notions of a divided or second love: that every point of female duty was answered; that he ought not only to be allowed to love Lady Clementina, but that I and all her sex should reverence that my grandmamma, being the person applied to, should answer for me, in all, in words of her own choosing.

I was silent. What think you

' said my aunt, with her accustomed earnestness.

'Think!' said my uncle, with his usual earnestness; 'do you think, if Harriet's objection, she would have been—I am for sending up for Sir Charles out of hand. Let him come the day of next week, and let them be settled before the end of it.'

Not quite so hastily, neither, Mr. Deane, said my grandmamma, smiling: and to Mr. Deane. His love for my aunt, and regard for us all, deserve the grateful returns.'

'What a duce, and defer an answer to Sir Charles, who gives a generous reason, the sake of the lady abroad, and her father, (and I hope he thinks a little for the sake) by wishing a speedy answer?'

No Mrs. Selby: not defer writing, said Mr. Deane. We know enough of Mr. Deane's mind already. But, for my part I know what terms, what conditions, and additions, to my child's fortune, I propose.'

Additions! Madam—Why, aye; must be some, to be sure—And we will be as willing as able, let me know, to make them.'

I beseech you, Sir,' said I—'Pray, no more of this—Surely it is enough to talk of these subjects.'

It is, niece. Mr. Deane is a lawyer. Let him help me! I never was brought up for anything but to live on the fat of the land, as the saying is, 'Mr. Deane and Sir Charles shall talk this matter over by themselves. Let us, as you say, send for Mr. Deane—But I will myself be the bearer of these joyfull tidings.'

My uncle then turned out, in his gay manner, a line of an old song; and then he said, 'I'll go to Mr. Deane: I will set him every day.—Pull down the wall, as our kings said; the door is too narrow.—I'll bring Mr. Deane with me to-morrow, or it shall cost me a fall!' I know my uncle, my dear. In this manner did he express his joy.

My grandmother retired to her closet; and that follows is what she wrote to Sir Charles. Every body is pleased when she takes up the pen. No one objects to a single word in it.

'DEAR SIR,
I should have been ungrateful to have refused, though the woman's to a man, as above reserve, and whose offers are the result of deliberation, and an affection, that being founded in the merit of my dearest child, cannot be doubted. We all receive as an honour the offer

you made us of an alliance which would do credit to families of the first rank. It will perhaps one day be owed to you, that it was the height of Mrs. Selby's wishes and mine, that the man who had rescued the dear creature from insult and distress, might be at liberty to intitle himself to her grateful love.

The noble manner in which you have explained yourself on a subject which greatly embarrassed you, has abundantly satisfied Mrs. Selby, Lucy, and myself: we can have no scruples of delicacy. Nor am I afraid of suffering from my frankness. But, as to our Harriet—You may perhaps meet with some (not affectation; she is above it) difficulty with her, if you expect her whole heart to be yours. She Sir, experimentally knows how to allow for a double, a divided love—Dr. Bartlett, perhaps, should have favoured her with the character of a lady whom she prefers to herself; and Mrs. Selby and I have sometimes, as we read her melancholy story, thought, unjustly. If she can be induced to love, to honour, the man of her choice, as much as she loves, honours, and admires Lady Clementina; the happy man will have reason to be satisfied. You Sir see that we, who were able to give a preference to the same lady against ourselves, (Harriet Byron is herself) can have no scruples on our giving it to the same incomparable woman. May that lady be happy! If she were not to be so, and her unhappiness were to be owing to our happiness; that, dear Sir, would be all that could pain the hearts of any of us, on an occasion so very agreeable to your sincere friend and servant,

'HENRIETTA SHIRLEY.'

But, my dear Lady G. does your brother tell you and Lady L. nothing of his intentions? Why, if he does, do not you?—But I can have no doubt. Is not the man Sir Charles Grandison? And yet, methinks, I want to know what the contents of his next letters from Italy will be.

You will have no scruple, my dear Lady G. to shew my whole letter to Lady L. and, if you please, to my Emily.—But only mention the contents, in your own way, to the gentleman. I beg you will yourself shew it to Mrs. Reeves: she will rejoice in her prognostications. Use that word to her: she will understand you. Your brother must now, less than ever, see what I write. I depend upon your discretion, my dear Lady G.

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER IX.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 23.

EXCELLENT Mrs. Shirley! Incomparable woman! How I love her! If I were such an excellent ancient, I would no more wish to be young, than she has so often told us, she does. What my brother once said, and you once wrote to your Lucy, is true, (in *her* case at least;) that the matronly and advanced time of life, in a woman, is far from being the *least* eligible part of it; especially, I may add, when health and a good conscience accompany it. What a spirit does she at her time of life, write with!—But her heart is in her subject—I hope I may say *that*, Harriet, without offending you.

Not a word did my brother speak of his intention, till he received that letter: and then he invited Lady L. and me, and our two honest men, to afternoon tea with him—[O but I have not reckoned with you for your saucy rebukes in your last of the 7th; I owe you a spite for it; and, Harriet, depend on payment—What was I writing?—I have it—] And when tea was over, he, without looking down, as a girl would do in this situation—[But why so, Harriet? Is a woman, on these occasions, to act a part as if the supposed herself to be the greatest gainer by matrimony; and therefore was ashamed of consenting to accept of an honourable offer? As if in other words, she was to be the self-denying receiver rather than conferrer of an obligation?—Lord, how we ramble-headed creatures break in upon ourselves!] with a good grace he told us of his intention to marry; of his apparition to Mrs. Shirley; of his sudden vanishing: and till that—And then he produced Mrs. Shirley's letter, but just received.

And do you think we were not overjoyed?—Indeed we were. We congratulated him; we congratulated each other; Lord L. looked as he did when Caroline gave him his happy day; Lord G. could not keep his seat; he was ripply, poor man with joy; aunt Nell pranked herself, stroked her ribbands of pink and yellow, and chuckled and mumped for joys that her nephew at last would not go out of Old England for a wife. She was *marginally* pleased too with Mrs. Shirley's letter. It was just such a one as she herself would have written upon the occasion.

I posted afterwards to Mrs. Reeves, to shew her, as you requested, your letter:

NORTH TILMAN

and when we had read it, there 'Dear Madam!' and 'Dear Sir!' now this, and now that; and, 'God!—three times in a breath: we were 'Cousins,' and 'Cousins,' 'Cousins:' and 'O blessed!' and, 'joyful!'—And, 'Hail the day!'—'Hail the day!'—And, 'God grant' 'be a short one!'—And, 'How will' 'riest answer to the question? What' 'her frankness be tried? He despise' 'festation: so he thinks does the'—'Sirs!' and, 'O dears!'—How things brought about!—O my Harriet, you ver heard or saw such congratulations between three gossips, as were between two cousin Reeves's and me: and little did the good woman pride herself her *prognosticks*; for she explained matter to me.

Dr. Bartlett is at Grandison Hall, our unhappy cousin. How will the man rejoice!

Now, you will ask, what became Emily?—

By the way, do you know that O'Hara is turned *methodist*? Truly you are alive. And she labour to convert her husband. Thank God is any thing that is serious! Those people have really great merit with a *der* conversion—I am sorry that our clergy are not as zealously in earnest they. They have, really, my dear we may believe aun Eleanor, given of religion to subterranean colliers, miners, and the most profligate of who hardly ever before heard of the word or thing. No, you will suspect me.

Now, Emily, who is at present a visitor, had asked leave before my brother's invitation (and was gone, my friend, tending her) to visit her mother, not well. My brother was engaged sup abroad, with some of the D. I believe: I therefore made and Lady L. cousin Reeves, my aunt Grandison, sup with Emily was at home before me the poor Emily!—I'll tell you how between us—

'My lovely girl, my dear Emily, I, I have good news to tell you, Miss Byron.

'O thank God!—And is she Pray, Madam, tell me, tell me; to hear good news of my dear Byron.

'Why, she will shortly be married, Madam!

'MARRIED, MADAM!

Yes, my love!—And to your guardian child!

To my guardian, Madam!—Well, I hope so—

I then gave her a few particulars.

The dear girl tried to be joyful, and burst into tears!

Why weeps my girl?—O fie! are you sorry that Miss Byron will have your guardian? I thought you loved Miss Byron.

So I do, Madam, as my own self, and more than myself, if possible—But surprise, Madam—Indeed I am glad! What makes me such a fool? Indeed I am glad! What ails me to cry, I wonder! It is what I wished, what I prayed for, night and day. Dear Madam, don't tell my body. I am ashamed of myself.

The sweet April-faced girl then smiled through her tears.

I was charmed with her innocent sensibility; and if you are not, I shall think of you than ever I did yet.

Dear Madam, said she, 'permit me to withdraw for a few minutes: I must let my cry out—And I shall then be joyful and gladness.'

She tript away, and in half an hour came down to me with quite another air.

Lady L. was then with me. I had heard her of the girl's emotion. 'We are equally lovers of you, my dear,' said I; you need not be afraid of Lady L.

And have you told, Madam?—Well, I am not a hypocrite. What a strange thing! I who have always been so much loved of another lady, for Miss Byron's sake, to be so oddly affected, as if I were not!—Indeed I rejoice—But if you tell Miss Byron, she won't love me: she won't let me live with her and my guardian, when she is happy, and has made me so. And what shall I do then? for I have set my heart upon it.

Miss Byron, my dear, loves you so much, that she will not be able to deny you any thing your heart is set upon, that is within her power to grant.

God bless Miss Byron as I love her, she will be the happiest of women!—What was the matter with me!—I believe I know—My poor mother has been crying sadly to me, for her past unhappy life. She kissed me, as she said, 'in my father's sake: she had been the worst of wives to the best of husbands.'—Then the good girl wept at her mother's remembered remorse—My guardian's goodness, my mother said,

had awakened her to a sense of her wickedness. My poor mother did not spare herself; and I was all sorrow; for what could I say to her on such a subject?—And all the way that I came home in the coach, I did nothing but cry. I had but just dried my eyes and tried to look cheerful when you came in. And then, when you told me the good news, something struck me all at once, struck my very heart; I cannot account for it: I know not what to liken it to—and had I not burst into tears, I believe it would have been worse for me. But now I am myself; and if my poor mother could pacify her conscience, I should be a happy creature—because of Miss Byron's happiness. You look at each other, ladies: but if you think I should not, bid me be gone from your presence for a false girl, and never see you more.

Now, Harriet, this emotion of Emily appears to me as a sort of phenomenon. Do you account for it as you will; but I am sure Emily is no hypocrite; she has no art; she believes what she says, that her sudden burst of tears was owing to her heart being affected by her mother's contrition; and I am also sure that she loves you above all the women in the world. Yet it is possible that the subtle thief, clefted love, had got very near her heart; and just at the moment threw a dart into one angle of it, which was the something that struck her, all at once, as she phrased it, and made her find tears a relief. This I know, my dear, that we may be very differently affected by the same event, when judged of at a distance, and near. If you don't already, or if you soon will not, experience the truth of this observation, in the great event before you, I am much mistaken.

But you see, Harriet, what joy this happy declaration of my brother, and the kind reception it has met with from Northamptonshire, has given us all. We will keep your secret, never fear, till all is over; and, when it is, you shall let my brother know, from the letters we have had the favour of seeing, as much as we do. Till he does, excellent as he thinks you, he will not know one half of your excellences, nor the merit which your love and your suspences have made you with him.

But, with you, I long for the arrival of the next letters from Italy. God grant that Lady Clementina hold her resolution, now that she sees it is almost impossible for her to avoid marrying! If she should relent, what would be the

consequence, to my brother, to herself, to you! And how shall all we, his friends and yours, be affected? You think the lady is obliged, in duty to her parents, to marry. Lady L. and I are determined to be wise, and not give our opinions till the events which are yet in the bosom of fate, disclosing themselves, shall not leave us a possibility of being much mistaken. And yet, as to what the filial duty requires of her, we think the ought to marry. Mean time I repeat, God grant that Lady Clementina now hold her mind!

LADY L. sends up her name. Formality in her, surely. I will chide her. But here she comes—I love, Harriet, to write to the moment; that's a knack I had from you and my brother; and be sure continue it, on every occasion; not *patience* without it.

‘Your servant, Lady L.’

‘And your servant, Lady G.—Writing? to whom?’

‘To our Harriet—’

‘I will read your letter—Shall I?’

‘Take it; but read it out, that I may know what I have written.’

‘Now give it me again. I’ll write down what you say to it, Lady L.’

LADY L. ‘I say you are a whimsical creature. But I can’t like what you have *last* written.’

CHARLOTTE. ‘*Last written*—’ ‘Tis down—But why so, Lady L?’

LADY L. ‘How can you thus tease our beloved Byron, with your conjectural evils?’

CH. ‘Have I supposed an impossibility?—But ’tis down—’ ‘*Conjectural evils*.’

LADY L. ‘If you are so whimsical, write—’ ‘My dear Miss Byron—’

CH. ‘My dear Miss Byron—’ ‘Tis down.’

LADY L. [Looking over me] ‘Do not let what this strange Charlotte has written, grieve you.’

CH. ‘Very well, Caroline!—’ ‘grieve you.’

LADY L. ‘Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof.’

CH. ‘Well observed—Words of Scripture, I believe—Well—’ ‘evil thereof.’

LADY L. ‘Never, surely, was there such a creature as you, Charlotte.’

CH. ‘That’s down, too.’

LADY L. ‘Is that down? laughing—’ ‘That should not have been down—’ ‘Yet ’tis true.’

CH. ‘Yet ’tis true—’ ‘What’s next?’

LADY L. ‘Pish.’

CH. ‘Pish.’

LADY L. ‘Well, now to Harriet—’ ‘Clementina cannot alter her resolution: her objection still subsists—’ ‘Her love for my brother—’

CH. ‘Hold, Lady L. Too much one time—’ ‘Her love to my brother—’

LADY L. ‘On which her apprehensions that she shall not be able, if he be his wife—’

CH. ‘Not so much at once, I tell you—it is too much for my giddy head to remember—’ ‘if she be his wife—’

LADY L. ‘to adhere to her own religion are founded—’

CH. —‘founded.’

LADY L. ‘Is a security for her herence to a resolution so glorious—’ ‘herself.’

CH. ‘Well said, Lady L.—May be so, say, and pray, I—’ ‘Any more—’ ‘Lady L.’

LADY L. ‘Therefore—’

CH. ‘Therefore—’

LADY L. ‘Regard not the perplexing Charlotte—’

CH. ‘I thank you, Caroline—’ ‘*plaxing Charlotte*—’

LADY L. ‘Is the advice of your ever-affectionate sister, friend, servant.’

CH. ‘So!—’ ‘Friend and servant—’

LADY L. ‘Give me the pen—’

CH. ‘Take another.’ She did—subscribed her name, ‘C. L.’

With all my heart, Harriet. here, after I have repeated my wishes, that nothing of this that I so sagely apprehended may happen, I desire not to be dubbed a wit much at my own, as well as at your expence) I will also subscribe that *your no less affectionate sister, friend, servant,*

CHARLOTTE

My brother says, he has sent your letter, and my grandmother—Full of grateful sensibility both, I make no question.—But slight, or goddess-making alidity, I dare say. You will give copies, if you are as obliging as used to be.

LETTER X.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

MONDAY, 1791

WHAT have I done to my Charlotte? Is there not some cold and particular in your stile, especially in that part of your letter pro-

the entrance of my good Lady L. ?
 is your postscript—*You will give
 copies, if you are as obliging as you
 used to be.*—Why should I, when likely
 to be more obliged to you than ever, be
 obliging than before? I can't bear
 from Lady G. Are you giving me a
 hint of the truth of your own observa-
 tion? That we may be very different-
 ly affected by the same event, when
 viewed of at a distance, and near.—
 I could not support my spirits, if the
 Sir Charles Grandison loved me
 for the distinction her brother
 gave me.

And what, my dear, if Lady Clemen-
 tina should RELENT, as you phrase it?—
 My friends might now be grieved.—
 I, and I might be affected too, more
 if the visit to my grandmamma had
 been made. I own it.—But the high
 reputation I truly profess to have for
 Lady Clementina, would be parade and
 pretension, if, whatever became of your
 sister, I did not resolve, in that case,
 at least, to make myself easy, and
 give up to her prior and worthier claim:
 I should consider her *effort*, though
 unsuccessful, as having intitled her to
 the highest esteem. To what we know
 to be right, we ought to submit; the
 more difficult, the more meritorious: and,
 in this case, your Harriet would conquer,
 I die. If she conquered, she would
 be, in that instance, be greater than
 Lady Clementina. O my dear, we know
 till we have the trial, what emula-
 tion will enable a warm and honest mind

I will send you, inclosed, the two
 copies transcribed by Lucy. I am very
 proud of them both; perhaps too proud;
 and it may be necessary that I should be
 brought down, though I expected it not
 from my Charlotte. To be compliment-
 ed in so noble and sincere a manner as
 you will see I am, with the power of
 imposing an obligation on him, (instead of
 owing it to his compassionate considera-
 tion for a creature so long labouring in
 ignorance, and then despairing that her
 ignorance could be answered) is enough at
 any time to flatter her vanity, and
 satisfy the most delicate sensibility.

You will see how gratefully he takes
 Lady grandmamma's hint, that I knew how
 to experience to account for a double, a
 double love, as she is pleased to call it—
 the preference my aunt, and herself,
 I have given to the claim of Lady
 Clementina. You, my dear, know our
 anxiety in this particular. There is

some merit in owning a truth when it
 makes against us. To do justice in ano-
 ther's case, against one's self. He asks
 my leave to attend me at Selby House.—
 I should rejoice to see him.—But I could
 wish, methinks, that he had first received
 letters from abroad. But how can I hint
 my wishes to him without either doubt
 or reserve?—*Reserve* in the delay of his
 visit, implied by such hint; *doubt*, of his
 being at liberty to pursue his intentions;
 that would not become me to shew; as
 it might make him think that I wanted
 protestations and assurances from him,
 in order to bind him to me; when, if the
 situation be such as obliges him to balance
 but in *thought*, and I could know it, I
 would die before I would accept of his
 hand: he has confirmed and established,
 as I may say, my pride, (I had always
 some) by the distinction he has given me;
 yet I should despise myself, if I found it
 gave me either arrogance or affectation.
 He is so considerate as to dispense with
 my answering his letters; for he is
 pleased to say, that if I do not forbid him
 to come down, by my aunt Selby, or my
 grandmamma, he will presume upon my
 leave.

My uncle set out for Peterborough,
 in order to bring Mr. Deane with him
 to Selby House. Poor Mr. Deane kept
 his chamber for a week before; yet did
 not let us know he was ill. He was for-
 bid to go abroad for two days more; but
 was so overjoyed at what my uncle com-
 municated to him, that he said, he was
 not sensible of ailing anything; and he
 would have come with my uncle next
 day; but neither he nor the doctor would
 permit it; but on Tuesday he came—
 Such joy! Dear good man! Such con-
 gratulations!—How considerable to their
 happiness, do they all make that of their
 Harriet!

They have been in consultation often;
 but they have excluded me from some
 particular ones. I guess the subject;
 and beg of them that I may not be too
 much obliged. What critical situations
 have I been in! When will it be at an
 end?

Mr. Deane has written to Sir Charles.
 I am not to know the contents of his
 letter.

The hearts of us women, when we are
 urged to give way to a clandestine and
 unequal address, or when inclined to fa-
 vour such a one, are apt, and are plead-
 ed with, to rise against the notions of
 bargain and sale. *Smithfield bargains*,
 you Londoners call them, but unjust is

the intended odium, if preliminaries are necessary in the treaties of this nature. And surely previous stipulations are indispenfibly fo among us changeable mortals, however prosperous the fun-fhine may be at our fetting out on the journey of life; a journey too that will not be ended but with the life of one of the travellers.

If I ever were to be tempted to with for great wealth, it would be for the fake of Sir Charles Grandifon; that I might be a means of enlarging his power: fince I am convinced, that the neceffities of every worthy perfon within the large circle of his acquaintance, would be relieved, according to his ability.

My dear Emily?—Ah, Lady G. Was it poffible for you to think, that my pity for the amiable innocent fhould not increafe my love of her! I will give you leave *indeed* to defpife me, if you ever find any thing in my behaviour to Emily, let me be circumftanced as I will, that fhall be an abatement of that tender affection which ever muft warm my heart in her favour. Whenever I can promife any thing for myfelf, then fhall Emily be a partaker of my felicity, in the way her own heart fhall direct. I hope, for *her own fake*, that the dear girl puts the matter right, when ſhe attributes her fudden burft of tears to the weaknefs of her fpirits occafioned by her mother's remorfe: but let me fay one thing; it would grieve me as much as it did Sir Charles, in the Count of Belvedere's cafe, to ftand in the way of any body's happinefs. It is not, you fee, your *brother's* fault, that he is not the husband of Lady Clementina: ſhe wifhes him to marry an Englifh woman—Nor is even the hope of Lady Olivia fruſtrated by me. You know I always pitied her; and that before I knew, from Sir Charles's letter to Signor Jeronymo, that ſhe thought kindly of me.—Lady Anne S. do you think, my dear, that worthy woman could have hopes, were it *not* for me? And could any Emily have any; were I out of the world?—No, furely; the very *wardſhip* which he executes with fo much indulgent goodnefs to her, would exclude all ſuch hopes, confiderable enough as his eftate is, to answer a larger fortune than even Emily's. Were her's not half fo much as it is, it would perhaps be more likely than now, that his generous mind might be difpofed in her favour, ſome years hence.

Let me, however, tell you, that true ſiſterly pity overwhelmed my heart, when

I firſt read that part of your letter fo pathetically deſcribes her tender. Be the occaſion of her duty, or owing to a mixture of both, I am charmed with her beautiful ſimplicity: I wept that part of your letter for half an hour, and more than once I looked round me, wifhing for the dear creature to be near me, and wanting to clasp to my boſom.

Love me ſtill, and that as well as my dear Lady G. or I ſhall want an ingredient of happinefs, in whatever portion I may be. I have written to my dear Lady L. for her goodnefs in dictating to your pen; and I hope you, my dear, in being dictated to, cannot be well. Send me but one eaſe my overburdened heart of all its anxieties, by telling me that the nothing paſſed of littleneſs in me, has abated your love to your ever grateful and ever affectionate

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XI.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

GROSVENOR SQUARE,

WEDSDAY, SEPT. 27.

FLY, Script, of one line; as wings of the wind, fly to acquaint my Harriet, that I love her above all women, and all *men* too; my beloved excepted. Tell her, that I now love her with an increaſed love; becauſe I love her for *his* fake, as well as for my own.

Forgive, my dear, all the careleſſneſs as you always did the flippancies, of my pen. The happy proſpect that all wifhes would be ſucceeded to us, had a levity, a wantonneſs to it. We pen;—But I have burnt the whole from which I took it?—Yet I ſhould rectify *myſelf*; for I don't know whether I did not intend to teaze a little: I know whether my compaſſion for her did not make me more ſilly. If that ſo, (for really I ſuffered my pen to run its courſe at the time; therefore I ſay it) I know you will the more readily give me.

Littleneſs, Harriet! You are all the great and good in woman. The littleneſs of others add to your greatness. Have not my foibles always proved—No, my dear! you are as great as Clementina herſelf: and I love you more, if poſſible, than I love myſelf.

A few lines more on other ſubjects for I can't write a ſhort letter to Harriet.

The Countess of D. has made my brother a visit. I happened to be at this time. They were alone together near an hour. At going away he attending to her chair, she took my hand; 'All my hopes are over,' said she; 'but I will love Miss Byron for all that.—Nor shall you, Sir Charles, in the day of your power, deny me my correspondent—must you, Madam, and Lady L. a friendship with Sir Charles Grandison's two sisters.'

Lady W. and my sister and I corrected. I want you to know her, that she may love her as well as we do. Love-matches, my dear, are foolish things. I know not how you will find it some time or other: no general rule, however, without exceptions, you know. Violent love, on one side, is enough in conscience, if the other party be not a fool, or ungrateful: the lover and *lovée* make generally the happiest couple. Mild sedate conversation, is better than a stark staring-madness. The wall-climbers, the hedge-ditch-leapers, the river-forders, the shadow-droppers, always find reason to look so. Who ever hears of darts, Cupids, Venus's, Adonis's, and the like nonsense in matrimony?—Passion is transitory; but discretion, which never boils over, gives durable happiness. Lord and Lady W. Lord G. and his woman for instances.

Oh, my mad head! And why, think you, did I mention my corresponding with Lady W.?—Only to tell you (and I like to have forgot it) that she favours me in her last, on the likelihood of a happy acquisition to our family, and what: my brother communicated of his intention to make his addresses to somebody—I warrant you guess to whom.

Lady Anne S.—Poor Lady Anne S! I dare not tell my brother how much she loves him: I am sure it would make her uneasy.

Mr. Munchamp desires his compliments to you. He is in great affliction. Poor Sir Charles is thought irrecoverable. Different physicians have gone their rounds to him: but the new ones only ask what the old ones did, that they may do something else to make trial of. When a patient has money, it is difficult, for a physician to be honest, to say, till the last extremity, that the patient and sexton may take him.

Adieu, my love!—Adieu, all my dear mamma's, aunts, cousins, and kin's in Northamptonshire—Adieu!

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XII.

MISS BYRON TO LADY G.

TUESDAY, OCT. 3.

A Thousand thanks to you, my dear Lady G. for the favour of your last: you have re-assured me in it. I think I could not have been happy even in the affection of Sir Charles Grandison, were I to have found an abatement in the love of his two sisters. Who, that knows you both, and that had been favoured with your friendship, could have been satisfied with the least diminution of it.

I have a letter from the Countess of D. She is a most generous woman. She even congratulates me on your brother's account, from the conversation that passed between him and her. She gives me the particulars of it. Exceedingly flattering are they to my vanity. I *must*, my dear, be happy, if you continue to love me; and if I can know that Lady Clementina is not unhappy. This latter is a piece of intelligence, necessary, I was going to say, for my tranquillity; for can your brother be happy, if *that* lady be otherwise, whose grievous malady could hold in suspense his generous heart, when he had no prospects at that time of ever calling her his?

I pity from my heart Lady Anne S. What a dreadful thing is hopeless love; the object so worthy, that every mouth is full of his praises! How many women will your brother's preference of *one*, be she who she will, disappoint in their first loves! Yet out of a hundred women, how few are there, who, for one reason or other, have the man of their first choice!

I remember you once said, it was well that love is not a passion absolutely invincible: but however, I do not, my dear, agree with you in your notions of all love-matches. Love merely *personal*, that sort of love which commences between the years of fifteen and twenty; and when the extraordinary *merit* of the object is not the foundation of it; may, I believe, and perhaps generally *ought*, to be subdued. But love that is founded on a merit that every-body acknowledges—I don't know what to say to the visibility of *such* a love. For myself, I think it impossible that I ever could have been the wife of any man on earth but one, and given him my affection in *so entire* a manner, as should, on reflection, have acquitted my own heart; though I hope I should not have been wanting in my general duties—And why impossible?

Because I must have been conscious, that there was another man whom I would have preferred to him. Let me add, that when prospects were darkest with regard to my wishes, I promised my grandmamma and aunt to make myself easy, at least to endeavour to do so, if they never would propose to me the Earl of D. or any other man. They *did* promise me.

Lady D. in her letter to me, is so good as to claim the continuance of my correspondence. Most ungrateful, and equally self denying, must I be if I were to decline my part of it.

I have a letter from Sir Rowland Meredith. You, who have seen his former letters to me, need not be shewn this. The same honest heart appears in them all; the same kind professions of paternal love.

You love Sir Rowland; and will be pleased to hear that his worthy nephew is likely to recover his health. I cannot, however, be joyful that they are resolved to make me soon one more visit. But you will see that Mr. Fowler thinks, if he could be allowed to visit me once more, he should, though hoping nothing from the visit, be easier for the rest of his life. A strange way of thinking! supposing love to be his dæmper: is it not?

I have a letter from Mr. Fenwick. He has made a very short excursion abroad. He tells me in it, that he designs me a visit on a particular subject. If it be, as I suspect, to engage my interest with my Lucy, he shall *not* have her: he is not worthy of her.

The friendship and favour of Lady W. is one of the greatest felicities which seem to offer to bless my future lot.

Mr. Greville is the most persevering, as well as most audacious of men. As other men endeavour to gain a woman's affections by politeness; he makes pride, ill-nature, and impetuosity, the proofs of his love; and thinks himself ill used, especially since his large acquisition of fortune, that they are not accepted as such. He has obliged Mr. Deane to hear his pleas; and presumed to hope for his favour. Mr. Deane frankly told him that his interest lay quite another way. He then insolently threatened with destruction, the man, be he who he will, that shall stand in his way. He doubts not, he says, but Sir Charles Grandison is the man designed: but if so *cool* a lover is to be encouraged against so *fervent* a one as himself, he is mistaken in all the notions of women's conduct and judgments in

love-matters. A *discreet* lover, he is an unnatural character: women, odious wretch says, love to be devoted [Is he not an odious wretch?] And Miss Byron can content herself with another woman's *leavings*, for that, says, he is well informed in the case, knows what he shall think of her. And then he threw out, as usual, relations on our sex, which had malice them.

This man's threats disturb me. I grant that your brother may not be with any more embarrassments from solvent men, on my account!

If these men, this Greville in particular, would let me be at peace, I should be better, I believe, in my health: Lady Frampton is his advocate, by letter. He watches my footsteps, and in every visit I make, throws himself in the way, and on Sundays he is always ready, with his officious hand, as I alight to enter church; and to lead me back to my usual coach. My uncle cannot affront him, because he will not be affronted by him. He rallies off, with an intrepidity never was exceeded, all that my aunt says to him. I repulse him with anger elsewhere but in a place so publick, and sacred. He disturbs my devotion, with his bold eyes, always fixed on our faces, which draw every ones after them. He has the assurance, when he intrudes himself into my company, to laugh at my anger; telling me, that it is what he long-wished for; and that now he has much used to it; that he can live on frowns, and cannot support life without them. He plainly tells me, that Fenwick's arrival from abroad, and that certain person's also, are the occasion of his resumed sedulity.

Every body about us, in short, is interested for or against him. He makes appear coy and ridiculous. He—more of this bold man. Would to Heaven that some one of those who like him would relieve me from him!

Visitors, and the post, oblige me, more than I otherwise should, to come myself, my dear Lady G. ever yours,
HARRIET BYRON

LETTER XIII.

MR. DEANE, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.
SELBY HOUSE, TUESDAY.

AN alliance more acceptable, proposed, than that which Sir Charles Grandison, in a manner so worthy of his

proposed with a family who have
ought themselves under obligation to
ever since he delivered the darling
from the lawless attempts of a fa-
lucertine. I know to whom I write;
will own, that it has been my wish in
particular manner.

As to the surviving part of the fami-
exclusive of Miss Byron, (for I will
union her parents bye and bye) it is,
all it's branches, worthy: indeed
your wish of a relation to *them*, is
a discredit to your high character.
to the young lady—I say nothing
—Yet how shall I forbear—O Sir,
love me! she will dignify your choice.
duty and her inclination through
relation of life, were never divided.
Excuse me, Sir—No parent was ever
fond of his child than I have been,
in her infancy, of this my daughter
adoption. Hence, Sir, being con-
sidered on this occasion, as my affection I
say for the whole family deserves, I
re upon me to acquaint you, before any
other steps are taken, what our dear
fortune will be: for it has been
my notion, that a young gentle-
man, in such a case, should, the moment
offers himself, if his own proposals are
agreeable, be spared the *indelicacy* of
asking questions as to fortune. We know,
yours is great; but as your spirit is
generous, you ought to have something
of your own fortune with a wife.
Here, alas! we must fail, I doubt;
nothing in hand.

Mr. Byron was one of the best of men;
his lady a most excellent woman: there
was a happier pair. Both had rea-
son to boast of their ancestry. His estate
amounted upwards of four thousand pounds a
year; but it was entailed, and, in failure
of male heirs, was to descend to a second
son of the family, which had made it
the more unworthy of it, by settling
it in a foreign country, renouncing, as I
say, it's own. Mr. Byron died a
young man, and left his lady *ensient*; but
for losing him, occasioned first her
marriage, and then her death; and the
name followed the name. Hence, be-
lieved to know, that Miss Byron's for-
tune, in her own right, is no more than
between thirteen and fourteen thousand
pounds. It is chiefly in the funds. It
has been called 15,000*l.* but is not much
more than thirteen. Her grandmother's
income is between 4 and 500*l.* a year.
Some of us wish to see my god-
daughter in possession of it: she herself
of all. Mrs. Shirley is called by

every one that knows her, or speaks of
her, the ornament of old age. Her hus-
band, an excellent man, desired her to
live always in the mansion-house, and in
the hospitable way he had ever kept up,
if what he left her would support her in
it. She has been longer spared to the
prayers of her friends, and to those of the
poor, than was apprehended; for she is
infirm in health. She therefore can do
but little towards the increase of her
child's fortune. But Shirley Manor is a
fine old seat, Sir!—And there is timber
upon the estate, which wants but ten
years growth, and will be felled to good
account. Mr. Selby is well in the world.
He proposes, as a token of his love, to
add 3000*l.* in hand to his niece's fortune;
and by his will, something very consider-
able, farther expectant on his lady's death;
who being Miss Byron's aunt, by the fa-
ther's side, intends by her will to do very
handsomely for her.—By the way, my
dear Sir, be assured, that what I write is
absolutely unknown to Miss Byron.

There is a man who loves her as he
loves himself. This man has laid by a
sum of money, every year for the ad-
vancing her in marriage, beginning with
the fifth year of her life, when it was
seen what a hopeful child she was: this
has been put at accumulated interest; and
it amounts, in sixteen years; or therea-
abouts, to very near 8000*l.* This man,
Sir, will make up the eight thousand
then, to be paid on the day of marriage;
and I hope, without promising for what
this man will do farther at his death, that
you will accept of this five or six and
twenty thousand pounds, as the cheer-
fullest given and best bestowed money
that ever was laid out.

Let not these particulars pain you, Sir:
they should not; the subject is a necessary
one. You, who ought to give way to
the increase of that power which you so
nobly use, must not be pained at this men-
tion, once for all. Princes, Sir, are not
above asking money of their people as
free gifts, on the marriage of their chil-
dren. He that would be greater than a
prince, may, before he is aware, be less
than a gentleman. Of this ten thousand
pounds, eight is Miss Byron's due, as
she is likely to be so happy with all our
consents; else it would not! for that was
the man's *reserved* condition; and the
sum, or the designation of it, was till this
day only known to himself.

As to settlements in return, I would
have acted the lawyer, but the *benefit*
lawyer, with you, Sir, and made de-

mands of you; but Mr. and Mrs. Selby, and Mrs. Shirley, unanimously declared, that you shall not be prescribed to in this case. 'Were you not Sir Charles Grandison?' was the question. I was against leaving it to you, for that *very* reason. 'It will be,' said I, 'to provoke such a man as Sir Charles to do too much. Most other men ought to be spurred; but *this* must be held in.' But, however, I acquiesced; and the more easily, because I expect that the deeds shall pass through my hands; and I will take care that you shall not, in order to give a proof of love where it is not wanted, exert an inadequate generosity.

These matters I thought it was absolutely necessary to apprise you of: you will have the goodness to excuse any imperfections in my manner of writing. There are none in my heart, when I assure you, that no man breathing can more respect you, than, Sir, *your most faithful and obedient humble servant,*

THOMAS DEANE.

LETTER XIV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO THO.
DEANE, ESQ.

THURSDAY, OCT. 5.

YOU know not, my dear Mr. Deane, upon what an unthankful man you would bestow your favours. I pretend not to be above complying with the laudable customs of the world. Princes are examples to themselves. I have always, in things indifferent, been willing to take the world as I find it; and conform to it.

To say Miss Byron is a treasure in herself, is what every man would say, who has the honour to know her: yet I would not, in a vain ostentation, as the interest of a man and his wife is one, make a compliment to my affection, by resigning or giving from her her natural right; especially as there is no one of her family that wants to be benefitted by such gifts or resignations. But then I will not allow, that any of her friends shall part with what is theirs, to supply—What? A *supposed* deficiency in her fortune. And by *whom*, as implied by you, *supposed* a deficiency—By me; and it is left to me to *confirm* the imputation by my acceptance of the addition so generously, as to the *intention*, offered. Had I incumbrances on my estate, which, undischarged, would involve in difficulties the woman I love; I know not what, for *her* sake, I might be tempted to do. But avarice only can induce a man, who wants it not, to accept of the bounty of

a lady's friends, in their life-time especially—When those friends are neither father or mother; one of them a relation by blood, though he is nearer tie, that of love; and it not fortune which the lady possesses in own right, an ample one!

I am as rich as I wish to be, my Mr. Deane. Were my income would live within it: were it would increase my duties. Permit my good Sir, to ask, has the man you call him, (and a man indeed he appears to me to be) who intends to so noble a present to a stranger, notions, no friends, who would have to think themselves unkindly treated he gave from them such a large part of his fortune?

I would not be thought romantic, neither aim I at ostentation. I would as glad to follow, as to set, a good example. Can I have a nobler, if Miss Byron honours me with her hand, than in *that* case, will give in preferring to the Earl of D. a worthy man, with much more splendid fortune than I. Believe me, my dear Mr. Deane, would, on an event so happy, be strait to my own joy before friends kindly contributing to the increase of fortune, lest they should imagine their generosity on the occasion, was of the motives of my gratitude to her goodness to me.

You tell me that Miss Byron has nothing of your proposals: I believe you let her not know any thing of it, to abate not so much, in her eyes, the who presumes on her favour for the pineness of the rest of his life, by posing (*your supposition*, Sir, may weight with *her*) he could value more for such an addition to her fortune. No, Sir: let Miss Byron (satisfied the consciousness of a worth which world acknowledges) in one of the solemn events of her life, look among her congratulating friends that modest confidence which she is laying a high obligation on a favourer, just gives to diffident merit; and the receiving of favours from all friends, as if to supply a supposed want, must either abate; or do not, make her think less of the richest man, who could submit to such obligations.

If these friendly expostulations conclude against the offer of your friend, they equally do so against Mr. Selby. Were that gentleman his lady the parents of Miss Byron

would be different: but Miss Byron's fortune is an ascertained one; and Selby has relations who stand in an equal degree of consanguinity to him, who are all entitled, by their worth, to his favour. My best respects and thanks are, however, due; and I shall you will make my acknowledgments accordingly, as well to your *worthy friend*, Mr. Selby.

I take the liberty to send you down a rent-roll of my English estate. Deane for me as you please, my dearest Deane: only take this caution—send me not a second time; but let settlements be such, as may be fully answerable to my fortune; although, in common methods of calculation, it exceeds that of the dear lady. That may be the better judge of this, you will find a brief particular of my estate subjoined to the other.

I was intending, when I received yours, to do myself the honour of a visit to Selby House. I am impatient to throw myself at the feet of my dear Miss Byron, and to commend myself to the favour of Mr. and Mrs. Selby, and every member of a family I am prepared by their manners, as well as by their relation to Miss Byron, to revere and love: but you seem to chuse that the requisite preliminaries should be first adjusted by pen and ink, I submit, though with reluctance, to that course; but with the assurance, as I may in the interim, receive letters from abroad, which, though they may now make no alteration with regard to the treaty so happily begun, may give me an opportunity of laying the whole of my affairs before Miss Byron; which means she will be enabled to make a judgment of them, and of the contents of, dear Sir, *her and your most affectionate, obliged, and faithful humble*
CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XV.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

[WITH THE TWO PRECEDING LETTERS.]

SELBY HOUSE, SAT. OCT. 7

WELL did you observe, my dear, that we may be very differently affected by the same event, when judged at a distance, and near. May I, in the present situation, presume to say, that Mr. Deane has entered into the particulars of my fortune with Sir Selby. The letter was not shewn me when it went; and I was not permitted to see the copy of it till your brother's

answer came; and then they shewed me both.

O my dear Mr. Deane!—my ever-kind uncle and aunt Selby!—was not your Harriet Byron too much obliged to you before?—As to your brother, what, my love, shall I do with my *pride*? I did not know I had so much of that bad quality. My poverty, my dear, has added to my pride. Were my fortune superior to that of your brother, I am sure I should not be so proud as I now, on this occasion, find I am. How generously does he decline accepting the goodness that was offered to give me more consideration with him, (as kindly intended by them!) What can I say to him, but that his heart, still prouder than that of any other person breathing, will not permit me to owe uncommon obligations to any but himself?

He desires that I may not know any thing of this transaction: but they thought the communication would give me pleasure. However, they wish me not to take notice to him, when he visits Selby House, that they have communicated it to me. If I did, I should think myself obliged to manifest a gratitude that would embarrass me in my present situation, and seem to fetter the freedom of my will. Millions of obligations should not bribe me to give up even a corner of my heart, to a man to whom I could not give the whole. Your brother, my dear, is in possession of the whole.

You know that I hate affectation: but must I not have great abatements in my prospects of happiness, because of Lady Clementina? And must they not be still greater, should she be unhappy, should she repent of the resolution, she so nobly took, for his saying, that whatever be the contents of his next letters from Italy, they can make no alteration with regard to the treaty begun with us?—Dear, dear, Clementina! most excellent of women! can I bear to stand in the way of your happiness?—I cannot.—My life, any more than yours, may not be a long one; and I will not sully the whiteness of it, (pardon my vanity; I presume to call it so, on retrospecting it, regarding my *intentions* only) by giving way to an act of injustice, though it were to obtain for me the whole heart of the man I love.

Yet think you, my dear, that I am not mortified? How can I look round upon my congratulating friends in one of the most solemn events of my life, with that modest confidence which the sense of

laying an obligation on a favoured object (you know in whose generous words I express myself) gives to diffident merit?—O my Charlotte! I am afraid of your brother! How shall I look up to when I next see him?—But I will give way to this new guest, my *pride*. What other way have I?—Will you forgive me, if I try to look upon your brother's generosity to me and my friends, in declining so greatly their offers, as a bribe to make me sit down satisfied with half, nay, *not* half a heart?—And now will you not say, that I am proud indeed? But his is the most delicate of human minds: and shall not the woman pretend to some delicacy who has looked up to him.

I thought of writing but a few lines in the cover of the two letters. I hope I shall not incur displeasure from any body here, were they to know I send them to you for your perusal. But let only Lord G. your other self, and Lord and Lady L. read them, and return them by the next post. I know you four will pity the poor and proud girl, who is so inexpressibly obliged almost to every one she knows; but who, believe her proud as she is, never will be ashamed to own her obligations to you, and Lady L. *Witness*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XVI.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

GROSVENOR SQUARE; TUESDAY, OCT. 10.

I Return your two letters, very good ones both. I like them. Lord L. and Lord G. thank you for allowing them to peruse them. We will know nothing of the matter.

My brother will soon be with you, I believe. I wish Dr. Bartlett were in town: one should then know something of the motion of my brother—Not that he is reserved neither. But he is so much engaged, that I go four times to St. James's Square, and perhaps do not see him once. My lord had the assurance to say, but yesterday, that I was there more than at home. He is very impertinent: I believe he has taken up my sauciness. I laid it down, and thought to refuse it occasionally; but when I came to look for it, behold! it was gone!—But I hope, if he has it not, it is only mislaid. I intend, if it come not soon to hand, to set the parish-crier to proclaim the loss, with a reward for the finder. It might be the ruin of some indiscreet woman, should such a one meet with it,

and try to use it. Aunt Eleanor [I remembered myself: no more Nell!] is as joyful, to think her nephew will soon be married, and to an English woman, as if she were going to be married herself. Were there to be a wedding in the family, or among her acquaintances once a year! what with preparation, with solemnization, good old soul! would live for ever. Chide again, I rier; I value it not. Yet in your chiding you were excessively grave. I forgive you. Be good, and write every thing how and about it; and to the moment: you cannot be too mild.

I want you to see Lady Olivia's presents: they are princely. I want to a letter she wrote to my brother mentioned it as something extraordinary. When you are his, you must show me he writes, that you are permitted to in your power long enough to transcribe He and the correspondent. Do you like Harriet!—Lady L. writes: Emily writes. So I have only to say, I am your *servant*, and so forth,

LETTER XVII.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

SELBY HOUSE, THURSDAY, OCT.

MY DEAR LADY G.

I Expect your brother every hour. I hope he comes in pursuance of his promise from Italy!—May it be so! and his will not abate his welcome!

We heard by accident of his appointment by a farmer, tenant to my uncle; saw a fine gentleman, very handsomely attended, alight, as he left Stratford, at a very inn where we baited on our return from London. As a dinner was preparing for him, perhaps, my dear, he dined in the very room we dined in at that time. The farmer had the curiosity to ask who he was; and was answered the most courteous gentleman's servant he ever spoke to, that they had the honour to serve Sir Charles Grandison. And the farmer having said he was from Northampton; one of them asked how far Selby House was from that place. The farmer was obliged to hurry home to his own affairs; and meeting my uncle with Mr. Deane and my cousin, Selby, taking an airing on horseback, him the visitor he was likely to see. My uncle instantly dispatched his servant to us with the tidings, and that he came to meet him, in hopes of coming him hither.

This news gave me such emotion, I was not well before, that my aunt

retire to my closet, and endeavour
to settle my spirits.

Then I am, my dear Lady G. and
writing implements being always at
hand in this place, I took up my pen.
It is not possible for me to write at this
time, but to you, on this subject. It is
not possible for a busy mind to have something
employed in; and I think, now I
am writing myself on paper, my heart is
more governable than it was.

I am glad we heard of his coming be-
fore we saw him. But surely Sir Charles
Grandison should not have attempted to
surprise us: should he, my dear? Does
he look like the pride of a man af-
fected of a joyful welcome? I have read
of princes, who, acquainted with their
subjects by picture only, and having been
served by proxy, have set out to their
subjects *incognito*, and in disguise have
tried to surprize the poor apprehensive
people. But here, not only circumstances
show, since there has been no betroth-
al, but were he of princely rank, I
should have expected a more delicate treat-
ment from him.

How will the consciousness of inferi-
ority and obligation set a proud and punc-
till mind upon hunting for occasions
to satisfy its caprices!—A servant of Sir
Charles is just arrived with a billet di-
rected for my uncle Selby. My aunt
showed it. It is dated from Stratford.

The contents are, after compliments of
the state of our healths, to acquaint my
uncle, that he shall put up at the George
in Northampton, this night; and hopes
to be allowed to pay his compliments to us
tomorrow morning, at breakfast; so he
did not intend to give himself the con-
fidence, of which my capricious heart was
apprehensive. Yet then, as if resolved
not to fault, 'Is not this a little too pa-
tience for his natural freedom?' thought
I. Does he think we should not be
glad to outlive our joyful surprize, if he
gives us not notice of his arrival in these
parts before he saw us? O Clementina!
What an angel! What a mere mortal,
that a woman didst thou make the poor
Niece Byron appear in her own eyes!
How apprehensive of coming after thee!
I sense I have of my own littleness,
and make me little indeed.

Well, but I presume, that if my uncle
Mr. Deane meet him, they will pre-
pare upon him to come hither this night:
I suppose he must be allowed to go to
the proposed inn afterwards—But here,
come! Come indeed! My uncle in
his chariot wish him! My cousin and Mr.

Deane, Sally tells me, just alighted. Sally
adores Sir Charles Grandison—Begone,
Sally. Thy emotions, foolish girl, add to
those of thy mistress!

THAT I might avoid the appearance
of affectation, I was going down to wel-
come him, when I met my uncle on the
stairs. 'Niece Byron,' said he, 'you
have not done justice to Sir Charles Gran-
dison. I thought your love-sick heart,'
[What words are these, my dear! and at
that moment too!] 'must have been par-
tial to him. He prevailed on me to go in
to his chariot. You may think yourself
very happy. For fifteen miles together
did he talk of nobody but you. Let me
go down with you: let me present you to
him.'

I had before besought my spirits to be-
friend me, but for one half-hour. Surely
there is nothing so unwelcome as an un-
seasonable jest. 'Present me to him!—
Love-sick heart!'—'O my uncle! thought
I. I was unable to proceed. I hastened
back to my closet, as much disconcerted as
a child could be, who, having taken great
pains to get it's lesson by heart, dashed by
a chiding countenance, forgot every syl-
lable of it when I came to say it. You
know, my dear, that I had not for some
time been well. My spirits were weak,
and joy was almost as painful to me as grief
could have been.

My aunt came up—'My love, why
don't you come down?—What now?
Why in tears?—You will appear, to the
finest man I ever saw in my life, very par-
ticular!—Mr. Deane is in love with him:
your cousin James—'

'Dear Madam, I am already, when I
make comparisons between him and my-
self, humbled enough with his excellencies.
I did intend to avoid particularity; but
my uncle has quite disconcerted me—Yet
he always means well: I ought not to
complain. I attend you, Madam.'

Can you, Lady G. forgive my pride,
my petulance?

My aunt went down before me. Sir
Charles hastened to me, the moment I ap-
peared, with an air of respectful love.

He took my hand, and bowing upon it,
'I rejoice to see my dear Miss Byron;
and to see her so well. How many suf-
ferers must there be, when you suffer!'

I bid him welcome to England. I hope
he heard me; I could not help speaking
low; he must observe my discomposure.
He led me to a seat, and sat down by me,
still holding my hand. I withdrew not
presently, lest he should think me precise:
but, as there were so many persons pre-

sent, I thought it was free in Sir Charles Grandison. Yet perhaps he could not well quit it, as I did not withdraw it; so that the fault might be rather in my passiveness, than in his forwardness.

However, I asked my aunt afterwards, if his looks were not those of a man assured of success; as indeed he might be from my grandmother's letter, and my silence to *his*. She said, there was a manly freedom in his address to me; but that it had such a mixture of tenderness in it, that never, in *her* eyes, was freedom so becoming. 'While he was restrained by his situation,' added she, 'no wonder that he treated you with respect as a friend; but now he finds himself at liberty to address you, his behaviour ought, as a *lover*, to have been just what it was.'

Sir Charles led me into talk, by mentioning you and Lady L. your two lords, and my Emily.

My uncle and aunt withdrew, and had some little canvassing it seems, [All their canvassings are those of assured lovers] about the propriety of my uncle's invitation to Sir Charles to take up his residence, while he was in these parts, at Selby House. My uncle, at coming in, had directed Sir Charles's servants to put up their horses: but they not having their master's orders to do so, held themselves in readiness to attend him; as they knew that Sir Charles had given directions to his gentleman, Richard Saunders, who brought the billet to my uncle, to go back to Northampton, and provide apartments for him at the George Inn there.

My aunt, who you know is a perfect judge of points of decorum, pleaded to my uncle, that it was too well known among our select friends, by Mr. Greville's means, that Sir Charles had never before made his addresses to me; and that therefore, though he was to be treated as a man whose alliance is considered as an honour to us; yet that some measures were to be kept, as to the *look* of the thing; and that the world might not conclude that I was to be won at his very first appearance; and the rather, as Mr. Greville's violence, as well as virulence, was so well known.

My uncle was petulant. 'I,' said he, 'am always in the wrong: you women, never.' He ran into all those peculiarities of words, for which you have so often rallied him—His '*ads-beart*,' his '*female scrupulosities*,' his '*What a pine*,' his hatred of '*shilly shally's*,' and '*fiddle-faddies*,' and the rest of our '*female-nonsense*,' as he calls them. He hoped to salute his niece, as Lady Grandison, in a fortnight;

what a *dance* was the matter to be so, both sides now of a mind warned my aunt, and bid her be against affectation, now the critical hand. Sir Charles, he said, would meanly of us, if we were *illy*; and came in another of his odd words. Charles, he said, had been so much *bamboozled*, that he would not be tience with us; and therefore, and these *reasons*, as he called them, he that Sir Charles might not be suff go out of the house, and to an in this as well for the *propriety* of the as for the credit of his own invita him.

My aunt replied, that Sir Charles *self* would expect delicacy from was evident that he expected not (u for the sake of the world's eye) to in the house with *me* on his *first* to his having ordered his servant who the billet, to take apartments for Northampton, even not designing us over-night, had he not been Mr. Deane and himself, and per to come. 'In short, my dear, fa aunt, I am as much concerned ab Charles's *own* opinion of our cond for that of the world: yet you kno every genteel family around us examples from us and Harriet. Charles is not with us, the oftener fits us, the more respectful it will stried. I hope he will live with us and every day: but indeed it mu visitor, not as an inmate.'

'Why, then, bring me off for that I may not seem the blunderer always making me by your *dece* Will you do that?

When my uncle and aunt came found Sir Charles, and Mr. Deane me, talking. Our subject was, the pinefs of Lord and Lady W. whole Mansfield family, with wh Deane, who began the discourse, acquainted. Sir Charles arose at the trance. 'The night draws on,' — 'I will do myself the honour of ing you, Madam—and this happy —at tea in the morning—My good Selby, I had a design upon you, Deane—and upon you, young grand (to my cousin James) as I told you road; but it is now too late. Ad to-morrow—He bowed to each profoundly, kissing my hand; and to his chariot.

My uncle whispered my aunt, all attended him to that door of which leads into the court-yard.

him to stay. 'Hang punctilio!' he

my aunt wanted to speak to Sir Charles; yet she owned, she knew not how to say; such a conscious awkwardness had indeed possession of us both, as we were uneasy: we thought all was not right; yet knew not that we were wrong. When Sir Charles's chariot drove away from him, and we took our seats, and suppers were talked of, we all of us shewed satisfaction; and my uncle was quite out of humour. He would give a thousand pounds, he said, with all his heart and mind in the morning. Sir Charles, instead of coming hither to breakfast, had sent on his return to London.

For my part, Lady G. I could not bear recriminations. I begged to be excused sitting down to supper. I was not used to this odd situation added *uneasiness* to my indisposition; a dissatisfaction, I find will mingle with our highest pleasures: nor were the beloved company left, happier. They canvassed the matter, with so much good-natured earnestness, that the supper was taken away, and was brought, at a late hour.

But, my dear Lady G. in your opinion, should we have done? Were we right, or were we wrong? Over-delicacy, as I have heard observed, is under-delicacy. My dear, your lord, our Emily, and our Harriet, all standing in so well known a line of relation to Sir Charles Grandison, were our most welcome guests: and was the brother to be received with the warmth of respect!—O no! Custom seems, tyrant custom, and the approved opinion of the world, obliged especially as so much bustle had been about me, by men so bold, so impatient to shew him—Shew him what?—I find, that we had expectations upon which we could not have upon his sister and sister; and therefore, because we expected he would be more near, we were disappointed him at the greater distance!—An indirect acknowledgment was made in his favour, were there room for it to doubt! Which, however, there could not be. 'What would I give,' said I, 'at this moment, to know the result of the matter!'

My dear and Nancy will be here at dinner; and my grandmamma. She has, with enquiries after my health, congratulated me by this line sealed up—My dear, my best love, to embrace you on this joyful occasion. I need say no more, but I think myself, at this instant, the happiest of women. I shall write you to day. Adieu, till then, my heart, my own Harriet!

Lucy, in a billet just now brought, written for herself and Nancy, on the intelligence sent her of Sir Charles's arrival, expresses herself thus—

'Our joy is extreme! Blessings on the man! Blessings attend our Harriet! They must: Sir Charles Grandison brings them with himself. Health now will return to our lovely cousin. We long to see the man of whom we have heard so much. We will dine with you. Tell Sir Charles, before we come, that you love us dearly; it shall make us redouble our endeavours to deserve your love. Your declared friendship and love of us, will give consequence to

'LUCY } SELBY.'
'NANCY }

We are now in expectation—My aunt, and I, though early risers, hurried ourselves to get every thing, that however is never out of order, in high order. Both of us have a kind of consciousness of defect, where yet we cannot find reason for it: if we did, we would supply it. Yet we are careful that every thing has a natural, not an extraordinary, appearance—Ease, with propriety, shall be our aim. My aunt says, that were the king to make us a visit, she is sure she could not have a greater desire to please—I will go down, that I may avoid the appearance of parade and reserve, when he comes.

HERE, in her closet again, is your poor Harriet. Surely the determined single state is the happiest of lives, to young women, who have the greatness of mind to be above valuing the admiration and flatteries of the other sex. What tumults, what a contrariety of passions break the tranquillity of the woman who yields up her heart to love?—No Sir Charles Grandison, my dear!—Yet ten o'clock!—He is a very prudent man!—No expectations hurry or discompose him!—Charming steadiness of soul! A fine thing for himself, but far otherwise for the woman, when a man is *settle*! He will possibly ask me to hold again my passive hand, in presence of half a score of my friends, whether I was *greatly* uneasy because of his absence?

But let me try to *erase* him. May he not have *forgot* his engagement? May he not have *overslept* himself?—Some agreeable dream of the Bologna family—I am offended at him—Did he learn his tranquillity in Italy?—O no, no, Lady G.

I now cannot help looking back for other faults in him with regard to me.

My memory is not, however, so malicious as I would have it be. But do you,

think every man in the like situation, would have stopt at Stratford to dine by himself. Not but your brother can be very happy in his *own* company. If he cannot, who can? But as to that, his horses might require rest, as well as bairing: one knows not in how short a time he might have prosecuted his journey so far. He who will not suffer the noblest of all animals to be deprived of an ornament, would be merciful to them in greater instances. He says, that he cannot bear indignity from superiors. Neither can we. In that light he appears to us. But why so?—My heart, Lady G. begins to swell I assure you; and it is twice as big as it was last night.

My uncle, before I came up, sat with his watch in his hand, from half an hour after nine, till near ten, telling the minutes as they crept. Mr. Deane often looked at me, and at my aunt, as if to see how we bore it. I blushed; looked silly, as if your brother's faults were mine.—'Over in a fortnight!' cried my uncle; '*ads-beart*, I believe it will be half a year before we shall come to the question. But Sir Charles, to be sure, is offended. Your confounded female niceties!'

My heart rose—'Let him, if he *dare*!' thought the proud Harriet.

'God grant,' added my uncle, 'that he may be gone up to town again!'

'Perhaps,' said Mr. Deane, 'he is gone, by mistake, to Mrs. Shirley's.'

We then endeavoured to recollect the words of his self-invitation thither. My cousin James proposed to take horse, and go to Northampton, to inform himself of the occasion of his not coming: some misfortune, perhaps.

Had he not servants, my aunt asked, one of whom he might have sent?—'Shall my cousin Jemmy go, however, Harriet?' said she.

'No, indeed!' answered I, with an air of anger. My teasing uncle broke out into a loud laugh, which however had more of vexedness than mirth in it. 'He is certainly gone to London, Harriet!—Just as I said, dame Selby!—Certainly tearing up the road; his very horses resenting, for their master, your *scrupulosity*. You'll hear from him next, at London, my life for yours, niece—Hah, hah, hah! What will your *grandmamma* say, bye-and-bye? Lucy, Nancy, how will they stare! Last night's supper, and this day's dinner, will be alike served in, and taken away.'

I could not stand all this: I arose from my seat. 'Ate you not unkind, Sir?' said I to my uncle, curtsying to him,

however; and desiring him and Deane's excuse, quitted the breakfast parlour. 'Teasing man!' said my Mr. Deane also blamed him; gently ever; for every body acknowledges good heart, and natural good temper.

My aunt followed me to the door taking my hand, 'Harriet,' said speaking low, 'not Sir Charles Grandison himself shall call you his, if he is capable of treating you with the least indifference. I understand not this,' added she, 'cannot, surely, be offended.—I he will be cleared up before your mamma comes, she will be very jealous of the honour of her girl.'

I answered not; I could not but hastened up to my place of rest, and, after wiping from my cheeks tears of real vexation, took up my You love to know my thoughts as fictions arise. You bid me continue to the moment.—Here comes my aunt.

My aunt came in, with a billet hand.—'Come down to breakfast dear: Sir Charles comes not till five o'clock. Read this: it was brought by one of his servants. He left it with Anne. The dunce let him go. I want to have asked him a hundred questions.

"TO MRS. SELBY.

"DEAR MADAM,

"I am broken in upon by a most *pertinent* visitor. Such, at this time, must have been the dearest friend I have in the world. You will be so good as to excuse my attendance till five o'clock. For the past two hours I have been every moment of disengaging myself, or I should have sent for you. Yours, &c."

'What visitor,' said I, 'can it be Mr. Deane?—He is certainly gone to London, Harriet!—Just as I said, dame Selby!—Certainly tearing up the road; his very horses resenting, for their master, your *scrupulosity*. You'll hear from him next, at London, my life for yours, niece—Hah, hah, hah! What will your *grandmamma* say, bye-and-bye? Lucy, Nancy, how will they stare! Last night's supper, and this day's dinner, will be alike served in, and taken away.'

My uncle was out of patience, sorry for it. I tried to make him see it; yet, but to pacify him, should have had petulance enough myself for the work of it. 'Oy, oy, with heart,' said he to my excuses, 'let what Sir Charles has to say for himself. But, old as I am, were my dame to give me another chance, no man could I can tell you, should keep me from my previous engagement with my mistress. It is kind of you, Harriet, to excuse me. I ever: love hides a multitude of sins. My aunt said not one syllable to me.'

Sir Charles. She is vexed and disap-

made a very short breakfasting; looked upon one another as people would have helped themselves if they had. Mr. Deane, however, would not. He said, that we should be satisfied with Sir Charles's excuse, when we came to them.

My dear, this man, this visiter, ever he is, must be of prodigious importance, to detain him from an engagement that I had hoped might have been a first engagement;—yet owned an impertinent. And must not the accident be very uncommon, that should bring one, stranger as Sir Charles is, in his way? Yet this might very well happen, as he observes, at an inn, whither we were to go to find him.

I think of it, I was strangely distressed last night in my imperfect slumbers: something, I thought, was to happen to me ever being his. Bughence, reflection! I chase thee from me. Yet realities disturb, shadows will officiously intrude on the busy imagination as

FRIDAY, 12 O'CLOCK.

My grandmamma is come. — Lucy, they are come—O how vexed at our argument and chagrined are my two aunts! But my grandmamma joins with Mr. Deane to think the best. I have been up. But here, he is come! how do I do to keep my anger? He shall find I will see how he looks, at once among us—If he be careless—If he makes slight excuses—

LETTER XVIII.

BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

FRIDAY TWO O'CLOCK.

Stolen up again, to tell you how it is. I never will be petulant again. Dear Sir, forgive me! how wicked I am, but my grandmamma and Mr. Deane, to blame a man who cannot be at a wilful fault! The fault is all mine and mine—Was my aunt ever so before?

We were all together when he entered. He addressed himself to us in that noble way, which engages every body in his first sight. 'How,' said he, 'have I suffered, in being visited by an unhappy man, from myself the honour of attending you!'

See, my dear, he made not apology to me, as if he supposed me disappointed by his absence. I was afraid he knew I looked very grave.

He then particularly addressed himself to each; me first; next to my grandmamma; and taking one of her hands between both his, and bowing upon it, 'I rejoice to see you, Madam,' said he—'your last favours will ever be remembered by me, with gratitude. I see you well. I hope. Your Miss Byron will be well, if you are a —and our joy,' looking round him, 'will then be complete.'

She bowed her head, pleased with the compliment. I was still a little sullen; otherwise I should have been pleased too, that he made my health depend upon that of my grandmamma.

'Madam,' said he, turning to my aunt, 'I am afraid I made you wait for me at breakfast. A most impertinent visiter. He put me out of humour. I dared not to let you and yours,' looking at me, 'see how much I could be out of humour. I am naturally passionate; but passion is so ugly, so deforming a thing, that if I can help it, I will never, by those I love, be seen in it.'

'I am sorry, Sir,' said my aunt, 'you met with any thing to disturb you.'

My uncle's spirit had not come down: he, too, was sullen in behalf of the punctilio of the girl whom he honours with his jealous love. 'How, how, is that, Sir Charles?' said he.

My aunt presented Lucy and Nancy to him: but before she could name either—'Miss Selby,' said he, 'Miss Byron's own Lucy, I am sure—Miss Nancy Selby?—I know your characters, ladies!' saluting each; 'and I know the interest you have in Miss Byron—Honour me with your approbation, and that will be to give me hope of hers.'

He then turning to my uncle and Mr. Deane, and taking a hand of each—'My dear Mr. Deane smiles upon me,' said he, '—But Mr. Selby looks grave.'

'At-ten-tive only, Sir Charles, to the cause of your being put out of humour, that's all.'

'The cause, Mr. Selby!—Know, then, I met with a man at my inn, who would force himself upon me: Do you know I am a quarrelsome man? He was so hardy as to declare, that he had pretensions to a lady in this company, which he was determined to assert.'

'O that Greville!' said my aunt.

I was ready to sink. 'Wretched Harriet!' thought I at the instant: Am I forever to be the occasion of embroiling this excellent man?

'Dear, dear Sir Charles,' said one, 'said another, all at once, 'How, how, was it?'

Both safe! Both unhurt," replied he. "No more of the rash man at this time. He is to be pitied. He loves Miss Byron to distraction."

"This comes of nicety!" whispered my uncle, to my aunt; "fool & nicety!... To let such a man as this go to an inn!... Inhospitable! vile punctilio!" Then turning to Sir Charles-- "Dear Sir, forgive me! I was a little serious, that I must own. [I pulled my uncle by the sleeve, fearing he would say too much by way of atonement for his seriousness.] 'I, I, I, was a little serious, I must own--I, I, I, was afraid something was the matter--' turned he off, what he was going to say--too freely, shall I add?--Hardly so! had he said what he would; though habitual punctilio made me almost involuntarily twitch my uncle by the sleeve; for my heart would have directed my lips to utter the kindest things; but my concern was too great to allow them to obey it."

"I must go down Lady G.--I am enquired after; 'tis just dinner time.--Let me only add, that Sir Charles waved farther talk of the affair between him and that wretch, while I staid.--Perhaps they have got it out of him since I came up."

"I SHALL be so proud, my dear!--A thousand fine things he has said of your Harriet, in her little absence! How is he respected, how is he admired, by all my friends! My grandmamma, with all her equanimity, has much ado to suppress her joyful emotions: and he is so respectfully tender to her, that had he not my heart before, he would have won it now."

He had again waved the relation of the insult he met with: Mr. Greville himself, he supposed, would give it. He had a mind to see if the gentleman by his report of it, was a gentleman. "Thank God," said he, "I have not hurt a man who boasts of his passion for Miss Byron; and of his neighbourhood to this family!"

Our places were chosen for us at table: Sir Charles's next me. Cannot I be too minute, do you say?--So easy, so free, so polite; something so happily addressed occasionally to each person at table--"O my dear! I am abundantly kept in countenance; for every one loves him as well as I. You have been pleased to take very favourable notice of our servants--They are good, and sensible. What reverence for him, and joy for their young mistress's sake, shone in their countenances as they attended."

My cousin James, who has never been out of England, was very curious to be informed of the manners, customs, diversions, of the people in different countries

--Italy, in particular--Ah, the Clementina! What statement from collection! "The sighing heart," I remember he says, in one of his letters Dr. Bartlett, "will remind us of perfection, in the highest of our enjoyment. And he adds, 'it is fit it should be. And on what occasion did he write--' O my Charlotte, I was the occasion. It was in kind remembrance of me, could not, at that time have so well had he been indifferent, even then, to Harriet."

I am so apprehensive of my uncle's remarks, that I am half afraid to let Sir Charles: and he must bre--and return to this wicked inn--They order at my frequent absences. He oblige you, Lady G. and, indeed, my there is vast pleasure in communicating one's pleasures to a friend who interests herself, as you do, in one's dearest concerns."

You know and admire my grandmamma's cheerful compliances with the cent diversions of youth. She made give us a lesson on the harpsichord purpose, I saw, to draw me in. We obeyed."

I was once a little out in an song. In what a sweet manner did me in! touching the keys himself, minute or two. Every one wished to proceed; but he gave up to me, in like a manner, that we all were full with his excuses."

My poor cousin Jimmy is on a very earnest to go abroad; as if youth, travelling would make him Charles Grandison."

I have just asked your brother in over between Mr. Greville and He says, he hopes and believes to send it may; or I shall hate that Greville."

My uncle, Mr. Deane, and my James, were too much taken with Charles, to think of withdrawing, might have been expected they would and after some general conversation, succeeded our playing, Sir Charles his chair between my grandmamma's aunt, and taking my grandmamma's seat."

"May I not be allowed a quarter of an hour's conversation, with Miss Byron's presence, ladies?" said he, so low. "We have, indeed, only friends relations present: but it will be agreeable, I believe, to the dear lady what I have to say to her, and it may be rather reported to the general than heard by them."

By all means, Sir Charles, my grandmamma. Then whispering

'No man in this company *thinks*, Sir Charles. Excuse me, my dear.'

The moment Sir Charles applied himself in this particular manner to them, my aunt, without hearing what he said, was on her feet. I arose, and withdrew to my study, followed by Lucy and the gentlemen, seeming to regret themselves withdrew likewise, to their apartment. My aunt came to me. 'Love!—But ah! my dear, how you are!—You must come with me.' And she told me what he had said to my grandmamma and her.

'I have no courage—None at all,' said she. 'If apprehension, if timidity, be signs of weakness, I have them all. Sir Charles has not one.'

'May, my dear,' said Lucy, 'impute to him want of respect, I beseech you.' 'Respect, my Lucy! what a poor word! I only respect for him, we should rather an equality. Has he said any thing of Lady Clementina?'

'Don't be silly, Harriet,' said my aunt. 'He used to be—'

'Used to be!—Ah, Madam! Sir Charles's heart, at best, a divided heart! I had a trial till now.'

'Tell you all my foibles, Lady G.'

My aunt led me in to Sir Charles and my grandmamma. He met me at my entrance into the room, and in the most engaging manner, my aunt having taken her leave, conducted me to a chair which happened to be vacant between her and my mother. He took no notice of my mother, and I the sooner recovered myself, and still the sooner, as he himself seemed to be in some little confusion. However, he sat down; and with a manly, yet respectful air, his voice gaining strength as he proceeded, thus delivered himself.

'Never, ladies, was a man more particularly circumstanced than he before you. I know my story: you know what were the difficulties of my situation in a family that I must ever respect; in a lady of it whom I must ever revere. And you, Madam, (to my grandmamma) have had the goodness to signify to me, in a most engaging manner, that Miss Byron has added to the innumerable instances which she has given of her true greatness of mind, a kind even a friendly concern for a lady like the Miss Byron of Italy. I ask you to excuse the comparison.—The man before you, Madam, (to me) 'in sincerity and frankness, loves your own—'

'You want not excuse, Sir,' said my grandmamma.—'We all reverence Lady Clementina: we admire her.'

He bowed to each of us; as my aunt and I looked, I believe, assentingly to what my grandmamma said. He proceeded.

'—Yet in so particular a situation, although what I have to say, may, I presume, be collected from what you know of my story; and though my humble application to Miss Byron for her favour, and to you for your interest with her, have not been discouraged; something, however, may be necessary to be said in this audience, of the state of my own heart, for the sake of this dear lady's delicacy and yours. And I will deliver myself with all the truth and plainness which I think are required in treaties of this nature, equally with those set on foot between nation and nation.

'I am not insensible to beauty: but the beauty of person *only*, never yet had power over more than my eye; to which it gave a pleasure like that which it receives from the flowers of a gay parterre. Had not my heart been out of the reach of *personal* attractions, if I may so express myself; and had I been my own master; Miss Byron, in the first hour that I saw her, (for her beauty suffered not by her distress) would have left me no other choice: but when I had the honour of conversing with her, I observed in her mind and behaviour that true dignity, delicacy, and noble frankness which I ever thought characteristic in the sex, but never met with, in equal degree, but in *one* lady. I soon found, that my admiration of her fine qualities was likely to lead me into a gentler, yet a more irresistible passion; for of the lady abroad I then could have no reasonable, at least no *probable* hope: yet were there circumstances between her and me, which I thought in strict justice, obliged me to attend the issue of certain events.

'I called myself therefore, to account; and was alarmed when I found that Miss Byron's graces had stolen so imperceptibly on my heart, as already to have made an impression on it too deep for my tranquillity. I determined therefore, in honour in justice to both ladies, to endeavour to restrain a passion so new yet likely to be so fervent.

'I had avocations in town, while Miss Byron was with my sisters in the country. Almost afraid of trusting myself in her presence, I pursued the *more* willingly those avocations in person, when I could have managed some of them, perhaps,

near as well, by other hands. Compassion for the one lady, because of her calamity, might at that time, I found, have been made to give way, could those calamities have been overcome, to love for the other. Nor was it difficult for me to observe, that my sisters and Lord L. who knew nothing of my situation, would have chosen for a sister the young lady present, before every other woman.

Sometimes, I will own to you, I was ready, from that self-partiality and vanity which is too natural to men of vivacity and strong hopes, to flatter myself, that I might by my sister's interest, have made myself not unacceptable to a lady, who seemed to be wholly disengaged in her affections; but I would not permit myself to dwell on such hopes: every look of complaisance, every smile, which used to beam over that lovely countenance, I attributed to her natural goodness, and frankness of heart, and to that grateful spirit which made her over-rate a common service that I had been so happy as to render her. Had I even been free, I should have been careful not to deprive myself of that animating sunshine, by a too early declaration. For well did I know, by other men's experience, that Miss Byron, at the same time that her natural politeness, and sweetness of manners, engaged every heart, was not, however, easily to be won.

But, notwithstanding all my efforts to prevent a competition which had grown so fast upon me, I still found my uneasiness increase with my affection for Miss Byron. I had then but one way left—it was to strengthen my heart in Clementine's cause, by Miss Byron's assistance: in short, to acquaint Miss Byron with my situation; to engage her generosity for Clementina; and thereby deprive myself of the encouragement my fond heart might have hoped for, had I indulged my wishes of obtaining her favour. My end was answered, as to the latter. Miss Byron's generosity was engaged for the lady; but was it possible that my obligations to her for that generosity should not add to my admiration of her?

At the time I laid before her my situation, (it was in Lord L's study at Colnebrook) she saw my emotion. I could not conceal it. My abrupt departure from her must convince her, that my heart was too much engaged for that situation. I desired Dr. Bartlett to take an airing with me, in hopes, by his counsels, to compose my disordered spirits. He knew the state of my heart; he knew, with regard to the proposals I had formerly made to the family at Bologna, relating to religion and

residence, as (I had also declared to brothers of the lady) that no worldly grandeur should ever have induced me to allow, in a beginning address, that I was willing as a compromise, to allow that lady; for thoroughly had I weighed the inconveniences which must attend such an alliance: the lady zealous in religion; the confessor who was to be allowed her, equally zealous; the fair making proselytes so strong, and her Roman catholicism to be so meritorious, and myself no less in earnest in my religion; I had no doubt to pronounce, the good doctor, in confidence, that I should be much more happy in marriage with the lady of Selby House, were to be induced to honour me with her, than it was possible I could be with Clementina, even were they to come with the conditions I had proposed; doubted not but that lady would all were her health restored, with a mother her own nation and religion; and I owed to him; besides, that I could have no of conquering the opposition given by the friends of Clementina; and that could not at times but think hardly of indignities cast upon me by some of

The doctor, I knew, at the same time that he lamented the evil treatment Clementina met with from her mis- friends, and her unhappy malady, admired her for her manifold excellences next to adored Miss Byron: and he spoke her voice accordingly. "But here is the case," said I—"Clementina a woman with whom I had the honour being acquainted before I knew Miss Byron: Clementina has infinite merits herself refused me not. She consented to accept of the terms I offered; she besought her friends to comply with it. She has an opinion of my honour and my tenderness for her. Till I know the happiness of knowing Miss Byron, determined to wait either her recovery or release; and will Miss Byron herself know that, forgive me (the circumstances not changed) for the change of resolution of which Clementina is worthy? The treatment the poor lady met with, for my sake, as once she thought virgin modesty induced her to cross out those words, has heightened her disorder. She still, to this moment, to see me: while there is a possibility though not a probability of my being the humble instrument of restoring a excellent woman, who in herself truly deserves every consideration of tenderness, ought I to wish to engage the (were I able to succeed in my wish

excellent Miss Byron?—Could I be happy in my own mind, were I to succeed? And if not, must I be ungrateful to her, as ungenerous to the other?—Miss Byron's happiness must depend on me. She *must* be happy; the happiness she will give to the man of her choice, *whoever* shall be the man!—We were all silent. My grandmamma seemed determined to be so; and did not speak. He proceeded—

You knew not, dear Miss Byron, I and you not to know, the conflicts my laboured with, when I parted with you going abroad. My destiny was wrapped up in doubt and uncertainty. I was in a fever; Signor Jeronymo was deemed venerable; he wished to see me, and I but to *live* to see me. My presence was requested as a last effort to re-trieve his noble sister. You yourself, my friend, applauded my resolution to go; but, I might not be thought to wish to en-joy you in my favour, (so circumstanced was, that to have done so, would have to have acted unworthily to both ladies.) I insinuated my hopelessness of ever being nearer to you than I was,

I was not able to take a formal leave of you. I went over. Success attended the soothing treatment which Clementina met with from her friends. Success attended the means used for the recovery of the noble Jeronymo. Conditions were again proposed. Clementina's restoration, shone upon us all even with a brighter lustre than the did before disorder. All her friends consented to give with the hand of their beloved daughter, the man to whom they attributed secondarily the good they rejoiced in to you, ladies, that what was *their* better and *compassion*, now became *their* reward; and I should have been un-just to the merits of so excellent a woman, could not say *love*. I concluded my already the husband of Clementina; it would have been strange, if the love and happiness of Miss Byron were not the next wish of my heart. I re-joiced (despairing as I did of such an opportunity before I went over, because of the ties of religion and residence) I had sought to engage more than her friends; and I devoted myself wholly to her. —*I own it ladies*—And had I, my angel as she came out upon proof, could not have given her my heart, it had been equally unjust, and ungrate-ful. For, dear ladies, if you know all her merits, you must know, that occasion called her out to act gloriously; and that glo-riously she answered the call.

He paused. We were still silent. My grandmamma and aunt looked at each other by turns. But their eyes, as well as mine, at different parts of his speech, shewed their sensibility. He proceeded, gracefully looking down, and at first, with some little hesitation—

I am sensible, it is with a very ill grace, that, *refused*, as I must in justice call it, though on the noblest motives, by Clementina, I come to offer myself, and so soon after her refusal, to a lady of Miss Byron's delicacy. I should certainly have acted more laudably, respecting my own character *only*, had I taken at least the usual time of a *widower-love*. But great minds, such as Miss Byron's—and you, ladies—are above common forms, where decorum is not neglected. As to myself, what do I, but declare a passion, that would have been, but for one obstacle, which is now removed, as fervent as man ever knew?—Dr. Bartlett has told me, Madam, [to me] that you and my sisters have seen the letters I wrote to him from Italy; by the contents of some of those—and of the letters I left with you, Madam, [to my grandmamma,] you have seen Clementina's constant adherence to the step she so greatly took. In this letter, received but last Wednesday, [taking one out of his bosom,] 'you will see, (my last letters to them unrecieved, as they must be) that I am urged by all her family, for the sake of setting her an example, to address myself to a lady of my own country. —This *impels* me, as I may say, to *accelerate* the humble tender of my vows to you, Madam. However hastily the step may be thought, in my situation, would not an inexcusable neglect, or seeming indifference, as if I were balancing as to the person, have been attributable to me, had I, for *dull* and *cold* form's sake, been capable of postponing the declaration of my affection to Miss Byron? And if, Madam, you can so far get over observances, which perhaps, on consideration, will be found to be punctilious only, as to give your heart, with your hand, to a man who himself has been perplexed by what some would call particular as it sounds) a *double love*, an embarrassment, however, not of his own seeking, or which he could possibly avoid) you will lay him under obligation to your goodness, to your magnanimity, I will call it) which all the affectionate tenderness of my life to come will never enable me to discharge.

He then put the letter (a translation of it inclosed) into my hand. 'I have already answered it, Madam, said he, and acquainted my friend, that I have actually

tendered myself to the acceptance of a lady, worthy of a sisterly relation to their Clementina; and have not been rejected. Your goodness must enable me (I humbly hope it will) to give them still stronger assurances of your favour: on my happiness they have the generosity to build a part of their own.

Nor well before, I was more than once apprehensive of fainting, as he talked; agreeable as was his talk, and engaging as was his manner. My grandmamma and aunt saw my complexion change at his particular address to me, in the last part of his speech. Each put her kind hand on one of mine, and held it on it, as my other hand held my handkerchief now to my eyes, and now as a cover to myself-felt varying cheek.

At the same moment that he ceased speaking, he took our triply-united hands in both his: and in the most respectful yet graceful manner, his letter laid in my lap, pressed each of the three with his lips; mine twice. I could not speak. My grandmamma and aunt, delighted, yet tears standing in their eyes, looked upon each other, and upon me; each as expecting the other to speak. 'I have, perhaps,' (said he, with some emotion), taken up too much of Miss Byron's attention on this my first personal declaration: I will now return to the company below. To-morrow I will do myself the honour to dine with you. We will for this evening postpone the important subject. Miss Byron, I presume, will be best pleased to have it so. I shall to-morrow be favoured with the result of your deliberations. Mean time, may I meet with an interceding friend in every one I have had the pleasure to see this day! I must flatter myself with the honour of Miss Byron's *whole* heart, as well as with the approbation of all her friends. I cannot be thought, at *present*, to deserve it; but it shall be the endeavour of my life to do so.

He withdrew, with a grace which was all his own.

The moment he was gone from us, my grandmamma threw her arms about her Harriet, then about my aunt; they congratulated me and each other.

We were all pained at heart, when we read the letter. It is from Signor Jeronymo, urging your brother to set the example to his sister, which they so much want her to follow. I send you the translation. Poor Lady Clementina! Without seeing the last letters he wrote to them, she seems to be tired into compliance. I will not say one half that is upon my mind on this occasion, as you will have the letter before you. His last written letters

will not favour her wishes. Poor Can I forbear to pity her! And more is she to be pitied, as your brother's excellences rise upon us.

I besought my aunt to excuse me company.

Sir Charles joined his friends, friends indeed they all are! with vacuity in his air and manner, which checked every body; while the silly harriet would not allow her to go into company the whole night. I had wanted the inducement of his presence, to every one's regret, he did stay supper; yet my uncle put him—'What, Sir, do you chafe to your inn?' My uncle will have it. Sir Charles looked an answer of desire for suffering him to go to it. My uncle is a good natured man, will sometimes concede, when he is convinced; and on every appearance makes for his opinion, we are full hear of it.

I shall have an opportunity to-morrow early [This morning I might to send this long letter by a neighbour is obliged to ride post to town on his affairs.

Had I not had this agreeable element, rest, I am sure, would not come near me. Your brother, I have found it. Remember, I always to include my dear Lady L. in this correspondence: any body else, but occasionally. My dear ladies both, adieu.

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER. XIX.

SIGNOR JERONYMO DELLAPORTA
TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON

BOLOGNA, SUNDAY, SEP. 24, 1800.

WE have at last, my Grandison, hopes given us, that our dear Clementina will yield to our wishes.

The general, with his lady, made visit from Naples, on purpose to make decisive effort, as he called it; and that he would not return till he was in a disposition to oblige us. The at one time brought the patriarch to with her; who told her, that she not to think of the veil, unless her and mother consented to her assuming.

Mrs. Beaumont was prevailed to favour us with her company. She declared for us: and on Thursday Clementina was still harder set. Her mother, the general, and his lady, all came into my chamber to see her. She came. Then all supplicars her to oblige us. The general was at first tenderly urgent;

...of renewing

... your hapless Clementina gave it you! 7

of my life would be a poor atonement for what I have made you suffer.

But who can withstand a kneeling father? Indeed, my papa, ever good, ever indulgent, I dread to see you! Let me not again behold you as on Thursday last.

I have denied to myself, and *such* the motive; that I must not, I do not repent it, the man I esteemed, I never can be his.

Father Marefcotti, though he now loves the man, suggests that my late disorder might be a judgment upon me for suffering my heart to be engaged by the *heretic*.

I am absolutely forbidden to think of atoning for my fault by the only measure that, in my opinion, could have done it.

You tell me Mrs. Beaumont, and all my friends join with you, that honour, generosity, and the esteem which I avow for the Chevalier Grandison, as my friend, as my fourth brother, all join to oblige me to promote the happiness of a man I myself have disappointed. And you are of opinion, that there is one particular woman of his own country, who is capable of making him happy—But do you say, that I ought to give the *example*?—Impossible. Honour, and the punctilio of woman, will not permit me to do *that*!

But thus pressed; thus dreading again to see a kneeling father; a weeping mother; and having reason to think I may not live long; that a relapse into my former malady, with the apprehensions of which Father Marefcotti terrifies me, may be the punishment of my disobedience; [Cruel Father Marefcotti, to terrify me with an affliction I so much dread!] and that it will be a consolation to me, in my departing hour, to reflect that I have obeyed my parents, in an article on which their hearts are immoveably fixed; and still farther being assured, that they will look upon my resignation as a compensation for all the troubles I have given them, for many, many months passed.—God enable me, I pray, to resign to *their* will. But if I cannot, shall I be still entreated, still persuaded?—I hope not.—I will do my endeavour to prevail on myself to obey.—But whatever be the event of my self-contentings, Grandison must give the *example*.

How, my Grandison, did we congratulate ourselves, when we read this paper, faint as are the hopes it gives us!

Our whole endeavour is now to treat her with tender observance, that she may not think of receding. Nor will we ask her to see the person she knows we favour, till we can assure her, that you will set her the *example*. And if there be a lady, with whom you think you could be happy,

may not this, my dear Grandison, by you, be a motive with her?

The Count of Belvedere has madetures to us, which are too great for acceptance, were this alliance to take. We have been told, but not by the danger to which his life had fallen, in more than one visit to you at Logna, had you not borne with him. You know him to be a man of propriety. He is a zealous catholic; he must allow, that a religious zeal strengthener, a confirmer of all the sanctions. He is learned; and, be domestic man, he, contrary to the custom, admires in a wife those intellectual improvements which make a woman companion for her husband. You know how much the marchioness exalts the women of quality in Italy, in for polite literature: you know he has encouraged the same taste in her daughter, and the count considers her as the only man in Italy with whom he can be acquainted.

As you, my Grandison, cannot be my brother by marriage, the Count Belvedere is the only man in the world who can wish to be so. He is of Italy, sister, always so dear to us, and he will be ever with us, or we with them. He knows the unhappy way she has been and was so far from making that objection, that when her malady was at its height, being encouraged by physicians, hope that her recovery would be the probable consequence, he would have the himself the happiest of men, could have been honoured with her hand, and knows her love of you. He admires you for her motive of refusing you. He is confident of the advantage of both: whole alliance, these considerations, can be so dear to us as that with the Count of Belvedere.

Surely, my dear friend, it must be your power to set the example: no one who could subdue a whole family of proud catholics, and keep your own religion, and who could engage the heart of one of the most delicate women in the world. What woman who has heart to bestow; what family, that daughter or sister to give; can you? Religion and country of the same?

Give us hope, therefore, my dear Grandison, that you will make the effort, that you will not scruple, can succeed, to set the example: this assurance we will claim from you, and the effects of the hope the Count will return you thanks for the favours you have conferred upon

am earnestly, as well from inclination as in compliance with the pressing wishes of every one of a family which are still, and ever will be, dear to me. I, your Jeronymo, your brother, I solicit you. Mrs. Beaumont is with us. She scruples not, she bids me tell you, to pronounce, that you and Clementina will both be more happy; the Count of Belvedere, [your respective countries so distant, your religion different;] you with an English woman than you could have been with each other.

Mrs. Beaumont has owned to me, that you often, in conversation, that even while you had hope of calling Clementina yours, lamented, for her sake, as well as your own, the unhappy state, with respect to religion, you were both in; and that you had declared more than once to her, as indeed you did to us, that in a *beginning* address you had not have compromised thus with a sister. May we not expect every thing, from your magnanimity? I hope it is in your power, and we hope it is your will, to contribute to our benefit. But whatever be the event, I bid you, my dear friend, continue to

JERONYMO.

LETTER—XX.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

STOVENOR SQUARE, SUNDAY, OCT. 5.

AN I forgive your pride, your petulance!—No, Harriet; positively no! I am to scold you; and having ordered you to sup abroad, I shall perhaps write you with a long letter. We householders, who have not abundance of fooling upon our hands, find ourselves in a good deal of quiet leisure; and I am to chide and correct you wise ones. I begin—

A ridiculous parade among you! I blame all. Could he not have been Mrs. Greville's guest, if he was not to be permitted to repose under the same roof with the sovereign lady and mistress? But must he go to an inn?—What for? To shew the world he was but one of the present, with your other humbly-servants; and he *thought* no more, by the Countess Greville, and affronted as an enemy of his rights. Our sex is a foolish one. Too little, or too much parade. Lord help us! were it not that we are afraid to appear over-forward to ourselves, we should treat the opinion of the world with contempt.

And yet, after all, what with Lady Greville, what with the world, and with our own punctilio, and palpitating hearts, and so-forth, and all that,

and more than all that; I own you are pretty nicely circumstanced. But, my life for yours, you will behave like a simpleton, on occasion of his next address to you: and why? Did you ever know that people did not, who were full of apprehensions, who aimed at being very delicate, who were solicitous to take their measures from the judgment of those without them; pragmatists perhaps, who form their notions either on what they have read, or by the addresses to them of their own silly fellows, awkward and unmeaning, and by no means to be compared, for integrity, understanding, politeness, to my brother? Consider child, that he having seen, in different countries, perhaps a hundred women, equally specious with the present mistress of his destiny, were form and outward grace to be the attractives, is therefore fitter to give than take the example.

But, Harriet, I write to charge you not to increase your own difficulties by too much parade: your frankness of heart is a prime consideration with him. He expects not to meet with the *girl*, but the *sensible woman*, in his address to you. He is pursuing a laudable end—Don't tease him with pug's tricks.—What, my dear Lady G. should I have done? say you—What signifies asking me now? Did not you lay your heads together? And the wisest which were ever set on women's shoulders? But indeed I never knew consultations of any kind turn to account. It is only a parcel of people getting together, proposing doubts, and puzzling one another, and ending as they began, if not worse. Doctors differ. So many persons, so many minds.

And O how your petulant heart throbbed with indignation, because he came not to breakfast with you! What benefit has a polite man over an unpolite one, where the latter shall have his rusticity allowed for, (*O that is his way!*) and when the other has expectations drawn upon him, which, if not critically answered, he is not to be forgiven! He is a prudent man: he may have overslept himself.—Might dream of *Clementina*. Then it was a fault in him, that he staid to dine on the road—His horses might want rest, truly!—Upon my word, Harriet, a woman in love is—a woman in love. Wife or foolish before, we are all equally foolish then: the same froward, petulant, captious, babies—I protest, we are very silly creatures, all of us, in these circumstances; and did not love make men as great fools as ourselves, they would hardly think us worthy of their pursuit. Yet I am so true to the free-masonry

myself, that I would think the man who should dare to say half I have written, of our *Hollibis*, ought not to go away with his life.

My sister and I are troubled about this Greville. Inform us, the moment you can, of the particulars of what passed between my brother and him; pray do. We long also to see the letter he has put into your hands from Bologna. It is on the road, we hope.

Caroline and I are as much concerned for your honour, your punctilio, as you, or any of you, can be. But by the account you give of my brother's address to you in presence of your grandmother and aunt, as well as from our knowledge of his politeness, neither you nor we need to trouble our heads about it: it may be all left to him. He knows so well what becomes the character of the woman whom he hopes to call his wife, that you will be sure of your dignity being preserved, if you place a confidence in him. And yet no man is so much above mere formal regards as he is. Let me enumerate instances, from your letter before me.

His own intention, in the first place, not to surprise you by his visits, as you apprehended he would, which would have made him look like a man of self imagined consequence to you—His providing himself with accommodations at an inn; and not giving way to the invitations of our sagacious uncle Selby—[I must rally him. Does he spare me?—His singling you out on Friday from your men-friends, yet giving you the opportunity of your aunt's and grandmother's company, to make his personal applications to you for your favour—His requesting the interest of your other friends with you, as if he presumed not on your former acquaintance, and this after an application, not discouraged, made to your friends and you.

As to his equanimity in his first address to you; his retaining your hand, forsooth, before all your friends, and so forth; never find fault with that, Harriet. [Indeed you do make an excuse for the very freedom you blame—So lover-like—] He is the very man, that a conscious young woman, as you are, should wish to be addressed by: so much courage, yet so much true modesty—What, I warrant, you would have had a man chalked out for you, who should have stood at a distance, bowed, scraped, trembled; while you had nothing to do, but bridle, and make stiff curtsies to him, with your hands before you—Plagued with *his* doubts, and with your own diffidences; afraid he would now, and now, and now, pop out the question;

which he had not the courage to put so running on, simpering, fretting, from two parallel lines, side by side, and meeting; till some interposing friend in pity to you both, put one's head pointing to the other's head, and stroking and pinning the shoulders of each; set you at other, as men do by other dunghill creatures.

You own, he took no notice of emotion when he first addressed himself to you; so gave you an opportunity to up, which otherwise you would not have wanted. Now, don't you think you are a man creature or two, who would such an occasion, have grained you out of countenance, and insulted you with their pity for being modest?—But own that he had emotion too, when first opened his mind to you—Would deuce would the girl have?—Orms Fowler in your head, no doubt! the tremblings of rejected men, and the tastes of romantick women, were no rule to my brother, I suppose, with mock-majesty!—Ah, Harriet! did I say that we women are very silly creatures?—But my brother is a good man; we must have something to find fault with him for.—Hah, hah, hah, hah!—What you laugh at, Charlotte?—What do I laugh at, Harriet?—Why at the idea of a *lover*, taken each with a violent fit, at their first approach to each other. Hands shaking—Knees trembling—quivering—Tongue faltering—chattering—I had a good mind to put you with an agreeable dialogue between a trembling couple.—'I I, I,' says the girl.—'You, you, you, you,' says the girl, to speak at all. But, Harriet, you shall the whole on demand. Rave at me, will; but love, as it is called by boys and girls, shall ever be the subject of my ridicule. Does it not lead us girls in a manner of absurdities, inconveniences, undutifulness, disgrace?—Villainous pidity!—It does.

To be serious—Neither does my brother address you in a style that implies either his own understanding, or your ignorance. Another fault, Harriet, is it not?—Sure you are not so *very* a girl!

The justice he does to Lady Clementina and her family, [let me be serious, when I speak of Clementina's glorious instance as well of his grace of mind, as of his sincerity. He has no more to depreciate one lady, to help him to (or do justice, I should rather say) another. By praising her, he makes court to you; in supposing you, and she, one of the most generous of

How great is his compliment to *both* ladies, when he calls Clementina the Miss Byron of Italy! Who, my dear, ever courted a woman, as my brother courts you? Indeed there can be but very few men who have such a woman to court.

He suffers you not to ask for an account of the state of his heart from the time he knew you first, till now. He gives it to you unasked. And how glorious is that account, both to you, and himself!

Let us look back upon his conduct when last in Italy, and when every step seemed to lead to his being the husband of another woman.

The recovery of Clementina, and of your noble brother, seem to be the consequence of his friendly goodness. The grateful family all join to reward him with their darling's hand; her heart supposed to be already his. He, like the man of honour he is, concludes himself bound by his former offers. They accept him upon those terms. The lady's merits shine out with transcendent lustre in the eyes of every one, even of us his sisters, and of your Harriet, and your best friends: must they not in *this*, to whom *merit* was ever *dearly* but the *second* attractive? He had no tie to any other woman on earth: he had only the tenderness of his own heart, with regard to Miss Byron, to contend with. Ought he not to have concluded with it? He *did*, and so far conquered, as to enable himself to be *just* to the lady, whose great qualities, and the concurrence of her friends in his favour, had converted compassion for her into love. And who, that hears the story, can forbear to love her? But with what tenderness with what politeness, does he, in his letter to his chosen correspondent, express himself of Miss Byron! He declares, that if *she* were not to be happy, it would be a great abatement of his own felicity. You, however, remember how politely he recalls his apprehensions that you may not, on his account, be altogether so happy as he wishes, as the suggestions of his own presumption; and censures himself for barely supposing, that he had been of consequence enough with you to give you pain.

How much to your honour, before he went over, does he account for your smiles, your frankness of heart, in his company! He would not build upon them: indeed could he know the state of your heart, as *we* did; he had not the opportunity. How silly was your punctilio, when you sometimes fancy it was out of mere compassion that he revealed to you the state of his engagement abroad!

You see he tells you, that such was his opinion of your greatness of mind, that he thought he had no other way but to put it into your power to check him, if his love for you should stimulate him to an act of neglect to the lady to whom (she having never refused him, and not being then in a condition either to claim him or set him free) he thought himself under obligations. Don't you revere him for his honour to her, the nature of her malady considered?—What must he have suffered, in this conflict!

Well, and now by a strange turn in the lady, but glorious to herself, as he observes, the obstacle removed, he applies to Miss Byron for her favour. How sensible is he of what delicacy requires from her! How justly (respecting his love for you) does he account for not postponing, for the sake of cold and dull form as he justly expresses it, his address to you! How greatly does the letter he delivered to you, favour his argument! Ah, the poor Clementina! *Cruel* persuaders her relations! I have and pity them, in a breath. Never, before, did hatred and pity meet in the same bosom, as they do in mine, on this occasion. His difficulties, my dear, and the uncommon situation he is in, as if he were offering you but a divided love, enhance your glory. You are reinstated on the female throne, to the lowermost step of which you once was afraid you had descended. You are offered a man, whose perplexities have not proceeded from the entanglements of intrigue, inconsistency, perfidy; but from his own compassionate nature: and could you, by any other way in the world than by this supposed divided love, have had it in your power, by accepting his humbly offered hand, to lay him under obligation to you, which he thinks he never shall be able to discharge? 'Lay him—Who?'—Sir CHARLES GRANDISON—For whom so many virgin hearts have sighed in vain!—And what a triumph to our sex is this as well as to my Harriet!

And now, Harriet, let me tell you, that my sister and I are both in great expectations of your next letter. It is, it must be, written before you will have this. My brother is more than man: you have only to shew yourself to be superior to the forms of woman. If you play the fool with him, now, that you have the power you and we have so long wished you—If you give pain to his noble, because sincere heart, by any the least shadow of female affectation; you, who have hitherto been distinguished for so amiable a frankness; you, who cannot doubt his

honour—the honour of a man who solicits your favour in even a *great* manner, a manner in which no man before him ever courted a woman, because few men before him have ever been so particularly circumstanced; a manner that gives you an opportunity to outshine, in your acceptance of him even the noble Clementina in her refusal; as bigotry must have been, in part her motive—If, I say, you act foolishly, weakly, now—Look to it—You will depreciate, if not cast away, your own glory. Remember you have a man to deal with, who, from the behaviour of us his sisters to Mrs. Oldham, at his first return to England, took measure of our minds, and, without loving us the less for it, looked down upon us with pity; and made us, ever since, look upon ourselves in a diminishing light, and as sisters who have greater reason to glory in their brother, than he has in them. Would you not rather, you who are to stand in a still nearer relation to him, invite his admiration, than his pity? Till last Friday night you had it: what Saturday has produced, we shall soon guess.

Not either Lord L. or Lord G. not Emily, not aunt Eleanor, now, either see or hear read what you write, except here and there a passage, which you yourself would not scruple to hear read to them. Are not you our third sister? To each of us our next self, and, what gives you more dignity, the elected wife of our brother!

Adieu, my love! In longing expectation of your next, we subscribe your affectionate

CAROLINE L.
CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXI.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

SATURDAY, OCT. 14.

MR. Fenwick has just now been telling us, from the account given him by that Greville, vile man! how the affair was between him and Sir Charles Grandison. Take it briefly, as follows:

About eight yesterday morning, that audacious wretch went to the George at Northampton; and after making his enquiries demanded an audience of Sir Charles Grandison. Sir Charles was near dressed, and had ordered his chariot to be ready, with intent to visit us early.

He admitted of Mr. Greville's visit. Mr. Greville confesses, that his own behaviour was *peremptory*, (his word for *insolent*, I suppose!) 'I hear, Sir,' said he, 'that you are come down into this country in order to carry off from us the richest jewel in it—I need not say

whom. My name is Greville: I have long made addresses to her, and have bound myself under a vow, that, were prince to be my competitor, I would dispute his title to her.'

'You seem to be a *principally* man, Sir,' said Sir Charles, offended with his air and words, no doubt. 'You need not, Mr. Greville, have told me your name. I have heard of you. What your pretensions are, I know not; your own nothing to me. I am master of my own actions: and shall not account to you, or any man living, for them.'

'I presume, Sir, you came down with the intention I have hinted at? I beg only your answer as to that. I beg it as a favour from gentleman to gentleman.'

'The manner of your address to me, Sir, is not such as will entitle you to an answer for your *own* sake. I will tell you, however, that I am come down to pay my devoirs to Miss Byron. I hope for acceptance, and know not that I am to make allowance for the claim of any man on earth.'

'Sir Charles Grandison, I know your character: I know you bravely. It is from that knowledge that I consider you as a fit man for me to talk to. I am now Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, Sir.'

'I make no account of *who* or *what* you are, Mr. Greville. Your visit is not at this time, a welcome one: I am going to breakfast with Miss Byron, I shall be here in the evening, and at leisure, then to attend to any thing you shall think yourself authorized to say to me, on this or any other subject.'

'We may be over-heard, Sir—Shall I beg of you to walk into the garden below? You are going to breakfast you say, with Miss Byron. Dear Sir Charles Grandison, oblige me with an audience, of five minutes only, in the back-yard or garden.'

'In the evening, Mr. Greville, command me any where: but I will not be broken in upon now.'

'I will not leave you at liberty, Sir Charles, to make your visit where you are going, till I am gratified with a five minutes conference with you below.'

'Excuse me, then, Mr. Greville. I give orders, as if you were not here.' Sir Charles rang. Up came one of servants. 'Is the chariot ready?' 'Almost ready,' was the answer. 'Make haste! Saunders may see his friends in the neighbourhood: he may stay with them on Monday. Frederick and you attend me.' He took out a letter, and read it, as he walked about the room, with great composure, not regarding Mr. Greville.

and twining, as he owned, at one of the windows, till the servant with-
drew; and then he addressed himself to
Charles in language of reproach
this contemptuous treatment. 'Mr.
Greville,' said Sir Charles, 'you may be
thankful, perhaps, that you are in my
apartment: this intrusion is a very
gentlemanly one.'

Sir Charles was angry, and expressed
an intention to be gone. Mr. Greville
told, that he knew not how to contain
himself, to see his rival, with so many
advantages in his person and air, dressed
readily to attend the woman he had so
often—Shall I say, been troublesome to?
I am sure he never had the shadow
of maintenance from me.

I repeat my demand, Sir Charles, of
a conference of five minutes below.

You have no right to make any de-
mand upon me, Mr. Greville: if you
want what you have, the evening will be
long enough. But, even then, you
must behave more like a gentleman, than
you have done hitherto, to entitle your-
self to be considered as on a foot with me.
Not on a foot with you, Sir!—And
put his hand upon his sword. 'A gen-
tleman is on a foot with a prince, Sir, in
point of honour.'

Go, then, and find out your prince,
Mr. Greville; I am no prince: and you
have much reason to address yourself
to the man you never saw, as to me.

His servant just then shewing himself,
withdrawing: 'Mr. Greville,' add-
ed, 'I leave you in possession of this
apartment. Your servant, Sir. In the
evening I shall be at your command.'

One word with you, Sir Charles—
a word—

'What would Mr. Greville?' turning

to him, 'Have you made proposals? Are your
proposals accepted?'

I repeat, that you ought to have be-
haved differently, Mr. Greville, to be en-
titled to an answer to these questions.

Answer me, however, Sir: I beg it
in favour.

Sir Charles took out his watch—'Af-
ter five minutes: I shall make them wait. But
I answer you: I have made propo-
sals, and as I told you before, hope they
will be accepted.'

Were you any other man in the world,
the man before you might question
my success with a woman whose difficul-
ties are augmented by the obsequiousness
of her admirers. But such a man as you,
could not have come down on a fool's errand.
I love Miss Byron to distraction.

I could not show my face in the county;
and suffer any man out of it to carry away
such a prize.

Out of the county, Mr. Greville?
What narrowness is this! But I pity you
for your love of Miss Byron: and—

'You pity me, Sir!' interrupted he—
I bear not such haughty tokens of supe-
riority. Either give up your pretensions
to Miss Byron, or make me sensible of it,
in the way of a gentleman.

Mr. Greville, your servant: and he
went down.

The wretch followed him; and when
they came to the yard, and Sir Charles
was stepping into his chariot, he took his
hand, several persons present—'We are
observed, Sir Charles,' whispered he.
Withdraw with me for a few moments.
By the great God of heaven, you must
not refuse me! I cannot bear that you
should go thus triumphantly on the busi-
ness you are going upon.'

Sir Charles suffered himself to be led
by the wretch: and when they were
come to a private spot, Mr. Greville drew,
and demanded Sir Charles to do the like,
putting himself in a posture of defence.

Sir Charles put his hand on his sword,
but drew it not. 'Mr. Greville,' said
he, 'know your own safety;' and was
turning from him, when the wretch swore
he would admit of no alternative, but his
giving up his pretensions to Miss Byron.

His rage, as Mr. Fenwick describes it
from himself, making him dangerous, Sir
Charles drew. 'I only defend myself,'
said he—'Greville, you keep no guard'—
He put by his pass with his sword; and,
without making a push, closed in with
him; twined his sword out of his hand;
and, pointing his own to his breast, 'You
see my power, Sir—Take your life, and
your sword—But if you are either wise,
or would be thought a man of honour,
tempt not again your fate.'

'And am I again master of my sword
and unhurt?' 'is generous—The evening
you say?'

'Still I say, I will be yours in the
evening, either at your own house, or at
my inn; but not as a duellist, Sir: you
know my principles.'

'How can this be?' and he swore
How was it done?—Expose me not at
Selby House—How the devil could this
be?—I expect you in the evening here.'

He went off a back way. Sir Charles,
instead of going directly into his chariot,
went up to his apartment; wrote his bil-
let to my aunt to excuse himself, finding
it full late to get hither in time, and be-
ing somewhat discomposed in his temper,

as he owned to us; and then he took an airing in his chariot, till he came hither to dine.

But how should we have been alarmed, had we known that Sir Charles declined supping here, in order to meet the violent man again at his inn! And how did we again blamé ourselves for taking amiss his not supping with us!

Mr. Fenwick says, that Mr. Greville got him to accompany him to the George.

Sir Charles apologized, with great civility, to Mr. Greville, for making him wait for him. Mr. Greville, had he been disposed for mischief, had no use of his right arm. It was strained by the twisting of his sword from it, and in a fling.

Sir Charles behaved to them both with great politeness; and Mr. Greville owned, that he had acted nobly by him, in returning his sword, even before his passion was calmed, and in not using his own. But it was some time, it seems, before he was brought into this temper. What a good deal contributed to it, was Sir Charles's acquainting him, that he had not given particulars at Selby House, or to any body of the affray between them; but referred it to himself to give them, as he should think proper. This forbearance he highly applauded, and was even thankful for it. 'Fenwick shall, in confidence,' said he, 'report this matter to your honour, and my own mortification; as the truth requires, at Selby House.' Let me not be hated by Miss Byron, on this account. My passion gave me disadvantage. I will try to honour you, Sir Charles: but I must hate you if you succeed. One condition, however, I make: that you reconcile me to the Selbys, and Miss Byron; and if you are likely to be successful, let me have the credit of reporting, that it is by my consent.

They parted with civility; but not, it seems, till a late hour. Sir Charles, as Mr. Beauchamp and Dr. Bartlett have told us, was always happy in making by his equanimity, generosity, and forgiveness, fast friends of inveterate enemies. Thank God, the issue was not unhappy!

Mr. Fenwick says, that the rencounter is very little guessed at, or talked of, [Thank God for that, too!] and to those few, who have enquired of Mr. Greville or Mr. Fenwick about it, it has been denied; and now Greville, as Mr. Fenwick had done before, declares he will give out, that he yields up all his hopes of Miss Byron; but says, that Sir Charles Grandison, of whose address every body already talks, is the only man in England to whom he could resign his pretensions.

He insists upon Sir Charles's dining

with him to-morrow; Mr. Fenwick also. Sir Charles is so desirous that his neighbourhood should conclude, that and these gentlemen are on a foot of understanding; that he made the stipulation, for every one's sake, to accept his invitation.

I am very, very thankful, my dear Lady G. that the constant blustering of this violent man, for so many months, are so happily overblown.

Mr. Fenwick, as I guessed he would, made proposals to my aunt and me for Lucy. Lucy has a fine fortune; but she had not, he should not have hoped he is not worthy of Lucy's hand. He must be related to me, he said. I answered, 'No man must call Lucy by his, who can have any other man for his wishes but her merit.'

We hourly expect your brother. A new danger he has been in on my account, dear him still more to us all. 'How, will you forbear,' said my aunt, 'throwing yourself into his arms at such a time, when he demands the result of our liberations?' If I follow Mr. Deane's advice, I am to give him my hand as a first word; if Lucy's and Nancy's, not to ask me twice; if my grandmother and aunt's, [They are always glad to act as occasion requires, and my own confided-in prudence will suggest the time; but to be sure not to be in of affectation. But still, my dear aunt, something sticks with me (and you not) in relation to the noble Clementine.]

LETTER XXII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

SATURDAY NIGHT, OCT.

NOW, my dear Ladies L. and C. I lay before you, just as it opened, for your approbation or censure, all that has passed between the best of us and your Harriet. Happy shall I be, if I can be acquitted by his sisters.

My grandmother went home last night, but was here before Sir Charles, and came a little after eleven.

He addressed us severally with his politeness, and my grandmother, particularly, with such an air of reverence, as did herself credit, because of her yearning wish.

We all congratulated him on what he had heard from Mr. Fenwick.

'Mr. Greville and I,' said he, 'are on very good terms. When I have a presumption to think myself a welcome guest, I am to introduce him as my friend. Mr. Greville, though so long your neighbour, modestly doubts his own welcome.'

'Well he may,' said my aunt Selby. 'No after, dear Madam, if you mention anything that has passed between him and

again addressed himself to me. 'I Sir,' said I, 'that you have so quietly a spirit always thought available.'

'You must tell me, Madam,' replied when I can be allowed to introduce Greville to you?'

'I answer for my cousin?' said

'I did not, Sir Charles, think such a designer.—You were not,

now, to introduce Mr. Greville, till assured of being yourself a very

quest, to my cousin?'

'I had not to surprize Miss Byron into an

and favour to myself.'

'You need not, Sir Charles,' thought

take such a method.'

'his taking very kind notice of my

James; 'Do you know,' Sir

is, said my uncle, (whose joy,

is overflows, seldom suffers the dear

to consult reasonableness), 'that that

is already in love with your Emily?'

the youth blushed.

'I am obliged to every body who loves

family. She is a favourite of Miss

—Must she not then be a good girl?'

'She is indeed a favourite,' said I;

'so great a one, that I know not who

deserve her.'

'I had this, left Sir Charles should think

supposition that my uncle meant

thing) that my cousin had my coun-

Charles then addressed himself to

grandmamma and aunt, speaking low

hope, ladies, I may be allowed in

presence to resume the conversation

day with Miss Byron?'

'Sir Charles,' answered my

grandmamma, affecting to look serious,

'must not be.'

'not be, Madam!' and he seemed

and, affected too. My aunt was

Neither Miss Byron nor I, Madam; could wish for the absence of two such parental relations. But this reference, I will presume to construe as a hopeful prognostick—May I now, through your mediation, Madam, (to my aunt) hope for the opportunity of addressing myself to Miss Byron?'

My aunt taking me to the window, told me what had passed.

'I was a little surprized at my grandmamma's reference to myself only. I expostulated with my

aunt: 'It is plain, Madam, that Sir Charles expected not this compliment.'

'Your grandmamma's motion surprized me a little, my dear; it proceeded from the fulness of her joy; she meant a compliment to you both; there is now no

receding. Let us withdraw together.'

'What, Madam, at his proposal? As if expecting to be followed?—See how my

uncle looks at me! Every one's eyes are upon me!—In the afternoon, if it must

be—as by accident. But I had rather you and my grandmamma were to be

present. I mean not to be guilty of affectation to him: I know my own heart, and will not disguise it. I shall want to refer to you. I shall be silly: I dare not

trust myself.'

'I wish the compliment had not been made,' replied my aunt. 'But my dear,

come along with me.'

She went out. I followed her; a little

reluctantly, however; and Lucy tells me, that I looked so silly, as was enough of

itself, to inform every body of the intent of my withdrawing, and that I expected Sir Charles would follow me.

She was very cruel, I told her; and in my case would have looked as silly as I; while I should have pitied her.

I led to my closet. My aunt, seating me there, was going from me. 'Well, Madam, and so I am to stay here quietly, I suppose, till Sir Charles vouchsafes to come? Would Clementina have done so?'

'No hint to him of Clementina in this way, I charge: it would look ungrateful, and girlish. I will introduce him to you.'

'And stay with me, I hope, Madam, when he is introduced.' I tell you, Lady G. all my foibles.

Away went my aunt; but soon returned, and with her the man of men.

She but turned herself round, and saw him take my hand, which he did with a compliment that would have made me proud at another time, and left us together.

I was resolved then to assume all my courage, and, if possible, to be present to myself. He was to himself; yet had a modesty and politeness in his manners,

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which softened the dignity of his address.

Some men, I fancy, would have began with admiring or pretending to admire, the pieces of my own workmanship, which you have seen hang there: but not he. After another compliment made (as I presume, to reassure me) on my restored complexion, [I did, indeed, feel my face glow] he spoke directly to his subject.

‘I need not, I am sure,’ said he, ‘repeat to my dear Miss Byron what I said yesterday, as to the delicacy of my situation; with regard to what some would deem a divided or double love. I need not repeat to you the very great regard I have; and ever shall have, for the lady abroad. Her merit, and your greatness of mind, render any apology for so just a regard needless. But it may be necessary to say, what I can with truth say, that I love not my own soul better than I love Miss Byron. You see, Madam, I am wholly free with regard to that lady—free by her own choice, by her own will.—You see, that the whole family build a part of their happiness on the success of my address to a lady of my own country. Clementina’s wish always was, that I would marry; and only be careful that my choice should not disgrace the regard she sought to own for me. Clementina, when she has the pleasure of knowing the dear lady before me, if that may be, by the name of Grandison, will confess, that my choice has done the highest credit to the favour she honoured me with.’

And will you not, my dear Lady G. be ready to ask, could Sir Charles Grandison be really in earnest in this humble court (as if he doubted her favour) to a creature, every wish of whose heart was devoted to him? Did he not rather, for his own sake, in order to give her the consequence which a wife of his ought to have, resolve to dignify the poor girl, who had so long been mortified by cruel suspense, and who had so often despaired of ever being happy with the lord of her heart? O no, my dear, your brother looked the humble, the modest lover; yet the man of sense, of dignity, in love. I could not but be assured of his affection, notwithstanding all that had passed; and what *had* passed, that he could possibly have helped?—His pleas of the day before, the contents of Signor Jeronymo’s letter, were all in my mind.

He seemed to expect my answer. He only, whose generously-doubting eye kept down mine, can tell how I looked; how I behaved—But hesitatingly, tremblingly, both voice, and knees, as I sat; thus brokenly, as near as I remember, I an-

swered, not withdrawing my hand as I spoke, he more than once pressed with his lips.—The honour of Charles Grandison—Sir Charles Grandison’s honour—no one ever did, or can, doubt—I must own—I must confess.—There I paused.

‘What does my dear Miss Byron—What confess?—Assure yourself, Madam, of my honour, of my gratitude. Should you have doubts, speak the desire your favour but as I clear up doubts. I would speak them for you, have I spoken them for you. I do you, Madam, that there may be your doubts, which nothing but your sincerity, and assistance in the honest man before you, can induce you over. And thus far I will own myself, that were the lady in whom I should hope an interest, to be circumstanced as I was, my mind would have been hurt; owing to the high notion I have of the true delicacy.—Now say, now own, now confess, my dear Miss Byron—what you are going to confess.’

This, Sir, is my confession—is the confession of a heart which is as sincere as your own.—The dazzled, confounded, shall I say, the superior merits of the lady you so like yourself, glory still in the as the well deserves to be attended.

Joy seemed to flash from his eyes, bowed on my hand, and pressed his lips; but was either silent by or could not speak.

I proceeded, though with a low voice, a glowing cheek, and down eyes.—I fear not, Sir, any more he did, your honour, your justice, your indulgent tenderness.—Your father, your principles, Sir, are full to the woman who shall endeavour to deserve from you that indulgence so justly high do I think of Clementina and her conduct, that I ah, Sir, I fear—that it is impossible.

I stooped—I am sure I was in error must look to be so, or my countenance and my heart were not allied.

‘What impossible!—What fear my dear Miss Byron is impossible?’

Why, (thus kindly urged, a man of unquestionable honour) not speak all that is in my mind poor Harriet Byron fears, the joy when she contemplates the image of that exalted lady, that with care, with all her endeavours, she shall be able to make the figure as exact, which is necessary for her tranquillity, (however you might

endeavour to assure her doubting
(1) This, Sir, is my doubt.—And
doubt.

Generous, kind, noble Miss Byron!—
your accent.—And is this all
doubt? Then must yet the man be
you be a happy man; for he ques-
not, if life be lent him, to make
one of the happiest of women. Cle-
has acted gloriously in preferring
of her considerations her religion
her country: I can allow this in her
me, against myself; and shall I not
bound in gratitude to her sister-
ance, who, having not those trials,
the most delicate of human minds,
in my favour a frankness of heart
sets her above little forms and af-
fairs, and at the same time a gene-
rality with regard to the merits of ano-
ther which has few examples?

Then, on one knee, taking my pas-
sion between both his, and kissing
me, twice, thrice.—Repeat, dear
my dear, Miss Byron, that this is
my doubt. [I bowed assentingly: I
did not speak.]—A happy, an easy
to mine! Be assured, dearest Ma-
dam, that I will disavow every action of
mine, every thought of my heart, every
word of my mouth, which tends not to
remove that doubt!

Look up my handkerchief.
My dear Miss Byron, proceeded he,
with an ardour that bespoke his heart,
and a goodness itself. I approached
with diffidence, with more than dif-
fidence, with apprehension, because of
his known delicacy; which I was
on this occasion, would descend in-
to my foolishness.—May blessings attend
your life, as my grateful heart shall
acknowledge this goodness!

He kissed my hand, rising with
difficulty. I could have received his vows
on my knees; but I was motionless; yet,
as I was delighted to be the cause of
joy to him!—Joy to your brother!—to
Charles Grandison!

He saw me greatly affected, and indeed
emotion increased on reflection. He
generately said, 'I will leave you, my
Miss Byron, to intitle myself to the
congratulations of all our friends below.
At this moment, after a thousand suf-
fers, and strange events, which, un-
derstand, have chequered my past life,
my happiness.'

He most respectfully left me.

He was glad he did: yet my eyes fol-
lowed him. His very shadow was grate-
ful to me, as he went down stairs. And
it seems, he congratulated him-
self and called for the congratulations of

every one present, in so noble a manner,
that every eye ran over with joy.

'Was I not right,' said my grand-
mamma to my aunt, ('you half-blamed
me, my dear) in leaving Sir Charles and
my Harriet together? Harriet ever was
above disguise. Sir Charles might have
guessed at her heart; but he would not
have known it from her own lips, had she
had you and me to refer to.'

'Whatever you do, Madam, answered
my aunt, 'must be right.'

My aunt came up to me. She found
me in a very thoughtful mood. I had
sometimes been accusing myself of for-
wardness, and at others was acquitting
myself, or endeavouring to do so—yet
mingling, though thus early, a hundred
delightful circumstances with my acqui-
tations and acquittals, which were likely
to bless my future lot: such as his rela-
tions and friends being mine, mine his;
and I run them over all by name! But
my Emily, my dear Emily! I considered
as my ward, as well as his. In this way
my aunt found me. She embraced me,
applauded me, and cleared up all my
self-doubtings, as to forwardness; and
told me of their mutual congratulations
below, and how happy I had made them
all. What self-confidence did her ap-
probation give me!—And as she assured
me, that my uncle would not rally me,
but extol me, I went down with spirits
much higher than I went up with.

Sir Charles and my grandmamma were
talking together, sitting side by side, when
I entered the room. All the company
stood up at my entrance. O my dear!
what a princess in every one's eye will
the declared love of such a man make me!
How will all the consequence I had be-
fore, among my partial friends and fa-
vourers, be augmented!

My uncle said, *sideling* by me, (kind-
ly intending not to dash me) 'My sweet
sparkler!' [That was the name he used
to call me, before Sir Charles Grandison
taught me a lesson that made me thought-
ful.] 'You are now again my delight
and my joy. I thank you for not being
—a fool—that's all. Egad, I was afraid
of your *femality*, when you came face to
face.'

Sir Charles came to me, and, with an
air of the most respectful love, taking my
hand, led me to a seat between himself
and my grandmamma.

'My ever dear Harriet,' said she, and
condescended to lift my hand to her lips, 'I
will not abash you; but must just say, that
you have acquitted yourself as I wished
you to do. I knew I could trust to a heart
that ever was above affectation or disguise,

'Sir Charles Grandison, Madam,' said I, 'has the generosity to distinguish and encourage a doubting mind.'

'Infinitely obliging Miss Byron,' replied he, pressing one hand between both his, as my grandmamma held the other, 'your condescension attracts both my love and reverence. Permit me to say, that had not Heaven given a Miss Byron for the object of my hope, I had hardly, after what had befallen me *abroad*, ever looked forward to a wedded love.'

'One favour I have to beg of you, Sir,' resumed my grandmamma: 'it is, that you will never use the word *abroad*, or express *persons* by their *countries*; in fine, that you will never speak with reserve, when the admirable Clementina is in your thoughts. Mention her name with freedom, my dear Sir, to my child, to me, and to my daughter Selby—you may—We always loved and revered her: still we do so. She has given an example to all her sex, of a passion properly subdued—Of temporal considerations yielding to eternal!'

'Sir,' said I, bowing as I sat, 'I join in this request.'

His eyes glistened with grateful joy. He bowed low to each, but spoke not.

My aunt came to us, and sat down by Sir Charles, refusing his seat because it was next me. 'Let me,' said she, 'enjoy your conversation: I have heard part of your subject, and subscribe to it with all my heart. Lady G. can testify for us all three, that we cannot be so mean, as to intend you a compliment, Sir, by what has been said.'

'Nor can I, Madam, as to imagine it. You exalt *yourselves* even more than you do Clementina. I will let my Jeronymo know some of the particulars which have given joy to my heart. They will make him happy; and the excellent Clementina (I will not forbear her name) will rejoice in the happy prospects before me. She wanted but to be assured that the friend she so greatly honoured with her regard, was not likely (either in the qualities of the lady's mind, or in her family-connexions) to be a sufferer by her declining his address.'

May nothing now happen, my dear Lady G. to over-cloud—But I will not be apprehensive. I will thankfully enjoy the present moment, and leave the future to the All-wise Disposer of events. If Sir Charles Grandison be mine, and reward by his kindness my love, what can befall me, that I ought not to bear with resignation?

But, my dear ladies, let me here ask you a question, or two.

Tell me, did I ever, as you remember, suffer by suspence, by any?

—Was there ever really such a man as Sir Hargrave Pollexfen?—Did I not see you my *dreams*, when I told you of I believed I had undergone from his insulting insults!—It is well, for the sake of preserving to me the grace of him, and for the sake of warnings (for many days preceding that insult had been my) that I wrote down at the time, a count of those sufferings, those torments, or I should have been apt to forget that I ever was unhappy.

And, pray, let me ask, ladies, enquire what is become of my illness, was very ill, you know, when you, G. did us the honour of a visit; that I could not hide it from you, my other dear friends, as said I have done. I did not think it an illness of such a nature, as that it depended on an easy heart. I was much convinced of the merits of Clementina, and that no other woman the world ought to be Lady Grandison, that I thought I had pretty well quieted my heart in that expectation, hope I brag not too soon. But, my I now feel so easy, so light, so happy, that I hardly know what's the matter with me.—But I hope nobody will be the malady I have left. May no disappointed heart be invaded by it, not travel to Italy! The dear lady has suffered enough from a worse malady, nor, if it stay in the island, let it near the sighing heart of my Emily; dear girl shall be happy, if it be in my power to make her so.—Pray, tell her she shall.—No, but don't tell her so myself by the next post, let it, I pray God, attack Lady G. or any of the half-score ladies, of whom I was once so unwilling to hear.

Our discourse at table was on various subjects. My cousin James was very inquisitive after the principal events and places of note, in Italy.

What pleasure do I hope one will receive from the perusal (if I shall be favoured with it) of Sir Charles's RARY JOURNAL, mentioned to Dr. Lett, in some of his letters from Rome. For it includes, I presume, a description of places, cities, cabinets of the curiosities, diversions, amusements, customs, and manners of different nations. How attentive was he to all the answers he made to my James's questions! My memory fails me for a few generals; and those I do not trouble you with. Sir Charles's my cousin, that if he were destined

in London abroad, he would furnish him with recommendatory letters.

Mr. Greville and his insult were one of his subjects after dinner, when the guests were withdrawn. Lucy expressed her wonder, that he was so soon reconciled to Sir Charles, after the menaces and for years past thrown out against a man who should be likely to succeed me.

My uncle observed, that Mr. Greville had not for a long time had any hopes; he was always was apprehensive, that if Charles Grandison were to make his success, he would succeed: that it had been his and Fenwick's custom, to endeavour to bluster away their competitors. Possibly, my uncle added, might hope to intimidate Sir Charles! or, at least, by showing his principles, might suppose he was no rival in the attempt.

Mr. Deane said, Mr. Greville had told him, that the moment he knew Miss Grandison had chosen her man, he would give up his pretensions; but that, as long as she remained single, he was determined to persecute her, as he himself called it. Ever since he had known do every thing, for an admired woman had run through a circle of humble servants, and perhaps herself disappointed in her own choice; and for his part, but with *her*, he had no fondness for the married life; he did not who knew it.

Sir Charles spoke of Mr. Greville with honour. He thought him a man of rough manners, but not ill-natured. He affected to be a joker, and often, therefore, might be taken for a worse man than he really was. He believed him to be careful of his reputation, and one who seemed to think there was wit and bravery in doing free and uncommon things; and gloried in bold surprises. 'For my part,' continued he, 'I should hardly be contented to cultivate his acquaintance, much less to dine with him to-morrow; but as he insisted upon it, as a token of his forgiving in him a behaviour that was really what a gentleman should not be pardoned himself for. I considered he proceeded Sir Charles, 'as a neighbour to this family, with whom you had lived and perhaps chose to live, upon good terms. Bad neighbours are nuisances, especially if they are people of fortune: in the power of such to be very troublesome in their own persons; and they often let loose their servants to defy, provoke, insult, and do mischief to those who love not. Mr. Greville, I thought, deserved to be more indulged, for the sake of his love to Miss Byron. He is a proud man, and must be mortified

enough in having it generally known that he had constantly rejected his suit.'

'Why, that's true,' said my uncle. 'Sir Charles, you consider every body. But I hope all's over between you.'

'I have no doubt but it is, Mr. Selby. Mr. Greville's whole aim, now, seems to be, to come off with as little abatement of his pride as possible. He thinks, if he can pass to the world as one who, having no hope himself, is desirous to promote the cause of his friend, as he will acknowledge me to be, it will give him consequence in the eye of the world, and be a gentle method of letting his pride down easy.'

'Very well,' said my uncle; 'and a very good contrivance for a proud man, I think.'

'It is an expedient of his friend Fenwick,' replied Sir Charles; 'and Mr. Greville is not a little fond of it.—And what, ladies and gentlemen, will you say, if you should see me come to church to-morrow with him, sit with him in the same pew, and go with him to dinner, in his coach! It is his request that I will. He thinks this will put an end to the whispers which have passed, in spite of all his precaution, of a rencounter between him and me: for he has given out, that he strained his wrist and arm by a fall from his horse.—Tell me, dear ladies, shall I, or shall I not, oblige him in this request? He is to be with me to-night, for an answer.'

My grandmamma said, that Mr. Greville was always a very odd, a very particular man. She thought Sir Charles very kind to us in being so willing to conciliate with him. My uncle declared, that he was very desirous to live on good terms with all his neighbours, particularly with Mr. Greville, a part of whose estate being intermixed with his, it might be in his power to be vexatious, at least to his tenants. Mr. Deane thought the compromise was a happy one; and he supposed entirely agreeable to Sir Charles's generous wishes to promote the good understanding of neighbours; and to the compassion it was in his nature to shew to an unsuccessful rival.

Sir Charles then turning to Lucy—'May I, Miss Selby,' said he, 'do you think, without being too deep a *designer*, ask leave of Miss Byron, on the presumption of her goodness to me, to bring Mr. Greville to drink tea with her to-morrow in the afternoon?'

'Your servant, Sir Charles!' answered Lucy, smiling.—'But what say you, cousin Byron, to this question?'

'This house is not mine,' replied I;

but I dare say, I may be allowed the liberty, in the names of my uncle and aunt, to answer, that any person will be welcome to Selby House, whom Sir Charles Grandison shall think proper to bring with him.

'Mr. Greville,' said Sir Charles, 'professes himself unable to see any of you (Miss Byron, in particular) without an introducer. He makes a high compliment to me, when he supposes me to be a proper one.—If you give me leave,' bowing to my uncle and aunt, 'I will answer him to his wishes; and hope, when he comes, every thing will be passed by in silence that has happened between him and me.'

Two or three lively things passed between Lucy and Sir Charles, on his repetition of her word *designed*. She began with advantage, but did not hold it; yet he gave her consequence in the little debate, at his own expence, as he seemed to intend.

My grandmamma will go to her own church; but will be here at dinner, and the rest of the day. I have a thousand things more to say, all agreeable, but it is now late, and a drowsy fit has come upon me. I will welcome it. Adieu, adieu, my dear ladies! Felicitate, I am sure you will, *your ever obliged, ever devoted,*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXIII.

MISS BYRON, IN CONTINUATION.

SUNDAY NOON, OCT. 15.

WE were told, there would be a crowded church this morning, in expectation of seeing the new humble servant of Miss Byron attending her thither: for it is every where known, that Sir Charles Grandison is come down to make his addresses to the young creature who is happy in every one's love and good wishes; and all is now said to have been settled between him and us, by his noble sister, and Lord G. and Dr. Bartlett, when they were with us. You see what credit you did us by your kind visit, my dear.—And we are to be married—O my dear Lady G. you cannot imagine how soon!

Many of the neighbourhood seemed disappointed, when they saw me led in by my uncle, as Mr. Deane led my aunt, and Nancy and Lucy only attended by their brother. But it was not long before Mr. Greville, Mr.

Fenwick, and Sir Charles, came and went into the pew of the family which is over against ours. Mr. Fenwick and Mr. Fenwick bowed to us, severally, the moment they came into the pew; and to several others of the gentry.

Sir Charles had first other devotions: to false shame; you have said was always superior. I was delighted to see the example he set. He paid his second compliments, with a peculiar to himself. I felt my face on the whispering that went round, thought I read in every eye, admiration of him, even through the kicks of the ladies fans.

What a difference was there between the two men and him in their behaviour, throughout both the services, sermon! Yet whoever beheld the three so decent, so attentive, so *devout*, I may say, before? 'Who who call themselves gentlemen,' (thus I, more than once) 'like this, the world would yet be a good world.'

Mr. Greville had his arm in a sling. He seemed highly delighted with the guest; so did Mr. Fenwick. When the sermon was ended, Mr. Greville held the pew-door ready opened, to attend movements; and when we were in motion to go, he taking officiously Charles's hand, bent towards us. Charles met us with that easy grace peculiar to himself, and offered with a perfect respect his hand to me.

This was equal to a public declaration. It took every body's attention. He is ashamed to avow in publick, what he thinks fit to own in private.

I was humbled more than exalted by the general notice. Mr. Greville (yet low man!) made a motion as if to give the hand that Sir Charles offered; but Mr. Fenwick offered his hand to me. Mr. Greville led my aunt; and not being low, (subtle as a serpent!) 'plaguy horse,' said he, looking at his watch, 'knew not his master.—I invite me to tea with you, Madam, in the afternoon. You will supply my lame arm, I assure yourself.'

There is no such thing as keeping private one's movements in a country town, if one would. One of our servants reported the general approbation. It is a pleasure, surely, my dear Lady, to be addressed to by a man of whom every one approves. What a poor devil must she make, who gives way to courtship from a man commonly declared unworthy of her! Such women

commonly confess indirectly the
by carrying on the affair clandestinely.

SUNDAY EVENING.

My dear! I have been strangely
concerted by means of Mr. Greville.
a strange man. But I will lead to
court.

We all went to church again in the
p.m. Every body who knew Mr.
Greville, took it for a high piece of po-
ssibility in him to his guests, that he
twice the same day to church. Sir
Charles edified every body by his cheer-
fulness.—Are you not of opinion, my
Lady G. that wickedness may be
put out of countenance by a per-
son who has an established character for
piety, and who is not ashamed of do-
ing his duty in the publick eye? Me-
 thinks I could wish that all the profligates
of the parish had their seats around that
man who has fortitude enough to dare
be good. The text was a happy one
for the purpose: the words of our Sa-
vour.—Whoever shall be ashamed of
me and my words, in this adulterous and
fornicating generation, of him also shall the
Son of Man be ashamed, when he cometh
in the glory of his Father, with the holy
angels.

Sir Charles led my aunt to her coach,
Mr. Greville officiously, but properly
in his views, did me. We found Mr.
Greville at Selby House, talking to my
grandmother on the new subject. She
talked with us; but, not being very well,
she retired to her devotions in my clo-
set. While we went to church, she having
been at her own in the morning.

We all received Mr. Greville with ci-
vility. He affects to be thought a wit,
knows, and a great joker. Some men
do not appear to advantage without ma-
king their friend a butt to shoot at. Fen-
wick and he tried to play upon each other,
and Sir Charles lent each his smile;
and whatever he thought of them,
it was not a contempt of their great-boy
appearance. But, at last, my grandmam-
ma and aunt engaged Sir Charles in a con-
versation, which made the gentleman so
attentive, that had they not
talked a good deal at each other before,
they might have thought them a little dis-

Nobody took the least notice of what
passed between Mr. Greville and Sir
Charles, till Mr. Greville touched upon
the subject to me. He desired an audience
of five minutes, as he said; and, upon
my declaration, that it was the last he
should ever talk of me on this subject; and

upon my grandmamma's saying, 'Oblige
Mr. Greville, my dear,' I permitted him
to draw me to the window.

His address was nearly in the following
words; not speaking so low, but every
one might hear him, though he said aloud,
nobody must but me.

'I must account myself very unhappy,
Madam, in having never been able to in-
cline you to shew me favour. You may
think me vain; I believe I am so; but I
may take to myself the advantages and
qualities which every body allows me.
I have an estate that will warrant my ad-
dresses to a woman of the first rank; and
it is free, and unincumbered. I am not
an ill-natured man. I love my jest, 'tis
true; but I love my friend. You good
women generally do not like a man the
less for having something to mend in him.
I could say a great deal more in my own
behalf, but that Sir Charles Grandison,'
(looking at him) 'quite eclipses me. De-
vil fetch me, if I can tell how to think
myself any thing before him. I was al-
ways afraid of him. But when I heard he
was gone abroad, in pursuit of a former
love, I thought I had another chance for
it.

'Yet I was half-afraid of Lord D.
His mother would manage a Machiavel.
He has a great estate; a title; he has good
qualities for a nobleman. But when I
found that you could so readily re-
fuse him, as well as me; 'There must
be some man' thought I, 'who is lord
of her heart. Fenwick is as sad a
'dog as I; it cannot be he. Orme, poor
'soul! she will not have such a milk-sop
'as that, neither.'

'Mr. Orme, Sir,' interrupted I, and
was going to praise him.—But he said, 'I
will be heard out now. This is my dy-
ing speech; I will not be interrupted.'

'Well, then, Sir,' smiling, 'come to
your last words as soon as you can.'

'I have told you, before now, Miss
Byron, that I will not bear your smiles;
but now, smiles or frowns I care not. I
have no hopes left; and I am resolved to
abuse you, before I have done.'

'Abuse me!—I hope not, Sir.'

'Hope not? What signify your hopes,
who never gave me any?—But hear me
out. I shall say some things that will
displease you; but more of another na-
ture.—I went on guessing who could be
the happy man.—That second Orme,
'Fowler, cannot be he;' thought I. 'Is
'it the newly-arrived Beauchamp? He
'is a pretty fellow enough.' [I had all
your footsteps watched, as I told you I
would.] 'No,' answered I myself,
'she refused Lord D. and a whole tribe

of us, before Beauchamp came to England. — Who the devil can he be? — But when that I heard that the dangerous man, whom I thought gone abroad to his matrimonial destiny, was returned, unmarried; when I heard that he was actually coming northward; I began to be again afraid of him.

Last Thursday night I had intelligence, that he was seen at Dunstable in the morning, in his way towards us. Then did my heart fail me. I had my spies about Selby House: I own it. What will not love and jealousy make a man do! I understood that your uncle and Mr. Deane, and a tribe of servants, for train-sake, were set out to meet him. How I japed! How I cursed! How I swore! — 'They will not surely,' thought I, 'allow my rival, at his first visit, to take up his residence under the same roof with this charming witch!'

'Witch! Mr. Greville—'
'Witch! Yes, witch! I called you ten thousand names in my rage, all as bad as that. Here Jack—Will—Tom—

'George—get ready instantly each a dozen firebrands! I will light up Selby House for a bonfire, to welcome the arrival of the invader of my freehold! and prongs and pitch-forks shall be got ready to push every soul of the family back into the flames; that not one of it may escape my vengeance!'

'Horrid man! I will hear no more.'
'You must! You shall! It is my dying speech, I tell you.'

'A dying man should be penitent.'

'To what purpose?—I can have no hope. What is to be expected for or from a despairing man?—But then I had intelligence brought me, that my rival was not admitted to take up his abode with you. This saved Selby House. All my malice then was against the George at Northampton. 'The keeper of it owes,' said I to myself, 'a hundred thousand obligations to me; yet to afford a retirement to my deadliest foe!—But 'tis more manly,' thought I, 'in person, to call this invader to account, if he pretends an interest at Selby House; and to force him to relinquish his pretensions to the queen of it; as I had made more than one gallant fellow do before, by dint of bluster.'

I slept not all that night. In the morning I made my visit at the inn. I pretend to know as well as any man, what belongs to civility and good manners; but I knew the character of the

man I had to deal with: I knew he cool yet resolute. My rage would let me be civil; and if it would, I must be rude to provoke him. I was rude. I was peremptory.

'Never were there such cold, phlegmatick contempts passed upon as he passed upon me. I came to a with him. I heard he would not follow me. I was resolved he should. I followed him to his chariot. I got him to a private place; but I had the devil, and man, to deal with. He cautioned by way of insult, as I took it, to my guard. I took his hint. I had been not; for he knew all the tricks of a weapon. He was in with me in a moment. I had no sword left me, and life was at the mercy of his. He gave up my own sword. Cautioned me regard my safety; put up his; drew—I found myself sensible of a damnable strain. I had no right—I sunk away like a thief. He mounted his triumphal car; and pursued his course to the lady of Selby House went home, cursed, swore, fell down and bit the earth.'

My uncle looked impatient. Charles seemed in suspense, but attended. Mr. Greville proceeded.

'I got Fenwick to go with me, to attend him at night, by appointment. Cripple as I was, I would have provoked him; he would not be provoked; and when I found that he had exposed me at Selby House; when I remembered that I owed my life and my life to his moderation; I recollected his character, what he had done by Sir Hargrave Poles, what Bagenhall had told me of. 'Why the plague,' thought I, 'I, (hopeless as I am of succeeding my charming Byron, whether he lives or dies) set my face against him? He is incapable either of flattery or arrogance: let me, (Fenwick visited a scheme; let me) make him my friend to save my pride, and then I will take the rest, Harriet Byron, all—'

'Wicked man!—You were dying a thousand words ago—I am tired of you.'

'You have not, Madam, heard my dying words yet.—But I would terrify you.—Are you terrified?'

'Indeed I am.'

Sir Charles, motioned as if he would approach us, but kept his place on grandmamma's saying, 'Let us leave humour out: Mr. Greville was very particular.'

terrified, Madam! What is your
terrified to the sleepless nights,
tormenting days, you have given
Cursing darkness, cursing light,
myself?—O Madam! with
truth, 'what a torment of torments
you been to me!—Well, but now
hasten to a conclusion, in mercy
who, however, never shewed

never was cruel, Mr. Greville—
not you was: and most cruel, when
sweet tempered. It was to that
obligingness that I owed my
That gave me hope; that radi-
of countenance; and that frozen
—O you are a dear deceiver!—
I hasten to conclude my dying
—Give me your hand!—I will
—I will not eat it, as once I had
to have done—And now, Madam,
my parting words—You will have
story of giving to the best of men,
of wives. Let it not be long
you do; for the sake of many,
will hope on till then. As your
I must hate him: as your *hus-*
I will love him. He will, he
be kind, affectionate, grateful to
and you will deserve all his ten-
May you live (the ornaments
man nature as you are) to see
children's children; all promising
as good, as worthy, as happy as
lives! And full of years, full of
in one hour may you be trans-
to that heaven where only you can
be happy than you will be, if you
as happy as I wish and expect
to be!

dropt on my cheek, at this un-
bleffing.

Still held my hand—'I will not,
your leave, Madam—May I, be-
part with it?' He looked at me
for leave to kiss my hand, bowing
upon it.

Heart was opened. 'God blefs
Mr. Greville! as you have bleffed
Be a good man, and he will—' I
saw not my hand.

kneeled on one knee; eagerly kiss-
hand more than once. Tears
his eyes. He arose, hurried me
Charles, and holding to him my
through surprise, half-withdrawn
—Let me have the pride, the glory,
Charles Grandison, to quit this dear
to yours. It is only to yours that I
quit it—'Happy, happy, happy pair!
me but the *brave* deserves the *fair*.'
Charles took my hand—'Let this
present be mine,' said he, (kiss-

ing it) 'with the declared assent of
every one here;' and presented me to my
grandmamma and aunt. I was affrighted
by the hurry the strange man had put me
into.

'May I but live to see her your's, Sir!'
said my grandmamma, in a kind of rap-
ture.

The moment he had put my hand into
Sir Charles's, he ran out of the room
with the utmost precipitation. He was
gone, quite gone, when he came to be
enquired after; and every body was un-
easy for him, till we were told, by one of
the servants, that he took from the win-
dow of the outward parlour, his hat and
sword; and by another, that he met
him, his servant after him, hurrying
away, and even sobbing as he flew.—
Was there ever so strange a man.

Don't you pity Mr. Greville, my dear?
Sir Charles was generously uneasy for
him.

'Mr. Greville,' said Lucy, (who had
always charity for him,) 'has frequently
surprized us with his particularities; but
I hope, from the last part of his beha-
viour, that he is not the free-thinking
man he sometimes affects to be thought.
I flatter myself, that Sir Charles had a
righter notion of him than we, in what
he said of him yesterday.'

Sir Charles waited on my grandmam-
ma home; so we had him not to supper.
We are all to dine with her to-morrow.
Your brother, you may suppose, will be
a principal guest.

MONDAY MORNING, OCT. 16.

I HAVE a letter from my Emily; by
which I find, she is with you; though
she has not dated it. You were very
kind in shewing the dear girl the over-
flowings of my heart in her favour. She
is all grateful love, and goodness. I
will soon write to her, to repeat my as-
surances, that my whole power shall al-
ways be exerted to do her pleasure; but
you must tell her, as from yourself, that
she must have patience. I cannot ask
her guardian such a question as she puts,
as to her living with me, till I am likely
to succeed. Would the sweet girl have
me make a request to him, that shall shew
him I am supposing myself to be his, be-
fore I am so? We are not come so far
on our journey by several stages. And
yet, from what he intimated last night,
as he waited on my grandmamma to
Shirley Manor, I find, that his expecta-
tions are forwarder than it will be pos-
sible for me to answer; and I must, with-
out intending the least affectation, for
common decorum-sake, take the ma-

nagement of this point upon myself. For, my dear, we are every one of us here so much in love with him, that the moment he should declare his wishes, they would be as ready to urge me to oblige him, were he even to limit me but to two or three days, as if they were afraid he would not repeat his request.

I have a letter from Mr. Beauchamp. He writes, that there are no hopes of Sir Harry's recovery. I am very sorry for it. Mr. Beauchamp does me great honour to write to me to give me consolation. His is a charming letter.—So full of filial piety!—Excellent young man! He breathes in it the true spirit of his friend.

Sir Charles and his Beauchamp, and Dr. Bartlett, correspond, I presume, as usual. What would I give to see all Sir Charles writes that relates to us!

Mr. Fenwick just now tells us, that Mr. Greville is not well, and keeps his chamber. He has my cordial wishes for his health. His last behaviour to me appears, the more I think of it, more strange, from such a man. I expected not that he would conclude with such generous wishes.

Nancy, who does not love him, compares him to the wicked prophet of old, blessing where he was expected to curse; [*Balaam. Numb. xxii. & seq.*] and says, it was such an overstrain of generosity from him, that it might well overlet him.

Did you think that our meek Nancy could have said so severe a thing? But meekness offended (as she once was by him) has an excellent memory, and can be bitter.

We are now preparing to go to Shirley Manor. Our cousins Patty and Kitty Holles will be there at dinner. They have been for a few weeks past at their aunt's, near Daventry. They are impatient to see Sir Charles. Adieu, my dearest ladies! Continue to love your

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXIV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

MONDAY, NIGHT, OCT. 16.

WE have been very happy this day at my grandmamma's. Your brother makes himself more and more beloved by all my friends; who yet declare, that they thought they could not have loved him better than they did before. My cousins's Holles's say, they could sooner lay open their hearts to him, than to any man they ever saw; yet their freedom would never make them lose sight of their respect.

He told me, that he had been with Mr. Greville. How does it ciliate the mind of every one to him! He said kind and compassionate of Mr. Greville; and so unaffected—I was delighted with him. Proud as he would be, and is, of his own honour; no low, narrow jealousy, I dare say, will ever have entrance into his heart. 'Charity thinketh no evil.' Of what a charming text is that! [1 Cor. xiii. 5.]—What is there to it, in any of the writings of the philosophers?

'My dear Miss Byron,' said me, 'Mr. Greville loves you more than you can possibly imagine. Despite of his success with you, he has assumed no airs of bravery; but your name is written in large letters in his heart. He gave me continued he, 'the importance of my leave to love you still—What do you think of that?'

'What did you answer, Sir?'

'That so far as I might presume to answer, I gave it.'

'Had I the honour,' added he, 'calling Miss Byron mine, I would barely allow your love of her; I demand it.—Have I not assured Mr. Greville, that I look upon you as my friend?'

'You will quite subdue Mr. Greville,' said I. 'You will, by the softness of your treatment of him, do more than any body else ever could—You will make him a good man.'

'Mr. Greville, Madam, deserves more on more accounts than one. He is such a one as his good nature would have led him to with for, would have felt for, and would have been firm in his principles. He wants steadiness, he is not, I hope, a bad man. He is not concerned for his cavalier treatment of you, yesterday, but for his own account; lest his roughness should give you pain. But his wishes, and his preference of a friend, are for himself, together with the necessity of his departure, unable as he was to stand his own emotions, and the effect had upon his spirits, so as to leave him to his chamber, had something in it.—And I shall value him as long as he will permit me.'

Sir Charles and my grandmamma had a good deal of talk together. He does the love to single him out. A pretty picture would they make of them both drawn so as not to offend. *Profane* jester to fall into mistake, it were an old lady making love to a handsome young man!

let me sketch it out—See then, the lady, with a countenance full of youth, years written by venerable rather than by wrinkles, in her dignity and familiarity in her manner; one hand on his, talking to his fine countenance shining with youth and reverence, looking down, as admiring her wisdom, and a little regardless of her half-pointing finger. [Let that be, for fear of mistaking] to a creature young enough to be a grand-daughter; who, to avoid being too much sensibility, shall seem talking to two other young ladies, and Lucy suppose] but, in order to distinguish the young creature, let her with a blushing cheek, cast a fly on the grandmamma and young man, while the other two shall not mind to look more free and uncon-

scious, my dear, how fanciful I am: but let a mind to tell you, in a new manner, how my grandmamma and Sir Charles do admire each other.

Deane and he had also some talk; but my uncle joined them: and I sat in earnest at the subject I only got at from the following words of Deane, at Sir Charles rising to go from them to my aunt and me, both of us sat in the bow-window. 'My dear Sir Charles Grandison,' said Deane, 'you love to give pleasure: I was so happy in my life, as I never view of this long wished-for. You must oblige me: I insist on it.'

My aunt took it as I did.—'A general attention!' said she. 'O my dear! all will be too happy. God grant nothing may fall out to disconcert all there should, how many broken

'The first broken one, Madam,' interrupted I, 'would be the happiest: I, in that case, should have the advantage of my body.'

'Dear love! you are too serious: [Tears in my eyes] Sir Charles's unquestionable honour is our security!—If Clelia can be steadfast; if life and health be yours and him—If—'

'Dear, dear Madam, no more ifs! Let it be but one if, and that on Lady Grandison's resumption. In that case, I submit: and God only (as indeed I always ought) shall be my reliance for the rest of my life!'

My, Nancy, and my two cousins, came and spread, two and two, on either seats of the bow-window

(there are but three) with their vast hoops; undoubtedly, because they saw Sir Charles coming to us. 'It is difficult,' whispered I to my aunt, petulantly enough) 'to get him one moment to one's self.'—My cousin James 'filly youth!' thought I) 'stopt him in his way to me; but Sir Charles would not long be stopt: he led the interrupter towards us; and a seat not being at hand, while the young ladies were making a bustle to give him a place between them, (tossing their hoops above their shoulders on one side) and my cousin James was hastening to bring him a chair; he threw himself at the feet of my aunt and me, making the floor his seat.

I don't know how it was; but I thought I never saw him look to more advantage. His attitude and behaviour had such a lover-like appearance—Don't you see him, my dear?—His amiable countenance, so artless, yet so obliging, cast up to my aunt and me: his fine eyes meeting ours; mine, particularly, in their own way; for I could not help looking down, with a kind of proud bashfulness, as Lucy told me afterwards. How affected must I have appeared, had I either turned my head aside, or looked up stiffly to avoid his!

I believe, my dear, we women in courtship don't love that men, if ever so wise, should keep to us the dignity of wisdom; much less, that they should be solemn, formal, grave—Yet are we fond of respect and observance too.—How is it?—Sir Charles Grandison can tell.—Did you think of your brother, Lady G. when you once said, that the man who would commend himself to the general favour of us young women, should be a decent rake in his address, and a saint in his heart? Yet might you not have chosen a better word than *rake*? Are there not more clumsy and foolish rakes, than polite ones; except we can be so much mistaken, as to give to impudence the name of agreeable freedom?

Sir Charles fell immediately into the easiest, (shall I say the gallantest?) the most agreeable conversation, as if he must be all of a piece with the freedom of his attitude; and mingled in his talk two or three very pretty humorous stories; so that nobody thought of helping him again to a chair, or wishing him in one.

How did this little incident familiarize the amiable man, as a still more amiable man than before, to my heart! in one

of the little tales, which was of a gentleman in Spain serenading his mistress, we asked him, if he could not remember a sonnet he spoke of, as a pretty one? He, without answering, sung it in a most agreeable manner; and, at Lucy's request, gave us the English of it.

It is a very pretty sonnet. I will ask him for a copy, and send it to you, who understand the language.

My grandmamma, on Sir Charles's singing, beckoned to my cousin James; who going to her, she whispered him. He stepped out, and presently returned with a violin, and struck up, as he entered, a minuet tune. 'Harriet, my love!' called out my grandmamma. Without any other intimation, the most agreeable of men, in an instant, was on his feet, reached his hat, and took me out.

How were we applauded! How was my grandmamma delighted! The words, 'Charming couple!' were whispered round, but loud enough to be heard. And when we had done, he led me to my seat with an air that had all the real fine gentleman in it. But then he sat not down as before.

I wonder if Lady Clementina ever danced with him.

My aunt, at Lucy's whispered request, proposed a dance between Sir Charles and her. You, Lady G. observed, more than once, that Lucy dances finely. 'Insulter!' whispered I to her, when she had done, 'you know your advantages over me!'—'Harriet,' replied she, 'what do good girls deserve, when they speak against their consciences?'

My grandmamma afterwards called upon me for one lesson on the harpsichord, and they made me sing.

An admirable conversation followed at tea, in which my grandmother, aunt, my Lucy, and Sir Charles, bore the chief parts; every other person delighting to be silent.

Had we not, Lady G. a charming day?

In my next, I shall have an opportunity, perhaps, to tell you what kind of a travelling companion Sir Charles is. For, be pleased to know, that for some time past a change of air, and a little excursion from place to place, have been prescribed for the establishment of my health, by one of the honestest physicians in England. The day before Sir Charles came into these parts, it was fixed, that to-morrow we should set out upon this tour. On his arrival, we had

thoughts of postponing it; but, having understood our intention, he insisted its being prosecuted; and, offering company, there was no declining the offer, you know, *early days as they ever are*: and although every body had broad talks of the occasion of his coming to us; he has been so far from divulging his servants to make a secret of it, he has ordered his Saunders to answer every curious questioner, that Sir Charles and I were of longer acquaintance yesterday. But is not this, my dear, a most cogent intimation, that Sir Charles needs some parade, some delay, need? Yet don't be and *we* know how long while ago it is, that he made his first declaration? What, my dear, (should he be solicitous for an early day) is the inference? My uncle, too, so forward, I am afraid of him?

We are to set out to-morrow morning. Peterborough is to be our farthest one way. Mr. Deane insists, that we should pass two or three days with him. All of us, but my grandmamma, are of this party.

O, my dear Lady G. what a letter just brought me, by the hand that carried up mine on Saturday! Bless what an answer!—But I have not time to enter into so large a field. I can only say, that for some parts I heartily thank you and dear Lady G. others I do not; and imagine Lady G. would not have subscribed her name, had she read the whole. My charming spirits have you, my dear Lady G.!—But adieu, my amiable ladies, both!

HARRIET B.

LETTER XXV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION

THRAPSTON, TUESDAY
OCTOBER 15.

WE passed several hours at Thrapston, and arrived here in the afternoon. Mr. Deane insisted that we should stop at a nephew's of his in the neighbourhood of this town. A young gentleman met us at Oundle, and conducted us to his house. I had such a habit of scribbling, that I forbear applying to my pen at every opportunity. The less wonder, that I have your brother for my subject, the two beloved sisters of that brother write to.

It would be almost impertinent to praise a man for his horsemanship in his early youth was so noted

ance of all his exercises, that father and General W. thought of military life for him. Ease and undisturbed dignity distinguish him in all his accomplishments. 'Bless me, Madam,' Lucy to my aunt, on more occasions than one, 'this man is every thing!' 'I own, that I am retired to my room just now, from a very bad motive? I am, in my heart, even peevish with all my friends, for clustering so close about Sir Charles, that he can hardly find a moment (which he seems to seek too) to talk with me alone. My father [He does doat upon him] always considerably stands in his way; and I say to a man so very inclinable to obey, that he should allow me more, of himself less, of Sir Charles's conversation! I wonder my aunt does not give my uncle a hint. But she loves Sir Charles's company as well as my un-

cle, however, is nothing to the disadvantage. My uncle gave me at dinner this

Sir Charles was observing upon the disposition of one part of the garden brought, that art was to be but the handmaid of nature.—'I have heard, Sir Charles,' said my uncle, 'that you have made that a rule with you at Grandison Hall. With what pleasure should you make a visit there to you and my

uncle. He needed not: he might have said any thing after this. Sir Charles said as if concerned for me; yet said, it would be a joyful visit to him. My uncle was vexed for my sake. Lucy gave my uncle such a look—

My uncle afterwards, indeed, apologized to me—'Adsbear, I was a little out, I believe. But what a droll there be these niceties observed when you are sure?—I am sorry, however—But it would not—Yet you, my dear, made it worse by looking so

WHAT, Lady G. can I do with this man? My uncle, I mean. He has just making a proposal to me, as he said it, and with such honest looks of sincerity and wisdom—'Look ye, Harriet—I shall be always blundering about my scrupulosities. I am come to propose something to you that will put it out of my power to make mistakes—I beg of you and your aunt to allow me to enter with Sir Charles into a certain subject; and this not for your sake—I know my aunt won't allow of that—But for the sake of Sir Charles's own heart. Grati-

tude is my motive, and ought to be yours. I am sure he loves the very ground you tread upon.'

I besought him, for every sake dear to himself, not to interfere in the matter: but to leave these subjects to my aunt and me—'Consider, Sir,' said I, 'consider, how very lately the first personal declaration was made.'

'I do, I will consider every thing—But there is danger between the cup and the lip.'

'Dear Sir! (my hands and eyes lifted up) was all the answer I could make. He went from me hastily, muttering good-naturedly against *femalities*.

DEANE'S GROVE, WEDN. OCT. 18.

Mr. Deane's pretty box you have seen. Sir Charles is pleased with it. We looked in at Fotheringay castle, Milton, &c. Mr. Charles Deane, a very obliging and sensible young gentleman, attended his uncle all the way.

What charming descriptions of fine houses and curiosities abroad did Sir Charles give us when we stopt to bait, or to view the pictures, furniture, gardens of the houses we saw!

In every place, on every occasion on the road, or when we alighted, or put up, he shewed himself so considerate, so gallant, so courteous, to all who approached him, and so charitable!—Yet not indiscriminately to every body that asked him: but he was bountiful indeed, on representation of the misery of two honest families. Beggars-born, or those who make begging a trade, if in health, or not lame or blind, have seldom, it seems, any share in his munificence: but persons fallen from competence, and such as struggle with some instant distress, or have large families, which they have not ability to maintain; these, and such as these are the objects of his bounty. Richard Saunders, who is sometimes his almoner, told my Sally, that he never goes out but somebody is the better for him; and that his manner of bestowing his charity is such, as, together with the poor people's blessings and prayers for him, often draws tears from his eyes.

I HAVE overheard a dialogue that has just now passed between my uncle and aunt. There is but a thin partition between the room they were in and mine; and he spoke loud; my aunt not low; yet earnest only, not angry. He had been proposing to her, as he had done to me, to enter into a certain subject, in pity to Sir Charles: none had he for his poor niece. No doubt but he thought he was

obliging me; and that my objection was only owing to *femality*, as he calls it; a word I don't like; I never heard it from Sir Charles.

My aunt was not at all pleased with his motion. She wished, as I had done, that he would not interfere in these *nice* matters. He took offence at the exclusion, because of the word *nice*. She said, he was too precipitating, a great deal: she did not doubt but Sir Charles would be full early in letting me know his expectations.

She spoke more decisively than she used to do. He cannot bear her chidings, though ever so gentle. I need not tell you, that he both loves and reveres her; but, as one of the lords of the creation, is apt to be jealous of his prerogatives. You used to be diverted with his honest particularities.

What an *ignoramus* you women and girls make of me, dame Selby! said he. I know nothing of the world, nor of men and women, that's certain. I am always to be *documented* by you and your *minxes*! but the *deuce* take your *niceties*: you don't; you can't, poor souls as you are, distinguish *men*. You must all of you go on in one *rig-my-roll* way; in one beaten track. Who the *deuce* would have thought it needful, when a girl and we all were wishing till our very hearts were *bursting*, for this man, when he was not in his own power, that you must now come with your *bums* and your *hairs*, and the whole *circum-roundabouts* of female nonsense, to *stave off* the point your hearts and souls are set upon? I remember, dame Selby, though so long ago, how you treated your future lord and master, when you *prank'd* it as a lady and mistress. You vexed my very soul, I can tell you that! And often and often, when I left you, I swore bitterly, that I never would come again as a lover—though I was a poor forsworn wretch—God forgive me!

My dear Mr. Selby, you should not remember past things. You had very odd ways—I was afraid, for a good while, of venturing with you at all.

Now, dame Selby, I have you at a *why*, or I never had; though, by the way, your *un-evenness* increased my oddness.—But what oddness is in Sir Charles Grandison? If he is not *even*, neither you nor I were ever *odd*. What reason is there for *him* to run the *female-gauntlope*? I pity the excellent man; remembering how I was formerly vexed myself—I hate this *shilly-shally* fool-

ing; this *know-your-mind* and not know your mind nonsense. As I hope *live and breathe*, I'll, I'll, I'll blow all up, without *gunpowder* or *action* if an honest gentleman is thus to be fooled with; and after such a letter from his friend Jeronimo, in the name of the whole family. Lady G. for money!—[Ah, thought I, 'G. gives better advice than the *quises* to know how to take!'] like her notion of parallel lines.—Charles Grandison is none of your *garu rubip-jacks*, that you know where to have. But I tell you, dame Selby, that neither you nor your know how, with your *fine* souls, and sense, to go out of the common *fem-path*, when you get a man into your however superior he is to common *elements*, and low chicanery, and *dull* cold forms, as Sir Charles properly ed them, in his address to the *lady's face*. [I do love her, with all pretty ape's tricks: for what are all, but, right or wrong, apes of another?] And do you think, with your *wisdom*, he sees not through you? He does; and, as a wife man, must spise you all, with your *femalities* forsooth!

No femality, Mr. Selby, is designed—No.

I am impatient, dame Selby, of my eye, and dear to my heart, soul, as you are; I will take my way, in this. I have no mind that two dearest creatures in the world, should render themselves *despicable* in eyes of a man they want to think big of them. And here if I put in, and but a wry word, as you think it—to be called to account!

My dear, did you not begin the *jest*? said my aunt.

I am to be clofessed, and to be *mentixed*, I proceeded he.—Not a word of your *documentations*, dame Selby; I am not in a humour to bear them. I will take my own way—And that's enough.

And then, I suppose he struck hands in his sides, as he does when is good-humouredly angry; and my at such times, gives up till a more convenient opportunity; and then she carries her point. (And why? Because she is always reasonable;) for which calls her a *Parthian* woman.

I heard her say, as he stalked out ally, repeating, that he would take his own way; I say no more, Mr. Selby. Only consider—

Oy, and let Harriet consider, and do consider, dame Selby: Sir Charles said it is not a common man.' I did not let my aunt know that I had this speech of my uncle: she only said to me, when she saw me, 'I have had a little debate with your uncle; we must do as well as we can with him, my dear. It means well.'

THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 19.

AFTER breakfast, first one: then another, dropt away, and left only Sir Charles and me together. Lucy was the last that went; and the moment she was withdrawn, while I was thinking of retiring to dress, he placed himself by me. 'Think me not abrupt, my dearest Miss Byron,' said he, 'that I take almost the only opportunity which has offered of entering upon a subject that is next my heart.'

I found my face glow. I was silent. 'You have given me hope, Madam: your friends encourage that hope. I, I reverence, your friends. What are now to petition for, is, a continuation of the hope I have presumed on. CAN you, Madam, (the female delicacy is more delicate than that of a man can be) unequally as you may think yourself circumstanced with a man who has that once he could have devoted himself to another lady; CAN you say, that the man before you is the man whom you *can*, whom you *do*, prefer to any other?'

He stooped; expecting my answer. After some hesitations—'I have been accustomed, Sir,' said I, 'by those friends whom you so *deservedly* value, to speak nothing but the simplest truth. On this article of this moment, I should be excusable if—'

He stooped. His eyes were fixed upon my face. For my life I could not speak; yet he seemed to be able to speak.

'If *what*, Madam?' and he snatched my hand, bowed his face upon it, held it there, not looking up to mine. I could not speak—'If thus urged, and by SIR CHARLES GRANDISON—I did not speak—'I answer—Sir—I CAN—I

wanted, I thought, just then, to shrink from myself.

He kissed my hand with fervour; he dropt down on one knee; again kissed my hand. You have laid me, Madam, under a everlasting obligation: and will you permit me before I rise—loveliest of women, will you permit me, to beg an answer to-day?—I have many affairs on my

hands; many more in design, now I am come, as I hope, to settle in my native country for the rest of my life. My chief glory will be, to behave commendably in the *private* life. I wish not to be a *publick* man; and it must be a very particular call, for the service of my king and country united, that shall draw me out into publick notice. Make me, Madam, soon the happy husband I hope to be. I prescribe not to you the time: but you are above empty forms. May I presume to hope, it will be before the end of a month to come?'

He had forgot himself. He said he would not prescribe to me.

After some involuntary hesitations—'I am afraid of nothing so much just now, Sir,' said I, 'as appearing, to a man of your honour and penetration, affected. Rise, Sir, I beseech you! I cannot bear—'

'I will, Madam, and rise as well as kneel, to thank you, when you have answered a question so very important to my happiness.'

Before I could resume, 'Only believe me, Madam,' said he, 'that my urgency is not the insolent urgency of one who imagines a lady will receive as a *compliment* his impatience. And if you have no scruple that you think of high importance, add, I beseech you, to the obligation you have laid him under to your condescending goodness, (and add with that frankness of heart which has distinguished you in my eyes above all women) the very high one, of an early day.'

I looked down—I could not look up.—I was afraid of being thought affected.—Yet how could I so soon think of obliging him.

He proceeded—'You are silent, Madam!—Propitious be your silence! Allow me to enquire of your *aunt*, for your kind, your condescending acquiescence. I will not now urge you farther: I will be all-hope.'

'Let me say, Sir, that I must not be precipitated.'

'These are very early days.'

Much more was in my mind to say; but I hesitated—I could not speak. Surely, my dear ladies, it was too early an urgency. And can a woman be wholly unobservant of custom, and the laws of her sex?—Something is due to the fashion in our dress, however absurd that dress might have appeared in the last age, (as theirs do to us) or may in the next: and shall not those customs

which have their foundations in modesty, and are characteristick of the gentler sex, be entitled to excuse, and more than excuse?

He saw my confusion. 'Let me not, my dearest life, distress you,' said he. 'Beautiful as your emotion is, I cannot enjoy it, if it give you pain. Yet is the question so important to me; so much is my heart concerned in the favourable answer I hope for from your goodness; that I must not let this opportunity slip, except it be your pleasure that I attend your determination from Mrs. Selby's mouth.—Yet *that* I chuse not, neither; because I presume for more favour from your own, than you will, on cold deliberation, allow your aunt to shew me. Love will plead for its faithful votary in a single breast, when consultation on the supposed fit and unfit, the object absent, will produce delay. But I will retire for two moments. You shall be my prisoner mean time. Not a soul shall come in to interrupt us, unless it be at your call. I will return and receive your determination; and if that be the fixing of my happy day, how will you rejoice me!'

While I was debating within myself, whether I should be angry or pleased, he returned, and found me walking about the room—'Soul of my hope,' said he, taking with reverence my hand; 'I now presume that you *can*, that you *will* oblige me.'

'You have given me no time, Sir: but let me request that you will not expect an answer, in relation to the early day you *so* early ask for, till after the receipt of your next letters from Italy. You see how the admirable lady is urged; how reluctantly she has given them but *distant* hopes of complying with their wishes. I should be glad to wait for the next letters; for those, at least, which will be an answer to yours, acquainting them, that there is a woman with whom you think you could be happy. I am earnest in this request, Sir. Think it not owing to affectation.

'I acquiesce, Madam. The answer to those letters will soon be here. It will, indeed, be some time before I can receive a reply to that I wrote in answer to Jeronymo's last letter. I impute not affectation to my dearest Miss Byron. I can easily comprehend your motive: it is a generous one. But it befits me to say, that the next letters from Italy, whatever may be their contents, can *now* make no altera-

tion on my part. Have I not devoted myself to your friends, to you, and the world?'

'Indeed, Sir, they may make an action on mine, highly as I think of honour Sir Charles Grandison determined by his good opinion. For, if I should the most excellent of them think of resuming a place in heart—'

'Let me interrupt you, Madam. cannot be that Clementina, proceeding as she has done, on motives of zeal in her religion, and all her relations now earnest in another favour, can alter her mind. I do not have acted with justice, with prudence, to her, had I not tried her fastness by every way I could. I do not in justice to both ladies, will allow myself to apply for your answer till I had her resolution confirmed by me under her own hand after my return in England. But were it now given that she should vary, and were you, Madam, to hold your determination in your suspended; the consequence would be this: I should never, while that patience lasted, be the husband of any woman on earth.'

'I hope, Sir, you will not be displeased. I did not think you would so *soon* be so earnest. But this, Sir, I say, I have reason to think, that my happiness will not be the misfortune of a most excellent woman, and it shall be my endeavour to make the man happy who shall make me so.'

He clasped me in his arms with ardour—that displeased me not—on emotion—But at the time startled me, then thanked me again on one knee, held out the hand he had not in his intent to raise him; for I could not do. He received it as a token of love, kissed it with ardour; arose; again pressed my cheek with his lips. I was much surprized to repulse him with anger: 'But was he not too free? I am proud, my dear? In the odious sense, the absurd word, I am sure I am; but in the best sense, as derived from *science*, and used in opposition to *disposition*, that denotes a worse character, I myself one of those who would restore it to its natural respectability, for the sake of virtue; which Sir Charles himself once hinted, in danger of suffering by the abuse of religion once did, by that of the *puritan*.

Sir Charles, on my making the door that led to the stairs, and

such a grace, as showed he was capable of recollection.

"I ask, was he not too free? I tell you how I judge that he was. I came to conclude my narrative about and Lucy, of all that passed between him and me, I blushed, and could tell them how free he was. Yet you insist, that I can write it to you."

"Charles, my uncle, and Mr. Deane, a little walk, and returned just as I was ready. My uncle took me and whispered to me; 'I am glad at heart and soul the ice is broken. This man of true spirit—*Adieheart*, Harlow will be Lady Grandison in a night, at farthest, I hope. You have charming *confabulation*, I doubt not. I guess you have, by Sir Charles's setting himself to be more and more decided with you. And he owns, that he asks the question to you.—Hay, Harlow—Smiling in my face."

"Every one's eyes were upon me. Sir Charles, I believe; saw me look as if I apprehensive of my uncle's raillery. He came up to us: 'My dear, Miss Byron!—said he, in my uncle's hearing, 'I owned to Mr. Selby the request I wanted to make you. I am afraid that as well as you, think me too bold and forward. If, Madam, you do, I ask your pardon: my hopes shall always be consoled by your pleasure.' This made my uncle complaisant to me. He was reassured. I was pleased to be so amply relieved."

FRIDAY MORNING, OCT. 20.

"You must not, my dear ladies, expect to be so very minute: if I am, must I write a hundred charming conversations. One, however, I will give you a particularly."

"My brother desired leave to attend me in my dressing-room.—But how can I attempt to describe his air, his manner or the thousand agreeable things he said. Instantly he fell into talking of his schemes, in a way that punctilio could not be displeased with."

"He had been telling me, that our dear Mr. Deane, having been affected by his disposition, had desired my uncle, and him, to permit him to lay out them the state of his affairs, and the things he intended to do by his relations; who, however, were all in peculiar circumstances. After which, he said upon Sir Charles's being his sole executor, which he scrupled; desiring that no other person should be joined with him in the trust: but Mr. Deane, being earnest on this head, Sir Charles

said, 'I hope I know my own heart: my dear Mr. Deane, you must do as you please.'

"After some other discourse, 'I suppose,' said I, 'the good man will not part with us till the beginning of next week.'

"'Whenever you leave him,' answered he, 'it will be to his regret; it may, therefore, as well be soon: but I am sorry, methinks, that he, who has qualities which endear him to every one, should be so much alone as he is here. I have a great desire, when I can be so happy as to find myself a settled man, to draw into my neighbourhood friends will dignify it. Mr. Deane will, I hope, be often our visitor at the Hall. The love he bears to his dear god-daughter will be his inducement; and the air and soil being more dry and wholesome than this so near the fens, may be a means to prolong his valuable life.'

"Dr. Bartlett,' continued he, 'has already carried into execution some schemes which relate to my indigent neighbours, and the lower class of my tenants. How does that excellent man revere Miss Byron!—My Beauchamp, with our two sisters and their lords will be often with us. Your worthy cousins Reeves's, Lord W. and his deserving lady, will also be our visitors, and we theirs, in turn. The Mansfield family are already within a few miles of me: and our Northamptonshire friends!—Visitors and visited—What happiness do I propose to myself and the beloved of my heart!—And if (as you have generously wished) the dear Clementina may be happy, at least not unhappy, and her brother Jeronimo recover; what, in this world, can be wanting to crown our felicity?"

"Tears of joy strayed down my cheek, unperceived by me, till they fell upon his hand as it had mine in it. He kissed them away. I was abashed. 'If my dear Miss Byron permit me to go on, I have her advice to ask.'—I bowed my assent. My heart throbbed with painful joy: I could not speak."

"'Will it not be too early, Madam, to ask you about some matters of domestick concern? The lease of the house in St. James's Square is expired. Some difficulties are made to renew it, unless on terms which I think unreasonable. I do not easily submit to imposition. Is there any thing that you particularly like in the situation of that house?"

"'Houses, Sir, nay, countries, will be alike to me, in the company of those I value.'

"'You are all goodness, Madam. I will leave it to my sisters to enquire after ano-

ther house. I hope you will allow them to consult you as any one may offer. I will write to the owner of my present house, (who is solicitous to know my determination, and says he has a tenant ready, if I relinquish it) that it will be at his command in three months time. When my dear Miss Byron shall bless me with her hand, and our Northamptonshire friends will part with her, if she pleases, we will go directly to the Hall.

I bowed, and intended to look as one who thought herself obliged.

‘Restrain, check me, Madam, whenever I seem to trespass on your goodness. Yet how shall I forbear to wish you to hasten the day that shall make you wholly mine?—You will the rather allow me to wish it, as you will then be more than ever your own mistress; though you have always been generously left to a discretion that never was more deservedly trusted to. Your will, Madam, will ever comprehend mine.’

You leave me, Sir, only room to say, that if gratitude can make me a merit with you, *that* began with the first knowledge I had of you: and it has been increasing ever since.—I hope I never shall be ungrateful.

Tears again frayed down my cheek. Why did I weep?

‘Delicate sensibility!’ said he. He clasped his arms about me.—But instantly withdrew them, as if recollecting himself.—‘Pardon me, Madam! Admiration will sometimes mingle with reverence. I must express my gratitude as a man.—May my happy day be not far distant, that I may have no bound to my joy!’—He took my hand, and again pressed it with his lips. ‘My heart, Madam,’ said he, ‘is in your hand: you cannot but treat it graciously.’

Just then came in my Nancy, [Why came she in?] with the general expectation of us to breakfast.—Breakfast!—‘What,’ thought I, ‘is breakfast!’—The *world*, my Charlotte!—But hush!—Withdraw, fond heart, from my pen! Can the *dearest* friend allow for the acknowledgement of impulses so fervent, and which, writing to the moment, as I may say, the moment only can justify revealing?

He led me down stairs, and to my very seat, with an air *so* noble, yet *so* tender—My aunt, my Lucy, every body—looked at me. My eyes betrayed my hardly conquered emotion.

Sir Charles’s looks and behaviour were so respectful, that every one addressed me as a person of increased consequence. Do you think, Lady G. that Lord G.’s and

Lord D.’s respectful behaviour to wives do not as much credit to their hearts, as to their ladies? How are you that you have recollected self, and now encourage me to follow your example, to make a jest of a husband?—Will you forgive me the reformation, for the sake of the joy I have?

I have read this letter, just as my aunt and Lucy, all except the saucy hint to you. They clasped in their arms, and said, they admired and were pleased with me.—Instruct my dear ladies, how to behave in manner, as may shew my gratitude, almost (said my love,) yet not go so far, as to leave the day, the hour, thing to his determination!

But, on reading to my aunt and what I had written, I was ashamed that when he was enumerating the he hoped to have near him, or else I had forgot to remind him of my Ungrateful Harriet!—But don’t that I was so absorbed in self, the conversation was so interesting, my heart was more of a passive than a machine at the time. I will soon make, an occasion to be her friend. You once thought that Emily, for her own sake, should not live with her heart is set upon it. Dear creature love her! I will soothe her!—I will her to my bosom!—I will, by my compassion, entitle myself to all her confidence: she shall have all mine. I shall her guardian suspect her.—I as faithful to her secret, as you are. L. were (thankfully I remember mine. Do you think, my dear, Lady Clementina (I bow to her whenever I name her to myself) such a true, such a soothing friend, whom she could have revealed that oppressed her noble heart, when passion was young, it would have tended with such a deprivation of her son, as made unhappy all who had honour of being related to her?

O my dear Lady G.! I am sure Emily is undone! We are all undone. I am afraid to—My intolerable selfish—I will run away from him, cannot look him in the face!—Most, most of all, concerned for Emily!

Walking in the garden with I dropt the last sheet, marked &c. letter.

I missed it not till my aunt told me, that Sir Charles, crosswalk which I had just before quitted, and took up a paper.

heart misgave me. I took out my
I thought I had it all—But the fa-
tial sixth sheet, is wanting: that
what he stooped for, and took up.
shall I do!—Sweet Emily! now
never suffer you to live with him.
own heart-laid open too!—Such
ing also!—I cannot look him in the
—How shall I do, to get away to
Manor, and hide myself in the in-
most bosom of my grandmother?—
affection, after this, will it be, to
him his day!—But he demands
of me. Could any thing (O the
Emily!) have happened more morti-
to your

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXVI.

BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCT. 20.
Was all confusion, when he, looking
unconscious as he used to do, en-
tered my dressing-room. I turned my
back on him. He seemed surprized at
my concern. 'Miss Byron, I hope, is
well. Has any thing disturbed you, Ma-

my paper, my paper! You took it up
of the world I would not—The poor
—Give it me; give it me!' and I
burst into tears.

Has there ever such a fool? What
could I do to name Emily?

I took it out of his pocket. 'I
will give it to you; putting it into my
pocket.'

I saw it was your writing, Ma-
dam. I folded it up immediately; it has
been unfolded since; not a single sen-
tence did I permit myself to read.

Are you sure, Sir, you have not read
any part of it?

Upon my honour, I have not!

Heared up at once. 'A blessed re-
lief, thought I, 'for denying my own
guilt, when pressed by my Charlotte
and a letter clandestinely obtained!'

A thousand, thousand thanks to you,
for not giving way to your curiosity.
I could have been miserable, perhaps,
for months, had you read that paper.'

You now indeed raise my curiosity,
Madam. Perhaps your generosity will
enable you to gratify it; though I should
have forgiven myself had I taken ad-
vantage of such an accident.'

I will tell you the contents of some
of it, Sir.

Those which relate to my Emily, if
please, Madam. 'The poor Emily,'

—You have alarmed me. Per-
haps I am not to be quite happy!—What

Emily! Has the girl been impru-
dent—Has she already—What of the

Emily?

And his face glowed with impatience!

'No harm, Sir, of Emily!—Only a re-
quest of the dear girl!' [What better use
could I have made of my fright, Lady
G.?] 'But the manner of my mentioning
it, I would not for the world you should
have seen.'

'No harm, you say! I was afraid by
your concern for her—But can you love
her, as well as ever?—If you can, Emily
must be still good.'

'I can. I do.'

'What then, dear Madam, of poor
Emily! Why 'poor Emily?'

'I will tell you. The dear girl makes
it her request, that I will procure of you
one favour for her: her heart is set upon
it.'

'If Emily continue good she shall on-
ly signify her wish, and I will comply.
If I am not a father to her, is she not fa-
therless?'

'Allow me, Sir, to call you kind!
good! humane!

'What I want of those qualities, Miss
Byron will teach me, by her example—
But what would my Emily?'

'She would live with her guardian,
Sir—'

'With me, Madam?—And with you,
Madam?—Tell me, own to me, Madam,
and with you?'

'That is her wish.'

And does my beloved Miss Byron think
it a right wish to be granted? Will she be
the instructing friend, the exemplary sister,
now in that time of the dear girl's life,
when the eye, rather than the judgment,
is usually the director of a young wo-
man's affections?'

'I love the sweet innocent: I could
wish her to be always with me.'

'Obliging goodness! Then is one of
my cares over. A young woman, from
fourteen to twenty, is often a troublesome
charge upon a friendly heart. I could not
have asked this favour of you. You re-
joice me by mentioning it. Shall I write
a letter, in your name, to Emily?'

'There, Sir, are pen, ink, and paper.'

'In your name, Madam?'

I bowed assent; mistrusting nothing.

He wrote; and doubling down, shewed
me only these words—'My dear Miss
Jervois, I have obtained for you the de-
sired favour—Will you not continue to be
as good as you have hitherto been?—
That is all which is required of my Emi-
ly, by her ever affectionate—'

I instantly wrote, 'Harriet Byron.'—
But, Sir, what have you doubled down?'

'Charming confidence! What must he
be, who could attempt to abuse it?—
Read, Madam, what you have signed.'

I did. How my heart throbb'd.

'And *could*, Sir Charles Grandison,' said I, 'thus *intend* to deceive? *Could* Sir Charles Grandison be such a plotter? Thank God you are not a bad man.'

After the words, 'I have obtained for you the desired favour,' followed these—

'You must be very good. You must resolve to give me nothing but joy; joy equal to the love I have for you, and to the sacrifice I have made to oblige you. Go down, my love, as soon as you can, to Grandison Hall: I shall then have one of the sisters of my heart there to receive me. If you are there in less than a fortnight, I will endeavour to be with you in a fortnight after. I sacrifice, at least, another fortnight's punctilio to oblige you. And will you not continue to be as good as you have *hitherto* been? That is all which is required of my Emily, by, &c.'

'Give me the paper, Sir!' holding out my hand for it.

'Have I forfeited my character with you, Madam?'—Holding it back, with an air of respectful gaiety.

'I must consider, Sir, before I give you an answer.'

'If I have, why should I not send it away; and, as Miss Byron cannot deny her hand-writing, hope to receive the benefit of the supposed deceit? Especially as it will answer so many good ends: for instance, your own wishes in Emily's favour; as it will encrease your own power of obliging; and be a means of accelerating the happiness of a man whose principal joy will be in making you happy.'

Was it not a pretty piece of deceit, Lady G.? Shall I own, that my heart was more inclined to reward than punish him for it? And really, for a moment, I thought of the impracticableness of complying with the request, as if I was seriously pondering upon it, and was sorry it was not practicable. 'To get away from my dear Mr. Deane,' thought I, 'who will not be in haste to part with us some female buxlings to be got over on our return to Selby House; proposal renewed, and a little paraded with;' [Why, Lady G. did you tell me that our sex is a foolish sex?] 'the preparation; the ceremony; the awful ceremony! the parting with the dearest and most indulgent friends that ever young creature was blessed with; and to be at Grandison Hall, all within one month!'—Was there ever so precipitating a man?

I believe verily, that I appeared to him as if I were considering of it; for he took advantage of my silence, and urged me to permit him to send away to Emily what

he had written; and offered to give me for his urgency. 'Written as it is, he,' by me, and signed by you, will the dear girl rejoice at the loss of both, under our hands! And will not take the caution given her in it me, as kindly as she will your mediation her favour?

'Sure, Sir,' said I, 'you expect a serious answer!'—Upon his knees did—'How, Sir! Ought you not to be thankful, if I forgive you, for letting me see that Sir Charles Grandison was capable of such an artifice, but in a jest; and for his reflection on me, and perhaps meant on our sex, if decorum were but *punctilio*? I beg Lucy's pardon,' added I, 'for being angry with her when she called you a designer.'

'My dear creature,' said he, 'a designer. Who, to accelerate a pinet's on which that of his whole life depends, would not be innocently so? in this instance, selfish; but I glory in selfishness; because I am determined power be lent me, that everyone, in the circle of our acquaintance, shall reason to congratulate you as one of the happiest of women.'

'Till this artifice, Sir, showed what you *could* do, were you not a of the strictest honour, I had nothing affiance in you. Give me the paper, and, for your own sake, I will declare that it may not furnish me with a moment, that there is not one man in the world who is to be implicitly confided by a woman.'

'Take it, Madam,' (presenting me, with his usual gracefulness) 'did it not, however, till you have accepted as *such* a breach of confidence as your aunt, your Lucy—to your uncle by: and Mr. Deane, if you please.'

'Ah, Sir! you know your advantage. I will not, in this case, refer to them; could sooner rely, dearly as they love me, Harriet, on Sir Charles Grandison's advice, than on their favour, in any case that should happen between him and me.'

'There never, Madam, except in the case before us, can be room for a breach of your prudence, and my gratitude must secure us both. Even now, content as I am to call you mine, it makes me willing to lay hold of every opportunity to urge you for an early return, and will endeavour to subdue that impetuosity and submit to your will. Yet I am that if I did not think your heart the most laudably unreserved, yet delicate, that woman ever bore, your prudence equal, you would not

me so acquiescent a lover, early
suppose my urgency for the happy

And is it *not* early, Sir? Can Sir
Grandison think me punctilious?
you will permit me to write to Miss
myself, and acquaint her with her
and wish, if—

No if, Madam—Whatever you
right to be done, in this case, that
Emily will be more particularly your
than mine, if you condescend to take
trust upon you.

You will be pleased, dear Lady G. to
grant Emily with the grant of her wish:
I will rejoice. God give the dear crea-
ture reason for joy; and then I shall have
pleasure in having contributed to
obtaining of it. But, on second
thoughts, I will write to her myself; for
I am not that she shall see or hear read
anything I write to you.

I am I own to you, that my grandmam-
and aunt, and Lucy, are of your
party. They all three wish—But who
may the dear innocent the grant of a
thing on which she has so long set her
heart? and would it not be pity, methinks
the world say, some time hence, ef-
fectually if any mishap (God forbid it!)
should befall her, that Sir Charles Gran-
dison, the most honourable of men, should
marry, as that a young lady of inno-
cence and merit, and mistress of a fortune,
it might be foreseen, would en-
courage the attempts of designing men,
and not have lived with his wife!—
child!—Then would the world have
been its wise head, (allow the expres-
sion) and well for me if it had judged so
of me.

dear Mr. Deane, though reluctant-
ly consented that we shall leave him
Monday next. We shall set out di-
rectly for Selby House, where we propose
to stay the same night. My aunt and I
been urgent with him to go back
to us; but he is cross, and will be ex-

now Lucy tells me, that Mr.
Deane declared to my uncle, aunt, and
that he will not visit us at Selby
till we send for him and the settle-
ment together, which he will have rea-
son to expect—Strange expedition! Sure
we are afraid your brother will change
his mind, and are willing to put it out of
his man's power to recede! Lucy
tells me, and is sure, she says, that
they in confidence reveal all these
things to me, without endangering my
secret. My next letter will be from Selby

that life continues, my dear la-

dies; look upon me as assuredly yours;

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXVII.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 23.

GO on, go on, with your narratives,
my dear. Hitherto Caroline and
I know not how either much to blame
you, or totally to acquit you, of *parade*,
the man and his situation considered; and
the state of your heart for so many months
past; every one of your friends—con-
sulting, shall I say?—*more* than consen-
ting—*ardent*, to be related to him. Har-
ry, Harriet, let me whisper you—My bro-
ther, whether he came honestly, or not, by
his knowledge, I dare say, thinks not so
highly of the free-masonry part of mar-
riage as you do!—You start!—‘O Char-
lotte!’ you cry—And, O Harriet! too—
But, my dear girl, let my brother see,
that you think (and no woman in the
world does, if you don’t) that the true
modesty, after hearts are engaged, is to
think little of parade, and much of the
social happiness that awaits two worthy
minds united by love, and conformity of
sentiment—After all, we are silly crea-
tures, Harriet: we are afraid of wise men.
No wonder that we seldom chuse them,
when a fool offers. I wish I knew the
man, however, who dared to say this in
my hearing.

Your grandmother Shirley is more than
woman: my brother prodigiously admires
her. I think you may trust to her judg-
ment, if you suppose him too precipitat-
ing. Your aunt is an excellent woman:
but I never knew a woman or man, who
valued themselves on delicacy, and found
themselves consulted upon it, but was
apt to overdo the matter. Is not this a
little, a *very* little, Mrs. Selby’s case?
Let her know, that I bid you ask this
question of herself: she must be assured
that I equally love and honour her; so
won’t be angry.

Your uncle is an odd, but a very ho-
nest Dunstable soul! Tell him I say so;
but withal, that he should leave women
to act as *women*, in these matters. *What*
a deuce, what a pize, would he expect per-
fection from them? He, whose arguments
always run in the depreciating strain? If
he would, ask him, *where* should they have
it, conversing, as they are obliged to do,
with men? Men for their fathers, for
their brothers, for their uncles—They
must be a *little* silly, had they not a *fund*
of silliness in themselves—But I would
not have them be *most* out, in matters
where they should be *most* in.

I think, however, so does Lady L. that so far as you have proceeded, you are tolerable, though not half so clever, as he, considering situations. Upon my word, Harriet, allowing for every thing, neither of Sir Charles Grandison's sisters expected that their brother would have made so ardent, so polite, a lover. He is so *prudent* a man, and that once had like to have been one of *your*, even *your* objections.—Yet so nobly sincere—so manly. O that my age—But come, Harriet, as men go in this age of monkeys and Sir Foplings, Lord G. (for all *you*) is not to be despised. I, as a good wife ought, will take his part, whoever runs him down. 'Where much is not given, much—' and so forth.

I have told Emily the good news: I could not help it; though you promise to write to her.

Poor thing! she is all extasy! She is not the only one who seeks, as her greatest good, what may possibly prove her greatest misfortune. But, for her sake, for your sake and my brother's, I hope, under your directing eye, and by prudent management (the flame so young) a little cold water will do; and that, if it *will* blaze, it may be directed towards Beauchamp's house.

Let me whisper you again, Harriet—Young girls, finding themselves vested with new powers, and a set of new inclinations, turn their staring eyes out of themselves; and the first man they see, they imagine if he be a single man, and but simpers at them, they must receive him as a lover: then they return down-cast for ogle, that he may ogle on without interruption. They are soon brought to write answers to letters which confess flames the writer's heart never felt. The girl doubts not her own gifts, her own consequence: she wonders that her father, mother, and other friends, never told her of these new-found excellences: she is more and more beautiful in her own eyes, as he more and more flatters her. If her parents are *a-verſe* the girl is *per-verſe*; and the more, the less discretion there is in her passion. She adopts the word *constancy*; she declaims against *persecution*; she calls her idle flame, LOVE; a cupidity, which only was a something she knew not what to make of—and, like a wandering bee, had it not settled on this flower, would on the next, were it either bitter or sweet.

And this generally, with the thoughtless, is the beginning and progress of that formidable invader, mis-called *love*; a word very happily at hand, to help giddy creatures to talk with, and look without

confusion of face on, a man telling a thousand lies, and hoping, perhaps, illaudable means, to attain an end *itself* illaudable, when duty and discretion are, the one the guide, the other gentle restraint.

But as to Emily—I depend on principles, as well as on your affected discretion, (which you will be *plac* among yet to permit my brother to be *ally yours*;) for restraining her imagination. There never beat in female bosom a nester heart. Poor thing! she is a girl! and who is the woman, or that looks on my brother without and reverence?

For Emily's sake, you see, you not have too many of your honest *circum-roundabouts*. He makes us love I love to have him angry with his Selby. Dear Harriet, when your heart quite at ease, give us the courtship of odd soul to the *light of his eyes*: his boldness and her delicacy! A charming combat. You *did* help us to a little of it once, I know. Theirs, on the woman's side, could not be a match of love at first, who so happy as they? I am convinced Harriet, that love on one side, and discretion on the other, is enough in conflict, and, in short, much better than love both: for what room can there be for discretion in the latter case? The guilty of a heterodoxy in love, you know who is *prudent*, or but suspected of so!—Ah, Harriet, Harriet, once more say, we women are foolish creatures in love-affairs, and know not what's best for ourselves!—In your style—Don't think so, Lucy?—Yet I admire Lady Selby. She got over an improperly-placed passion, and now, her mad fit over, (we have little or much of it; *begin*, as I told you) she is *so* cool, *so* quiet, *so* sensible. Yet once I make no doubt, looking forward to her present happy quietude, would have thought it a state of *improvement*. Dearly do we love racketting; and then whisper, some of us to be racketted. But not *you*! you are an exception. To be sure!—But I believe you'll think me mad.

We like my brother's little trick of putting you in the billet he wrote, and which he signed, as if to Emily. You see how nest he is, my dear. I long for his letters from Italy. I think that is a plea enough for you, if you suppose trade necessary.

We have got Eyward among us. The sorry fellow—O Harriet, look at him, with his hat upon his thumbs, bowing, cringing, blushing, fawning, when first he came into the

fluence. But I, from my throne, extend the golden sceptre to him, as I should please my brother by it. I sit down, when I bid, twisted his curdled his chin, hemm'd, stole a look of reverence at me; looked down at his eyes met mine; mine bold as mine, his conscious as guilt; hem—again, turned his hat about; then one of his not quite-forgotten airs of earnestness, putting it under his arm, with his ears, tried to look up; then he sunk again under my broader eye. My dear, what a paltry creature is a man, bitten, and sensible of detected guilt and obligation!

Charles has made a man of him, more. His dress is as gay as ever; I dare say, he struts as much in it as ever, in company that knows not how to come by it. He reformed!—bad harvest of the Jerusalem artichoke kind; planted, there is no getting them out of the ground.

Our good Dr. Bartlett is also with us, content: he is in hopes of seeing my brother in town—In town, Harriet!—the great affair unsolemnized!—Woe to you, if—But let's see how you act on your own left to yourself. Prudent people, their matters, are not always prudent in their own; especially in their love-affairs. A little over-nicety at letting out, carry them into a road they never intended to amble in; and then they are sometimes obliged to the less prudent to lead them in the path they set out from. Remember, my dear, I am at hand if you need my help.

Dr. Bartlett tells us, that my brother has extricated this poor creature from his entanglements with his woman, by interposition only by letter: some, I suppose. The doctor desires to be silent, on the means; but hints, however, that Everard will soon be in circumstances not unhappy.

I have got the doctor to explain himself. Every day produces some new instances of women's follies. What would you think of those battered rakes and younger brothers, when on their last legs, were it but for good-natured widows—Aye, and sometimes for forward maids? This, it seems, has acquitted himself handsomely in the discharge of the tool. He owed to his wine-merchant's daughter, and the lady was so full of acknowledgments, and obligations, and all for being paid but her due, that he ventured to make love to her, as it is said, and is well received. He behaves with more spirit before her, I suppose, than he does before me.

The widow had a plain, diligent, honest man, before. She has what is called *taste*, forsooth, or believes she has. She thinks Mr. Grandison a finer gentleman than him who left her in a condition to be thought worthy the address of a gayer man. She prides herself, it seems, in the relation that her marriage will give her to a man of Sir Charles Grandison's character. Much worse reasons will have weight, when a woman finds herself inclined to change her condition. But Everard is very earnest that my brother should know nothing of the matter till all is over: so you (as I) have this piece of news in confidence. Lady L. has not been told it. His cousin, he says, who refused him his interest with Miss Mansfield, Lady W.'s sister, because he thought a farther time of probation, with regard to his avowed good resolutions, necessary, would perhaps, for the widow's sake, if applied to, put a spoke in his wheel.

Everard (I can hardly allow myself to call him Grandison) avows a vehement passion for the widow. She is rich. When they are set out together in *taste*, as she calls it, trade, or business, her first rise, quite forgot, what a gay, what a frolick dance will she and her new husband, in a little while, lead up, on the grave of her poor, plain, despised one! 'Tis well, 'tis well, my dear Harriet, that I have a multitude of faults myself, [witness, to go no farther back, this letter] or I should despise nine parts of the world out of ten.

I find that Sir Charles, and Beauchamp, and Dr. Bartlett, correspond. Light is hardly more active than my brother, nor lightning more quick, when he has any thing to execute that must or ought to be done. I believe I told you early, that was a part of his character. You must not then wonder, or be offended, [shall I use the word *offended*, my dear?] that you, in your turn, now he has found himself at liberty to address you, should be affected by this adroitness and vivacity in your *femalities*, as uncle Selby calls them: aptly enough, I think; though I do not love that men should be so impudent, as either to abuse us, or even to find us out. You cannot always, were you to *think* him too precipitating, separate disagreeable qualities from good in the same person; since, perhaps, the one is the constitutional occasion of the other. Could he, for example, be half so useful a friend as he is, if he were to dream over a love-affair, as you would seem to have him; in other words, gape over his ripened fruit till it dropt into his yaw-yaw-yawning mouth? He'll

certainly get you, Harriet, within, or near, his proposed time. Look about you: he'll have you before you know where you are. By *hook*, as the saying is, will he pull you to him; struggle as you will, (he has already got hold of you) *or by crook*; inviting, nay compelling you, by his generosity, gentle-shepherd-like, to nymph as gentle. What you do, therefore, do with such a grave as may preserve to you the appearance of having it in your power to lay an obligation upon him. It is the opinion of both his sisters, that he values you more for your noble expansion of heart, and not ignorant, but generous frankness of manners, yet mingled with dignity; than for—even your beauty, Harriet—Whether you, who are in such full possession of every grace of person, care, as a woman, to hear of that, or not. His gay parting similitude you remember, by dear. It is my firm belief, that those are the greatest admirers of fine flowers, who love to see them in their borders, and seldomest pluck the fading fragrance. The other wretches crop, put them in their bosom, and in an hour or two, rose, carnation, or whatever they be, after one parting smell, throw them away.

He is very busy wherever he is. At his inn, I suppose, most. But he boasts not to you, or any body, of what he does.

He writes now-and-then a letter to aunt Nell, and she is so proud of the favour.—Look you here, niece; look you here!—But I shan't shew you, all he writes.—On go the spectacles—for she will not for the world part with the letter out of her hands. She reads one paragraph, one sentence, then another. On and off go the spectacles; while she conjectures, explains, animadverts, applauds; and so goes on till she leaves not a line unread: then folding it up carefully in its cover, puts it in her letter or ribband-case, which shall I call it? For, having but few letters to put in it, the case is filled with bits and ends of ribbands, patterns, and so-forth, of all manner of colours, faded and fresh, with intermingledoms of goldbeaters skin, plaisters for a cut finger, for a chapped lip, a kibe, perhaps for corns; which she dispenses occasionally very bountifully, and values herself (as we see at such times by a double chin made triple) for being not unuseful in her generation. Chide me, if you will; the humour's upon me; hang me, if I care: you are only Harriet Byron, as yet. Change your name, and increase your consequence.

I have written a long letter about and to what end? Only to expatiate on saying you? True enough. But now, Harriet, to bribe you into passing, a sentence, let me tell you all I can pick from the doctor, relating to my business matters. Bribe, shall I call this, or flattery; for your free communications?

Matters between the Mansfields and the Keelings are brought very far. Hang particulars: nobody's affairs near my heart; but yours. The families have already begun to visit. When my brother returns, all the gentry in neighbourhood are to be invited, in joyce with the parties on the occasion.

Be so kind, my dear, as to dismiss a good man, as soon as your position admits. We are contented, that, as he lays himself out so much in the service of others, he should do something himself. You, my dear, we look on as a high reward for his many great good actions. But as he is a man who has a deep sense of favours granted, values not the blessing the more (which ought to be within his reach) because dear, as is the case of the forty in general, I would have you consider it—that's all.

The doctor tells me, also, that wicked Bolton's ward is dead; and every thing is concluded, to Sir Charles's satisfaction, with him; and the fields (reinitiated in all their rights) once more a happy family.

Sir Hargrave is in a lamentable way. Dr. Bartlett has great compassion for him. Would you have me pity him, Harriet? You would, you say.—Well, then, try for it. As it was by his means (and we, and my brother, came acquainted, I think I may. He is to be sent to town.

Poor Sir Harry Beauchamp! No recovery.—Had the physicians gone over when they first undertook the might, they say, have had a chance.

I told you, that Emily's mother turned methodist. She has converted her husband. A strange alteration! It is natural for such sort of people to go from one extreme to another. Every now-and-then visit them. They are ready to worship her, for her goodness. She is a lovely girl, and her mind improves in her person, as well as her mind. She is sometimes visited sometimes with Lady L. sometimes with aunt Eleanor; sometimes with Mr. Reeves.—We are ready to fight for her, but you will soon rob all of us. preparing for her journey to you, girl! I pity her. Said a cousin

between her love of you and tenderness for her guardian: Her Anne has told me, that she weeps one half the night; yet forces herself to be lively in company.—After the example of Byron, she says, when she visited at Selby-House. I hope, my dear, will be right. But to go to live with a loved object—I don't understand it. Harriet, may. I never was in love, help me!

I am afraid the dear girl does too much for her mother. As they have so handsome an annuity, 400l. a year, so much above their expectations; I think she should not give, nor should they receive anything considerable of her, without her guardian's knowledge. She is laying a great deal of money in new cloaths, you and her guardian credit—on matrimony, poor thing! she says, with a tear in her eyes—but whether of joy, or of anxiety, is hard to decide; but I believe of both.

What makes me imagine she does more than she should, is, that a week ago she received fifty guineas of me; and but yesterday came to me—'I should do a wrong thing,' said she, blushing up to her eyes, 'should I ask Lady L. to lend me a sum of money till my next quarter is due, after I had made myself your debtor so lately: but if you could lend me twenty or forty guineas more, you would do me a great favour.'

'My dear!' said I; and stared at her. 'Don't question, don't chide me, this time. I never will run in debt again: I will be in debt. But you have bid me do you all my wants.'

'I will not, my love, say another word. I will fetch you fifty guineas.'

'Now, my dear Lady G.: that is a great deal of money; but I will always for the future be within bounds; and don't let my mother know it—He will kill me by his generosity; yet perhaps, in his own way, he will wonder what I did with my money. I thought ill of me, or that I was extravagant, it would break my heart.'

'Only, my dear,' said I, 'remember your mother's annuity. Mrs. O'Hara cannot do any thing to be done for her now. Don't call her Mrs. O'Hara! She is your mother: call her my mother.'

'Good: call her my mother.' said the sweet girl, and fetched her fifty guineas.

'I thought it not amiss to give you this money, my dear, against the goes down to the country. But do you think it right, after this, to have her with my brother and

my sister L. keeps close—She fasts, cries,

prays, is vastly apprehensive: she makes me uneasy for her and myself. These vile men! I believe I shall hate them all. Did *they* partake—but not half so grateful as the blackbirds; they rather look big with insolence, than perch near, and sing a song to comfort the poor souls they have so grievously mortified. Other birds, as I have observed, (sparrows, in particular) sit hour and hour, he's and she's, in turn; and I have seen the hen, when the rogue has staid too long, rattle at him, while he circles about her with sweeping wings, and displayed plumage, his head and breast of various dyes, ardently shining, peep, peep, peep; as much as to say, 'I beg your pardon, love—I was forced to go a great way off for my dinner.'—'Sirr-rrah!' I have thought she has said, in an unforgiving accent—'Do your duty now—Sit close—Peep, peep, peep!'—'I will, I will, I will!'—Away she has skimmed, and returned to relieve him—when she thought fit.

Don't laugh at us, Harriet, in our mortified state—['Be gone wretch—What have I done, Madam?' staring!—'What have you done?'—My sorry creature came in wheedling, courting, just as I was pitying two meek sisters: was it not enough to vex one?'] Don't laugh at us, I say—If you do!—May my brother, all in good time, avenge us on you, prays in malice,
CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXVIII.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

WEDNESDAY, EVENING, OCT. 25.

FIE upon you, Lady G.! What a letter have you written! There is no separating the good from the bad in it! With what dangerous talents are you entrusted! and what use do you make of them! I have written two long letters, continuing my narrative of our proceedings; but I must take you to severe task for this before me; and *this* and *they* shall go together!

Wicked wit! what a foe art thou to decent cheerfulness!—In a *woman's* hand such a weapon! What might we not expect from it, were it in a man's? How you justify the very creatures of that sex whom you would be thought to despise!

But you say, you would not allow in a man, the liberties you yourself take with your own sex. How can you, my dear, be so partial to your faults, yet own them to be such? Would you rank with the worst of sinners? They do just so.

I may be a fool; I may be inconsistent; I may not know how with a grace to give

effect to my own wishes; I may be able to advise better than act.—Most pragmatical creatures think they can be counsellors in another's case, while their own affairs, as my uncle would say, *lie at sixes and sevens*. But how does this excuse your freedoms with your whole sex—With the innocents of it more particularly?

Let me say, my dear, that you take odious, yes, *odious* liberties; I won't recall the word: liberties which I cannot, though to shame you, repeat. Fie upon you, Charlotte!

And yet you say, that neither you nor Lady L. know how to blame me much; though, the man considered, you will not totally acquit me of parade; and in another place, that so far as we have proceeded, we have behaved tolerably. Why, then, all this riot?—yes, riot, Charlotte? against us, and against our sex? *What*, but for riot's sake?

The humour upon you!—The humour is upon you, with a witness! Hang you, if you care!—But, my dear, it would be more to your credit, if you *did* care; and if you checked the wicked humour.—Do you think nobody but you has such talents? Fain would I lower you, since, as it is evident, you take pride in your *licence*.—Forgive me, my dear.—Yet I will not say half I think of your wicked wit. Think you, that there are not many who could be as smart, as surprizing, as you, were they to indulge a vein of what you call humour? Do you think your brother is not one? Would he not be too hard for you at your own weapons? Has he not convinced you that he could? But he, a *man*, can check the overflowing freedom.

But if I *have* set out wrong with your brother, I will do my endeavour to recover my path. You greatly oblige me with your conducting hand: but what necessity was there for you to lead me through briars and thorns, and to plunge me into two or three dirty puddles, in order to put me into the right path, when it lay before you in a direct line, without going a bow-shot about?

Be pleased, however, to consider situation, on my side, as well as on your brother's: I might be somewhat excusable for my awkwardness, perhaps, were it considered that the notion of a *double* or *divided love*, on the man's part, came often into my head; indeed could not be long out; the lady so superlatively excellent! his affection for her, so *allowably*, as well as *avowedly*, strong! Was it possible to avoid little jealousies, little petulances, when flights were imaginable?

The more for the excellency of the more for my past weakness of *months*? I pretend not, my dear Charlotte, to be got above nature; I am a weak silly girl; I am humble to the sense I have of his and Clement's superior merits. True love will make a person think meanly of herself in proportion as she thinks highly of the object. Pride will be up sometimes; but the pull two ways, between that and tification, a torn coat will be the consequence; and must not the *satisfaction* (What a new language will my dear teach me!) then look simply?

You bid me ask my aunt—you bid me tell my uncle—Naughty Charlotte! I ask, I will tell them nothing, write me a letter next, that I can read *them*. I skip this passage—Read *um—um—um*—Then skip again—*Hey-day*, What's come to the girl? cried my uncle: can Lady G. write Harriet cannot read? [There was buke for you, Charlotte!] "For the sake of God let me read it."—He laughed, shook his shoulders, rubbed his hands, at the imagination—Some roguery, I warrant: dearly do I love my dear G.—If you love me, Harriet, read; and once he snatched one of the sheets. I boldly struggled with her for it—"For shame, Mr. Selby, said my aunt—"My dear," said my grandmother, "if your uncle is so impatient, you shew him no more of your letters."

He then gave it up—consider, Charlotte, what a fine piece of work we have had with my uncle, had he not been through!

But, let me see—What are the contents of this wicked letter, for which I sincerely thank you—O my dear, I cannot, cannot, without soiling my fingers pick them out—Your intelligence, however, are among those which I hold in great favour.

Poor Emily! that is a subject of delights, yet saddens me—We are so fond of distinguishing merit, that your brother's is so dazzling—Every man is one's rival. But no more of this! Dear creature! the subject is too much for me—Yet I cannot quit it—What say? For her sake, perhaps, it will yet how is her heart set upon it! For her own sake, as there is no perfect happiness to be expected in this life, I could be content to bear a little pain, were the girl to be either benefited or pained by it. Indeed I love her, at my heart.—And what is more—I love her so sincerely loving her.

In the wicked part of your letter

write of your aunt Eleanor.—But I have no patience with you, sinner as you are, against light, and better knowledge! derider of the infirmities, not of old age, but of old age!—Don't you hope to long yourself? That worthy lady is not spectacles, Charlotte, because never was so happy as to be married. I owe such obligations to the generosity of good Lord G. in taking pity of you in time, [Were you not five and twenty when he honoured you with his hand at St. George's church?] and yet to treat him as you do, in more places than one, in this very let-

ter I will tell you what I will do with this same strange letter—I will transcribe the good things in it. There are many which both delight and instruct; and this morning, before I dress for the day, I will [Sad task, Charlotte! But it shall be my way of penance for some of my follies and follies!] transcribe the intolerable passages; so make two letters of it. I will keep to shew my friends here, in order to increase, if it be possible, their estimation of my Charlotte; the bad one I will present to you. I know I shall transcribe it in a violent hurry.—Not to matter whether it be legible or not, the *bobbling* it will cause in the reading will make it appear worse to you, if you could read it as glibly as you are. If half of it be illegible, enough will be left to make you blush for the whole, wonder what sort of a pen, it was that nobody, unknown to you, put into your hand.

After all, spare me not my ever-dear, ever-charming friend! spare only myself: don't let Charlotte run away with both G.'s. You will then be as equally sure of my admiration and love. For dearly do I love you, with all your faults; so dearly, that when I consider your faults by themselves, I am ready to arraign my heart, and to think there is more of the roguery of my Charlotte in me than I will allow of.

As a punishment to you, I intend, my dear, in all of my future letters, I will write as if I had never seen this your letter. Indeed I am in a kind of a fault, or not, that I cannot get out of all at once; but as soon as I can, I shall that I may better justify my displeasure at some parts of your letter, by the advance I will pay to others. That sweet sentence of my Charlotte's—'I will change your name, and increase your consequence.' Reflect, my dear; how very much you have been, that such a young instance of goodness could not

bribe to spare you *your ever affectionate and grateful* HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXIX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

BELBY HOUSE, TUESDAY MORN. OCT. 24.

MR. Deane would not go back with us. He laid a strict charge upon me, at parting, not to be punctilious.

I am *not*, my dear Lady G. Do you think I am? The men are their own enemies, if they wish us to be open-hearted and sincere, and are not so *themselves*. Let them enable us to depend on their candour, as much as we rely on that of Sir Charles Grandison, and the women will be inexcusable, who shall play either the prude or the coquet with them. You will say, I am very cunning, perhaps, to form at the same time a rule *from*, and an excuse *for*, my own conduct to this excellent man: but be that as it will, it is truth.

We sent our duty last night to Shirley Manor: and expect every moment the dear parent here with us.

She is come. I will go down; if I get her by myself, or only with my aunt and Lucy, I will tell her a thousand thousand agreeable things, which have passed since last I had her tender blessing.

We have had this Greville and this Fenwick here. I could very well have spared them. Miss Orme came hither also, uninvited, to breakfast; a favour she often does us. I knew not, at first, how to behave to Sir Charles before her: she looked so jealous of him! so cold! Under her bent brow she looked at him: 'Yes,' and 'No,' were all her answers, with an air *so* stiff!—But this reserve lasted not above a quarter of an hour. Sir Charles addressed himself to *me*, with so much respect; to *her*, with so polite a freedom; that she could not hold her shyness.

Her brow cleared up; her eyes looked larger, and more free: her buttoned-up pretty mouth opened to a smile: she answered, she asked, questions; gave her required opinion on more topics than one, and was *again* all Miss Orme.

Every body took great notice of Sir Charles's fine address to her, and were charmed with him; for we all esteem Mr. Orme, and love his sister. How pleasant it was to see the sunshine break out in her amiable countenance, and the gloom vanishing, by degrees!

She took me out into the lesser parlour—'What a strange variable creature am I!' said she: 'how I hated this Sir Charles Grandison, before I saw him! for I was

resolved to dislike him, though he had been an angel: but, ah, my poor brother!—I am afraid, that I myself shall be ready to give up his interest!—No wonder, my dear Miss Byron, that nobody else would do, when you had seen this man!—But still let me bespeak your pity for my brother.—Would to Heaven you had not gone to London!—What went you thither for?

Sir Charles kindly enquired of her after Mr. Orme's health; praised him for his character; wished his recovery; and to be allowed to cultivate the friendship of so worthy a man: and all this with an air so sincere!—But good men must love one another.

SIR Charles has just now declared to my aunt, that he thinks of going up to town, or to Grandison Hall, I forget if they told me which, to-morrow or next day: perhaps he knows not to which, himself. I was surprized. Perhaps he is tired with us. Let me recollect—*Thursday was se'night!* Why, indeed, he has been down with us twelve days!—No less.

But he has no doubts, no suspences, from us, to keep love awake; his path is plain and smooth before him. He had demanded his day; we think we cannot immediately, and after so short a time past since his declaring himself, give it him—And why should he lose his precious time among us? I suppose he will be so good as to hold himself in readiness to obey our summons—He expects a summons from us, perhaps!

O my dear Lady G. I am I not perverse? I believe I am. Yet where there is room, for past circumstances, to dread a slight, though none may be intended, and truly as I honour and revere Lady Clementina, my mind is not always great enough (perhaps from consciousness of demerit) to carry itself above apprehension and petulance, noble as is the man.

My uncle is a little down upon it and why? Because, truly, my grandmamma has told him, that it is really too early yet to fix the day; and he reverences, as every body does, her judgment.

'But why,' he asks, 'cannot there be preparation making? Why may not something be seen going forward?'

'What! before the day is named?' my aunt asks—As Harriet had desired to have his next letters arrive before she directly answered the question, she could not recede.

He went from them both greatly dissatisfied, and exclaiming against women's love of power, and never knowing how to make a right use of it.

A message from Sir Charles. He fires to attend me. I believe I feel a little sullen; I know my heart; it is his own; and I am *loath* to disoblige him. But he was far, far more attentive to Lady Clementina's motions; don't think so, Lady G.? But she was excellent—Well—But hush!—I'll more!

I WILL give you an account of conversation. I verily believe, that he not touched the poor snail with his hasty finger, which made her slip gain into her shell, I might have brought to name the week, though the day.

But I will not anticipate.

He entered with a very polite and affectionate air. He inquired after my health and said, I looked not well—'Only ed!' thought I.

It is impossible, I believe, to hold pleasure in the presence of a beloved object, with whom we are not mortally offended. 'My dearest Miss Byron,' he, taking my passive hand, 'I am to ask your advice on twenty subjects. In the first place, here is a letter from Lady G. recommending me to a house of her own.' [He gave it to me. I read it.] 'Should you, Madam, approve of my venor Square?'

I was silent; you will guess how captious folly appeared to him, by what he said to me. He respectfully took my hand—'Why so solemn, dear Madam? Why so silent? Has any thing displeased you? Some little displeasure seems hang upon that open countenance. No, no, I hope?'

'Yet it is,' thought I. 'But I shall intend you should see it.—I clear up, and, without answering his question, 'It is in the neighbourhood of Lady G. I hope?'

'Thank you, Madam, for that.—It is. Not far from your cousin Reeves's.'

'I can have no objection, Sir.'

'I will refer myself, on this subject, to my sisters, and Lady G. He values himself on his taste in his house and furniture, and will be delighted to be put into commission with my sister on this occasion; or shall I stay till the party day is over, and leave the choice to yourself?'

'Lady G. Sir, seems pleased with the house. She writes that there is nothing to be said about it. It may not, then, be had.'

'Shall I, then commission her to buy it directly?'—What you please, Sir. He bowed to me, and said, 'Thank you.'

is settled. And now Madam, let me show all my arts. You would penetrate to them if I did not. You see, the great question is never out of my mind—I cannot but hope and believe, that I am above regarding mere punctilio. For you, my dearest Miss Byron, can you think, of some early day, in which to fix my happy day?—In preparation on your part, I presume will be thought necessary: as to were you to bless me with your hand and week, I should be beforehand in that matter.

I was silent. I was considering how to find some middle way that should make compliance appear neither disobliging nor affected.

I looked up at me with love and tenderness in his aspect; but having no answer proceeded—

My uncle, Madam, and Mr. Deane, inform you, that the settlements are cannot be disapproved of. I expect every day some slight tokens of my affection for my dear Miss Byron, which are adorned by the lovely wearer: I have not been so extravagant in them, as to make her think I build on toys for approbation. She will allow me to state my notions on this subject. In the article of personal appearance, I think propriety and degree should be considered, as well as fortune. Our degree, Madam, is not mean; but I have always wished for the revival of the old laws, have not sought, in this age, to emulate princes. In my own mind I am generally a conformist to the times. Singularity is usually the indication of something wrong in judgment. Perhaps, perhaps, dress too shewy, though a man, for one who builds nothing on outward appearance: but my father would be dressed. In matters which relate to morals, I chuse to appear to his tenants, as not doing discredit to his magnificent spirit*. I could think it becoming, as those, perhaps, who have the direction of the royal coin, to set my face the counterway to that of my predecessor. In all my father's steps, in which I tread, I did: and have chosen rather to build upon, than to demolish, his notions.—But how does my vanity mislead me! I have vanity, Madam; I pride, and some consequential failings, which I cannot always get above:

but, anxious as I ever shall be for your approbation, my whole heart shall be open to you; and every motive, every spring of action, so far as I can trace it, be it to my advantage or not, shall be made known to you. Happy the day that I became acquainted with Dr. Bartlett! He will tell you, Madam, that I am corrigible. You must perfect, by your sweet conversation, uncoupled with fear, what Dr. Bartlett has so happily begun; and I shall then be more worthy of you than at present I am.

‘O, Sir, you do me too much honour! You must be my monitor. As to the ornaments you speak of, I hope I shall always look upon simplicity of manners, a grateful return to the man I shall vow to honour, and a worthy behaviour to all around me, as my principal ornaments!’

His eyes glistened. He bowed his face upon my hand, to hide, as I thought, his emotion. ‘Excellent Miss Byron!’ said he. Then, after a pause, ‘Now let me say, that I have the happiness to find my humble application to you acceptable to every one of your friends. The only woman on earth, whom besides yourself, I ever could have wished to call mine, and all her ever to be respected family (pleading their own fakes) join their wishes in my favour; and were you to desire it, would, I am sure, signify as much to you under their own hands. I know not whether I could so far have overcome my own scruples in behalf of your delicacy, (placing myself, as persons always ought when they hope for favour, in the grantor's place) as to supplicate you so soon as I have done, but at the earnest request of a family, and for the sake of a lady, I must ever hold dear. The world about you expects a speedy celebration. I have not, I own, been backward to encourage the expectation: it was impossible to conceal from it the motive of my coming down, as my abode was at the inn. I came with an equipage, because my pride (how great is my pride!) permitted me not to own that I doubted.—Have you, Madam, a material objection to an early day? Be so good to inform me, if you have. I wish to remove every shadow of doubt from your heart.’

I was silent. He proceeded—

‘Let me not pain you, Madam!’—lifting my hand to his lips—‘I would not pain you for the world. You have seen the unhappy Olivia: you have, per-

* Byron observes, Vol. I. Letter XXXVI. that Sir Charles's dress and equipage are rather plain. She little thought, at that time, that he had such a reason to give for it, as suggests,

haps, heard her story from herself. What must be the cause upon which self-partiality cannot put a gloss? Because I knew not how (it was shocking to my nature) to repulse a lady, she took my pity for encouragement. Pity from a lady of a man, is noble.—The declaration of pity from a man for a woman, may be thought a vanity bordering upon insult. Of such a nature is *not* mine.—She has some noble qualities.—From my heart, for her character's sake, I pity Olivia; and the more for that violence of temper which she never was taught to restrain. If, Madam, you have any scruples on *her* account, own them: I will, for I honestly *can*, remove them.

‘O Sir! None! None!—Not the least, on that unhappy lady’s account.’

‘Let me say,’ proceeded he, ‘that Olivia reveres you, and wishes you (I hope cordially, for she is afraid still of your sister-excellence) to be mine. Give me leave to boast, (it is my boast,) that though I have had pain from individuals of your sex, I can look back on my past life, and bless God that I never, from *childhood* to *manhood*, wilfully gave pain either to the MOTHERLY or SISTERLY heart; nor from *manhood* to the *present hour*, to any other woman.’

‘O Sir! Sir!—What is it you call *pain*, if at this instant,’ (and I said it with tears) ‘that which your goodness makes me feel, is not so?—The dear, the excellent Clementina! What a perverseness is in *her* fate! She, and she *only* could have deserved you!’

He bent his knee to the greatly honoured Harriet.—‘I acknowledge with transport,’ said he, ‘the joy you give me by your magnanimity; such a *more* than sisterly magnanimity to that of Clementina. How nobly do you authorize my regard for *her*!—in you, Madam, shall I have all *her* excellences, without the abatements which must have been allowed, had she been mine, from considerations of religion and country. Believe me, Madam, that my love of her, if I know my heart, is of such a nature, as never can abate the fervour of that I vow to you. To both of you, my principal attachment was to MIND; yet let me say, that the *personal* union, to which you discourage me not to aspire, and the *duties* of that most intimate of all connexions, will preserve to you the *due* preference; as (allow me to say) it would have done to *her*, had she accepted of my vows.’

‘O Sir! believe me incapable of affectation, of petulance, of disguise! My heart, (Why should I not speak freely to Sir Charles Grandison?) is wholly yours!—

It never knew another lord! I will myself, that, had you never known Clementina, and had she not been a love, you never would have had a heart!—What pain must you have in the conflict! My regard for you me acknowledge my own vanity, pity for you!’

‘I gushed into tears—’ you must me, Sir—I cannot bear the *exaltation* have given me!’

I turned away my face: I then should have fainted.

He clasped me to his bosom; his cheek to mine: for a moment either of us could speak.

He broke the short silence. ‘I the effects on your tender health, pain that I, or rather your own greatness of mind, gives you. Beloved of my kissing my cheek, wet at that moment with the tears of both, ‘forgive me. And be assured, that reverence *always* accompany my love. Will it much, just now, to re-urge the duty shall answer the wishes of Clementina her noble brothers, of all our own and make you wholly mine!’

His air was so noble; his eyes so much awe, yet such manly that my heart gave way to its natural pulse—‘Why, Sir, should I not my reliance on your candour? Honour, in the world’s eye, I entrust to you, but did me not do an improper thing my desire of obliging you should me forget myself.’

Was not this a generous religion? Did it not deserve a generous return? he, even Sir Charles Grandison, vowed to make his advantage of letters from Italy unreceived! as thought my reference to those a pain also.

‘What a deposit!—Your honour, dam, is safely entrusted. Can be honour?—It is but the shadow. What but *that* stands against you of an early day?—Do not think me by any impatience to call you take an undue advantage of your scension. Is it not the happiness that I wish to confirm? And shall I fer false delicacy, false gratitude, place of the true?—Allow me, Madam. But you seem uneasy—I will give time I had intended to beg you permit me to limit you to. Let me from you the choice of some one before the expiration of the next year.’

‘Consider, Sir!’

‘Nothing, Madam, happens to my behaviour to cause you so great a generous trust: from abroad there

looked to be in earnest in his request, was it not *almost* an ungenerous one to my confidence in him? Twelve months only had elapsed since his personal return; the letters from Italy which he had allowed me to wait for, unrequited; Lady D. one of the most delicate of women, knowing too my personal regard for your brother: and must I hurry have the worse appearance of it? No preparation yet thought my aunt thinking his former urgency, as she honours him, rather too wanting—My spirits, hurried before, really affected. Do not call me a girl, dearest G. I endeavoured to; but at the instant, could not dis-

‘I am sorry, Madam, that what I have said has so much disturbed you. Surely one day in the fourteen—’

‘Indeed, indeed, Sir,’ interrupted I, ‘have surprised me: I did not think I could have wished so to limit me—I expect—’

‘What, loveliest of women! will you come to expect? The day is still at your choice. Revoke not, however, your generous concession till Mrs. Shirley, Selby, and our Lucy are consulted. You, dearest Madam, be determined on?’

‘I say not, Sir, to any of them, after an instance of my confidence in you, the honour of your accustomed generosity, say it not—that you could forsake; and I will endeavour to forget it.’ Consider, my dearest Miss Byron—‘I believe my grandmamma is come,’

‘They are all goodness: they will inquire. I will tell you, Madam,’ taking her hand, and seating me, ‘what is my opinion, if you approve of it. All the world suppose that my application for your favour meets with encouragement: I respect, as I have told you, a speedy gratification. I took my lodgings at a little distance from you, at a place of great entertainment; perhaps, (pardon me, Madam, for the sake of my ingenu-ity) with some view, that the general,’ [See, Lady G.? it is well he should say so!] ‘would help to accelerate my happy day: but, Madam, to continue my daily visits from thence, when my happiness is supposed to be near, will perhaps look so well.’ [We are to be so for looks, it seems.]—‘indeed I should not be thought to despise the opinion: the world, when it will not, is not always wrong; it can judge better than it can act itself—’

The change of my lodgings to others in this house, or in Shirley Manor, will not perhaps be allowed till I am blessed with the hand of the dearest relation of both: I therefore think of going up to town *declaredly* (Why not?) to prepare for our nuptials; and to return near the time agreed upon for the happy celebration. Then will either this house or Shirley Manor, be allowed to receive the happiest of men.

He stopt: I was silent. He proceeded, looking tenderly, yet smilingly, in my downcast face, still holding my hand—‘And now, dearer to me than life, let me ask you—Can you think it an unpardonable intrusion on your condescending goodness, that I make the time of my return to Miss Byron not over tedious? Fourteen days, were you to go to the extent of them, would be an age to me, who have been so many days as happy as a man in expectation can be. I do assure you, Madam, that I could not have had the insolence to make you a request, which I rather expected to be forgiven, than complied with. I thought myself not ungenerous in the confidence you reposed in me, that I gave you so much time. I thought of a week, and began apologizing, lest you should think it too short; but, when I saw you disturbed, I concluded with the mention of a fortnight. My dearest creature, (think me not unreasonable in my expectations of your compliance—’

‘What, Sir! in a fortnight?’

‘As to preparations, Madam, you know the pleasure my sisters will have in executing any commissions you will favour them with on so joyful an occasion. Charlotte had not so much time for preparation. But were not every thing to be in readiness by the chosen day, there will be time enough for all you wish, before you would, perhaps, chuse to see company.—Consider, my dearest life, that if you regard punctilio merely; punctilio has no determinate end: punctilio begets punctilio. You may not half a year hence imagine that to be sufficiently gratified. And allow me to say, that I cannot give up my hope till your grandmamma and aunt decide that I ought.’

‘How, Sir!—And can you thus address me?—But I will allow of your reference—’

‘And be determined by their advice, Madam?’

‘But I will not trust you, Sir, with pleading your own cause.’

‘Are you not arbitrary, Madam?’

‘In this point, if I am *thought* not to be so?’

‘Yes, if you will *resume* a power you had so generously resigned.’

‘May I not, Sir, when I think it overstrained in the hands of the person to whom, in better hopes, it was delegated?’

‘That dear lady, is the point to be tried. You consent to refer the merits of it to your grandmamma and aunt?’

‘If I *do*, Sir, you ought not to call me *arbitrary*.’

‘It is gracious,’ bowing, ‘in my sovereign lady, to submit her absolute will and pleasure to arbitration.’

‘Very well, Sir!—But will you not submit to *my own* award?’

‘Tell me, dear Miss Byron, tell me, if I *do*, how generous will you be?’

‘I was far from intending—’

‘Was, Madam—I hope I may dwell upon that word, and repeat my question?’

‘Am, Sir. I *am* far from intending—’

‘No more, dear Madam. I appeal to another tribunal.’

‘Well, Sir, I will endeavour to recollect the substance of this conversation, and lay it in writing before the judges you have named. Lucy shall be a third.’

‘You will permit me, Madam, to see your state of the case, before you lay it before the judges?’

‘No, Sir. None but they must see it, till it makes part of a letter to Lady G. who then shall shew it only to Lady L.’

‘It is the harder to be thus prescribed to, my dear Miss Byron, because—’

‘What, Sir, in my day?’

‘That was what I was going to urge, because *mine* will never come. Every day, to the end of my life, will be yours. [Dear man!—] Only, Sir, as I *deserve* your kindness: I wish not for it on other terms. And you shall be then sole judge of my deserts. I will not appeal to any other tribunal.’

He gracefully bowed. ‘I think,’ said he, smiling, ‘I must withdraw my intended appeal: I am half afraid of my judges; and perhaps ought to rely wholly on your goodness.’

‘No, no, Sir! Your *intention* is your *all*. In that sense you have appealed to Cæsar. [Alluding to Fesus’s answer to St. Paul, Acts xxv. 12.]

‘I never before was in love with despotism. You mention writing to my sisters: you correspond with them, I presume, as you formerly did with *our* Lucy. Let me tell you, Madam, that you had not been *Miss Byron* FOURTEEN days after I was favoured with the sight of those letters, had I been at liberty to offer you my heart, and could I have prevailed on you to accept it. Your distress, your noble frankness of heart—’

‘And let me own, Sir, as an instance of the frankness you are pleased to express, that gratitude for the deliverance you so nobly gave me, had as much over my heart, as the openness of my mind, and my distress could have over you.’

‘Sweet excellence!—Complete generous goodness to a grateful heart is a grateful one; and shorten the exercise of your *single* power, in order to exert it!’

Lucy appeared, but seeing us engaged in conversation, was about to retire; he, stepping to her, and taking her hands—‘OUR Lucy,’ obligingly said, ‘you must come in—You are to be judge of three in a certain cause, that come before you—And I hope—’

‘No prejudgings, Sir Charles,—You are not to plead at all.’

‘Yet deeply interested in the cause,’ Miss Selby! said he.

‘A bad sign, cousin Byron!’ said Lucy. ‘I begin already to doubt the success of your cause.’

‘When you hear it, Lucy, may you usually do, the golden rule, you will have nothing to fear.’

‘I tell you, before-hand, I am inclined to favour Sir Charles. No three can be found, but will believe, his character, that he cannot do wrong.’

‘But from mine, that I may—Lucy!—I did not expect this from my cousin. You must not, I think, be my judges.’

‘To this place, I have shewn the judges. The following is their decision, drawn up by the dear lady’s agent, my grandmamma.’

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, AND HARRIET BYRON. ST I CONSIDER

‘WE, the undersigned, do find the case laid before us by the said Harriet, that in the whole conversation between the said Sir Charles and her, she has behaved herself with that delicacy, yet with that laudable modesty, that might be expected in a young lady of her character, and her merits. We think the said gentleman has the advantage of her in the arguments for the early settlement of her fortune; and if she had defended herself by little artifices and dissimulation, she should have no scruple to decide in her favour: but as she has shewn, throughout the conversation, noble intemperance, trust reposed, and even acknowledged affection; we recommended both a compromise.

‘We allow, therefore, Sir Charles Grandison to pursue his intention of going up to town, *discreetly* to pay

day; and recommended it to me, in consideration of the merits of my father, (who lays his whole heart before her, in a manner too generous to meet with a like return) to me early a day as, in prudence, she thought fit. — The next day, she writes me the rest, may the Almighty show his blessings on both! May all contentions, like this, be those of true delicacy! May they live many, very many happy years, a sample of conjugal felicity! And their exemplary virtues meet with a like reward! — So prays, so subscribes, &c.

HENRIETTA SHIRLEY,
MARIANNE SELBY,
LUCY SELBY.

Tomorrow morning, when Sir Charles is to breakfast, this paper will be presented to him by my grandmamma. I wonder whether Sir Charles writes to me, or not. I shall be glad to hear of it. If he does, what would I give to see his letters! and, particularly, what he says of the little delays he meets with. — But do dear lady G. acquit me of my duty and parade. Indeed it is not I who hope he himself acquits me, and I am not so much as to be so reasonably hasty.

My dear lady G. does not but express a little curiosity at my hint of Lady Olivia's false opinion of me, though not at all surprised; and he was so good as to shew me my grandmamma and aunt, a most extraordinary character which she writes me in a long letter. I saw it was very true. I was very *even-ib*, my dear lady G. afterwards, that I did so *feel* at my word, importing *sympathy*; and I was angry at myself for giving her such a put her upon applying to it, for using it.

My dear Olivia writes such high things, that I blush—I did not, could not, but now, you cannot imagine how more than ever I pity her. Do all that, as the men say, love flatters. I did not think I did—I shall find the obliquities of my heart in time. I supposed once to be so good a creature, if none other were half so good! My partial friends! you studied to be in the dark; but here comes a darting into all the crooked and corners of my heart; and I shrink at the dazzling eye; and, compared to my dear Clementina, let me add) appear such a nothing—

I have had the mortification, once

or twice, to think myself less than the very Olivia, upon whom, but lately, secure of my mind's superiority to her mind, I looked down with a kind of proud compassion; and whence this exaltation of Olivia, and self-humiliation? — Why, from her magnifying beyond measure the poor Harriet, and yielding up her own hopes, entreating him, as she does, to address me; and that with such honourable distinction, as if my acceptance of him were doubtful, and a condescension.

I wish I could procure you a copy of what your brother read to me. — Ah, my dear! it is very soothing to my pride! — But what is the foundation of that pride? Is it not my ambition to be thought worthily of by the best of men? And does not praise stimulate me to resolve to *deserve* praise? I will *endeavour* to deserve it. But, my dear, this Olivia, a fine figure herself, and loving in spite of discouragement, can praise to the object of her love, the *person*, and still more, the *mind*, of her rival! — Is not that great in Olivia? Could I be so great, if I thought myself in danger from her?

LETTER XXX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

SELBY HOUSE, WEDN. OCT. 25.

SIR Charles came not this morning till we were all assembled for breakfast. I had begun to think, whether, if I had been Sir Charles, and he had been Miss Byron, I would not have been here an hour before, expecting the decision of the judges to whom a certain cause was referred. O my dear Lady G. how narrow-minded I am, with all my quondam heroism! The knowledge of his past engagements with the excellent Clementina, and of his earnest wishes then to be hers, makes me, on every occasion that can be tortured into an appearance of neglect or coldness, so silly! — Indeed I am ashamed of myself. But all my petulance was dispelled, the instant he shone upon us.

Well my dear ladies, said he, the moment he took his place, whisperingly to my grandmamma, (who sat between my aunt and Lucy) 'is sentence given?'

It is, Sir Charles. — He took my hand, cross my Nanty's lap, as she sat between him and me. — I have hopes, my dear Miss Byron, [from the foolishness in my looks, I suppose] that you are *cast*.

Have patience, Sir, said I. — It is well that the best of us are not always to be our own carvers.

He looked, Lucy said afterwards, with eyes of love upon me, and of apprehen-

sion on his judges; and the discourse turned upon indifferent subjects.

I retired as soon as breakfast was over; and he demanded his sentence.

My uncle was, as he called it, *turned out of door* before my grandmamma gave your brother the paper.

Sir Charles read it—'You are not serious upon it, Sir Charles?' said my grandmamma.—'I am infinitely obliged to you, ladies,' replied he. 'I love to argue with my dear Miss Byron: I must attend her, this moment.'

He sent up Sally before him, and came up. I was in my closet; and scrupled not to admit him.

Henceforth, my dearest dear Miss Byron, said he, the moment he approached me, (as I stood up to receive him) 'I salute you undoubtedly mine.'—And he saluted me with ardour.—'I knew not which way to look—So *polite* a lover, as I thought him!—Yet never man was so gracefully free!—It remains now, Madam, proceeded he, still holding my hand, 'to put to trial your goodness to me, [*You have done that already,* thought I] in the great question, by which I am to conduct myself for the next week, or ten days.—*Week or ten days,* thought I. 'Surely, Sir, you are an encroacher.'

'You see, Sir,' said I, when a little recovered, 'what judges who, on such points as these, cannot err, have determined.'

'Yes, they *can*,' interrupted he: 'as ladies, they are parties.—But I submit: Their judgment must be a law to me.—I will go up to town, as they advise. I cannot, however, be long absent from you. When I return, I will not put up at a publick place. Either your uncle, or your grandmother, must allow me to be their guest. This will oblige you. I hope even for the dear punctilio sake, to honour me with your hand very soon after my return.'

He paused: I was silent. His first address had put me out. 'Remember, Madam, I said,' resumed he, 'that I cannot be long absent: you are above being governed by mere punctilio. Add to the obligations your generous acceptance of me has laid me under.—Why sighs my angel?' [It was, my dear Lady G. an involuntary sigh!]'—'For the world, I would not give you either sensible or lasting pain. But if the same circumstances would make your nomination of a day as painful to you, some time hence, as now, then bleis me with as early a day as you CAN give me, to express myself in the words of my judges.'

'This, Sir,' said I, (but I had and looked down) 'is one of the points which precede one of the solemn circumstances of my life, seem more in earnest for an answer than I could have expected. I have declared that affection has no in the more distant compliance, I allowed, by the nicest of my own lay open to a man so generous, to precipitating, my whole heart. deed, Sir, it is wholly yours.—I ed, as I felt, and turned away my. It was a free declaration: but I solved to banish affection. He profoundly on my hand, and kind Gratitude looked out in his eyes, appeared in his graceful manner, attentively silent.'

'You was my deliverer,' proceeded I. 'An esteem founded on gratitude the object so meritorious, ought me above mere forms.—Our judges that you have the advantage in the ment.'

'I will lay no stress, Madam, on part of their judgment in my favour. To your goodness, and to that so acknowledged esteem, I wholly refer myself.'

'I think myself,' proceeded I, 'you have the advantage in the argument.—All that is in my power, I would do to oblige you.'

'Condescending goodness!'—he bowed on my hand.

'Do you think, Sir—'

'Why hesitates my love?'

'Do you think, six weeks—'

'Six ages, my dearest, dear creature!—Six weeks! For Heaven's sake, Madam—' He looked, he spoke, with tenderness.

'What can a woman, who has ed your title to *expect* to be obliged—Let me, at least, ask—' (and I perfectly hesitated) 'a month, Sir, this day—and that you will acknowledge yourself not perversely or weakly to me.'

He dropt on one knee, and kissed my hand, once, twice, thrice, with tears. 'Within the month, then, I cannot live a month from you—me to return in the first fortnight month.'

'O Sir! and take up your time with us, on your return!'

'Undoubtedly, Madam.—' O Sir.—'Do you also, dearest Madam, consider; and banish me not from so very long a time.'

My heart *swelled*, I thought, with him; but to allow him to return as he was to take up his abode

was that, but, in effect, complying with his first proposal?

Permit me, Sir, to retire. Indeed, are too urgent.

asked my excuse; but declared, that would not give up his humble plea, till he called it) unless my grand-

ma and aunt told him, that he ought, on his leaving me, to return to com-

below, he presented me with four boxes. 'Accept, my beloved Miss

Byron, said he, 'of these trifles.'—I and them not till this morning.

He had the day to hope from you, my would not suffer me to offer them,

you should suspect me mean enough to imagine an influence from them. I

are myself by the tender, and I comply custom, which I am fond of doing,

never I can innocently do it. But if you, that you, my dear Miss Byron,

the heart more than a thousand the value of these—Mine, Madam,

and will be yours to the end of life.

that could I say?—My heart, on rejection, reproaches me for my un-

successful acceptance. I curtsied. I was Sir Charles Grandison only can be

to every occasion.

looked as if my not refusing them a favour more than equivalent to the

of the presents. 'My dearest life,' on putting them on my toilette,

much you oblige me?—Shall I con- you to our friends below? Will you

your grandmamma and aunt with debate, and my bold expectation?

good still. He took my hand, press- with his lips, and with a reverence

than usually profound, as if he had instead of conferred a favour,

grew. Never was a present so grace- made! I cannot describe the grace

which he made it.

uncle, it seems, as soon as he went asked him, how he had settled the

affair? My grandmamma and aunt breath, as he paid his compliments

em, asked him, if their Harriet had good?—or, as good as he expected?

Miss Byron, said he, 'has taken time than I could have wished she

A month she talks of.'

Has she complied so far?' said my grandmamma: 'I am glad of it. I was

she would have insisted upon more

was I,' said my aunt. But who withstand Sir Charles Grandison?

the dear girl given you the very Sir?

Madam. If she had, I should hoped it would have been consider-

ably within the month.—As yet ladies, I hope it will.

'Nay, Sir Charles, if you are not pleased with a month—' said my aunt.

'Hush, dear ladies! Here comes the angel. Not a word, I beseech you, on

that side of the question.—She will think, if you applaud her, that she has consent-

ed to too short a term.—You must not make her uneasy with herself.'

Does not this look as if he imagined there was room for me to be so?—I almost

wish—I don't know what I wish, except I could think but half so well of

myself as I do of him: for then should I look forward with less pain in my joy

than now too often mingles with it.

Your brother excused himself from dining with us: that Garville has enga-

ged him. Why would he permit himself to be engaged by him? Greville cannot

love him: he can only admire him, and that every body does, who has been but

once in his company. Miss Orme, even Miss Orme, is in love with him. I re-

ceived a note from her while your brother was with us. These are the con-

tents—

'DEAR MISS BYRON,

'I AM in love with your young baronet. It is well that your beauty and

your merit secure you, and make every other woman hopeless. To see and know

Miss Byron is half the cure, unless a woman were presumption itself. O my poor

brother!—But will you let me expect you, and as many of the dear family as

you can bring to breakfast to-morrow morning?—Sir Charles Grandison, of course.

Shew your own obligingness to me, and your power over him, at the same time. Your cousins Holles's will

be with me, and three sister-toasts of York; besides that Miss Clarkson, of

whose beauty and agreeableness you have heard me talk. They long to see you.

You may come. Poor things! how they will be mortified! If any one of them can

allow herself to be less lovely than the others, she will be least affected with your

superiority. But let me tell you, that Miss Clarkson, had she the intelligence

in her eyes that somebody else has, and the dignity with the ease, would be as

charming a young woman. But we are all prepared, I to love, they to admire,

your gentleman. Pray, pray, my dear, bring him, or the disappointment will

kill your

KITTY ORME.

Lucy, acquainting Sir Charles with the invitation, asked him, if he would oblige

Miss Orme. He was at our command, he said—So we shall breakfast to-morrow

at the Park.

But I am vexed at his dining from us to-day. So little time to stay with us! I wish him to be *complaisant* to Mr. Greville; but need he be so *very* obliging? There are plots laying for his company all over the country. We are told, there is to be a numerous assembly, all of gentlemen, at Mr. Greville's. Mr. Greville humorously declares, that he hates all women for the sake of one.

We have just opened the boxes. O my dear Lady G. your brother is either very proud, or his fortune is very high! Does he not say, that he always consults fortune, as well as degree, in matters of outward appearance? He has not, in these presents, I am sure, consulted either the fortune or degree of your Harriet—Of your *bappy* Harriet, I had like to have written: but the word *bappy*, in this place, would have looked as if I thought these jewels an addition to my happiness.

How does his bounty insult me, on my narrow fortune!—Narrow, unless he submit to accept of the offered contributions of my friends—

Contributions!—Proud Harriet, how art thou, even in thy exaltation humbled!—*Trifles*, he called them: the very ornamenting one's self with such *toys*, may, in his eye, be thought trifling, though he is not above complying with the fashion, in things indifferent: but the cost and beauty of these jewels considered, they are *not* trifles. The jewel of jewels, however, is his heart!—How would the noble Clementina—Hah, *pen!* Heart, rather, why, just now, this check of *Clementina*?—*I know why*—Not from want of admiration of her; but when I am allowing my heart to open, then does—something *here*, in my inmost bosom [Is it conscience?] strikes me, as if it said, 'Ah, Harriet!—Triumph not; rejoice not! Check the overflowings of thy grateful heart!—Art thou not an invader of another's right?'

LETTER XXXI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

THURSDAY, MORNING, OCT. 26.

I Will hurry off a few lines. I am always ready before these fiddling girls; Lucy and Nancy, I mean. Never tedious, but in dressing! They will overdo the morning appearance. I could beat them. So well acquainted with propriety as they are; and knowing the beauty of elegant negligence. Were I not afraid of Lucy's repartee; and that she would say I was laying out for a compliment; I would tell them, they had a mind to try to

eclipse Miss Clarkson and the Young ladies. Your brother *forgot*, as we dined, at that Greville's. *See upon* I did not think he had so little care of himself!—Vain Harriet! Perhaps *chose* to be rather *there* than *here*, for *quality* sake. I shall be fancy-bye-and-he is, below, strongly engaged in with my aunt—About me, I say, 'Ah, to be sure;' methinks your ship says. He can talk of nobody—Well, and what if one could *could* not? [*What are these girls*—No less than one and twenty gentlemen at Greville's, besides the prince of all. They were all ready to worship. Fenwick looked in just now, and so. He says that your brother was the liveliest man in the company. He is mirth, he says, and visibly exerted self the more, finding the turn of conversation likely to what might be expected from such a company of all Wretches! can twenty of them, met, be tolerable creatures, not among them, to soften their manners, give politeness to their conversation? Fenwick says, they engaged him at once to talk of different regions, customs. He was master of every language. Half a score of mouths were open whenever he spoke, as if disarmed of gags, was his word; and every one broader than ever they were before. Fenwick has humour: little: not much; only by accident, unlike *himself* at times that he was for a different man. His aping Greville helps his oddness.—How I ramble! will think I am aping my dear Lady Mocking's catching; [*O these girls*—I think time lost when I am not useful to you. You cannot imagine what a thief I am to my company. I steal myself and get down before I am half a score times in a couple of hours. Sir Charles sing to the wretches all sung. They encored him with mercy.—He talks of setting out for on Saturday early. Lord bless me! shall I do when he is gone? Do you say this? If I *do*, I am kept in tenance: every body says so, as usual.—But ah! Lady G. he has invited the gentlemen, the whole twenty of my cousin James, and my uncle, with him at his inn, to-morrow. Nasty inn! Why did we let him go there?—I am afraid he is a wicked yes, yes! wicked Harriet! What thy heart, to doubt it? A fine old upon the age; as if there could be one good man in it! and as if

could not be a man of vivacity and
From whom can spirits, can cheer-
ness, can debonaireness, be expected,
from a good man?—I will shew these
by the quantity I have written;
they have made me wait. Prating, I
say, to my Sally, about Sir Charles's
cess talk of nobody else.

Lady! 'Yes, you dear creatures;
ought to have been a leaf and a half
writing ago!'—Adieu, Lady G.
on return from Miss Orme's.

THURSDAY NOON.

It came back from Miss Orme's.
Charles and my grandmamma are now
together, in serious talk. I know
the subject, by the dear parent's
often smiling upon me, as I sat
distance, and by his eye taking the
place, as I may call it, of hers, turned
towards me; so I stole up to my

we were very politely treated by Miss
Clarkson. The three Yorkshire sisters
lovely women. Sir Charles has told
that mere beauty attracts only his
as fine flowers do in a gay parterre.
I know that, my dear; that's the
typical description of himself. The
men and women are not always the
persons. The ladies, one and all,
his back was turned, declared, that
the gallantest man they ever were
company with. He said the easiest
things, they ever heard spoken.

never were in his company before:
might else have heard as fine. Such
they observed, (so does every bo-
yet so much ease, in all he said, as well
his whole behaviour—Born to be a
back man, would his pride permit him
at being so!—Not a syllable, how-

but what might be said to
with the strictest truth. Sir Charles
Clarkson [It is Lucy's observation, as
mine] addresses himself to women,
men, not as goddesses; yet does ho-
to the persons, and to the sex. Other
not knowing what better to say,
angels of them, all at once. The
things are ever said by men of the
understandings; and, their bolts
shot, the poor souls can go no far-

So silly!—Has not your ladyship
of these in your eye, who make out
by grinning in our faces, in order
to use us of their *sincerity*? Com-
mon men don't consider, that if the
they egregiously flatter, were what
would have them believe they think
they would not be seen in such com-

But what do you think the elder sister
of the three said of your brother?—She
was sure, those eyes, and that vivacity and
politeness were not given him for nothing.
Given him for nothing! What a phrase is
that! In short, she said, that *practice* had
improved his natural advantages. *This* I
have a good mind to say of *her*—Either
she has not charity, or her heart has paid
for enabling it's mistress to make such an
observation. *Practice!* What meant she
by the word!—Indeed your brother was
not quite so *abstractedly* inattentive, I
thought, to the beauty of Miss Clarkson;
but he might give some *little shadow* of
ground, for observation to a censorious
person.

I sometimes think, that, free and open
as his eyes are, his character might suffer,
if one were to judge of his heart by them.
Lord L. I remember, once said, that la-
dies abroad used to look upon him as
their own man, the moment they beheld
him.—Innocently so, no doubt, and in
their conversation-assemblies. Poor La-
dy Olivia, I suppose, was so caught! at
an unhappy moment! perhaps when her
caution was half-asleep, and she was loth
to have it too rudely awakened. But
ought I, your Harriet, to talk of this—
Where was *my* caution, when I suffered
myself to be surprized?—O but my *grati-
tude* was my excuse. Who knows what
Olivia might have to plead?—We have
not her whole story, you know. Poor lady,
I pity her! To cross the seas, as she did!
—ineffectually!

But can you bear the pen-prattling: the
effects of a mind more at ease than it ever
expected to be!

I will go down. Can I be so long spa-
red? I am just thinking, that were I one
of the creatures called coquettes, the best
way to attract attention, when it grew
languid, is to do as I do from zeal in
writing to you—Be always going out and
returning, and not staying long enough
in a place to tire one's company, or suffer
them to turn their eyes upon any body
else. Did you ever try such an experi-
ment, Charlotte? But you never *could*
tire your company. Yet I think you have
a spice of that character in yours. Don't
you think so yourself?—But don't own
it, if you do—Hey-day! What's the
matter with me! I believe, by my slip-
pancey, I am growing quite well, and as
saucy as I used to be—Poor Lady Clemen-
tina! I wish she were happy! Then should
I be so.

My dear Lady G. we had a charming
conversation this day: my grandmamma
and your brother bore the principal parts
in it. It began with dress, and fashion;

and such like trifling subjects; but ended in the noblest. You know my grandmamma's cheerful piety. Sir Charles seemed at first only designing to attend to her wisdom: but she drew him in. O, my dear, he seems to be, yet not to know it, as good a man, as she is a woman! yet in years so different!—But austerity, uncharitableness, on one hand; ostentation, affectation, on the other; these are qualities which can have no place in his heart. Such a glorious benevolence! Such enlarged sentiments! What a happy, thrice happy woman, thought I, several times, must she be, who shall be considered as a partaker of his goodness! Who shall be blest not only in him, but for him; and be his, and he hers; to all eternity!

My aunt once, in the conclusion of this conversation, said, how happy would it be, if he could reform certain gentlemen of this neighbourhood! And as they were so fond of his company, she hoped he would attempt it.

Example, he answered, and a silent one, would do more with such men than precept. *They have Moses and the prophets.* They know when they do wrong, and what is right. They would be afraid of, and affronted at, a man pretending to instruct them. Decency from such men, is as much as can be expected. We live in such an age, added he, that I believe more good may be done by seeming to relax a little, than by strictness of behaviour. Yet I admire those, who, from a full persuasion of their duty, do not relax; and the more, if they have got above moroseness, austerity, and uncharitableness.

After dinner, Mr. Milbourne, a very good man, minister of a dissenting congregation in our neighbourhood, accompanied by Dr. Curtis, called in upon us. They are good friends, made so by the mediation of my grandmamma, some years ago, when they did not so well understand each other. Dr. Curtis had been with us more than once, since Sir Charles was our visiter. He greatly admires him, you need not doubt. It was beautiful, after compliments had passed between Sir Charles and the gentleman, to see the *modest man* shine out in your brother's behaviour. Indeed, he was free and easy, but attentive, as expecting entertainment and instruction from *them*; and leading each of them to give it in his own way.

They staid but a little while; and when they were gone, Sir Charles said, he wanted no other proof of their being good men, than they gave by their charity and friendship to each other. My uncle, who, you know, is a pious man

for the church, speaking a little of persons whom he called *schismatics*. Mr. Selby! said Sir Charles, let me be afraid of prescribing to tender consciences. You and I, who have been abroad in countries where they account us more than schismatics, would have been to have been prescribed to, or compelled in articles for which we ourselves are fully answerable to the common Father of all!

I believe in my conscience, Charles, replies my uncle, if the world were known, you are of the mind of king of Egypt, who said, he looked on the diversity of religions in his kingdom with as much pleasure as he did on the diversity of flowers in his garden.

I remember not the name of that king of Egypt, Mr. Selby; but I am in his mind. I should not, if I were to take pleasure in such a diversity: but the examples of kings are of great use to me. I would, by making my own as false as I could, let my people see the evidence of my persuasion, and my practical adherence to it: instead of encouraging erroneous ones by unjust severity. Religious zeal is generally a fiery thing: I would as soon quarrel with a man for his face, as for his religion. A good man, if not over-heated by zeal, will be a good man, whatever be his religion, and should always be entitled to our esteem as he is to our good offices, as a fellow creature.

The *methodists*, Sir Charles; think you of the *methodists*? Say you 'em; and, and, and, adds-dines, you not be my nephew.

You, now, my dear Mr. Selby, make me afraid of you. You throw menace, the only one you could possibly think of, that would make me rise.

You need not, you need not, he said Sir Charles! said my uncle, laughing. What say you, Harriet? Nay, Hay? looking in my down-cast eyes. Why speak you not, *dearly loved*? Sir Charles, if he had disobliterated, have been afraid?—Hay?

Dear Sir! you have not of late time been so—

So, what, Harriet? So, what, what?—looking me quite down.

Fie, Mr. Selby! said my grandmamma.

Sir Charles, stepping to me, instantly took my hand. O Mr. Selby, you are not kind, said he: let me to make my advantage of your kindness. My dear Miss Byron, and me withdraw; in compassion

let us withdraw: we will not hear children, as I see the ladies think he ought to be.

and he hurried me off. The surprise to me appear more reluctant than I in my heart.

every one was pleased with his air and manner; and by this means he relieved himself from subjects with which he seemed delighted, and obtained opportunity to come to himself.

He had he stopt, he would have been come: but hurrying me into the cellar, 'I am jealous, my love,' he, putting his arm round me: 'you are loth to retire with me. Forgive me but thus I punish you, whenever you come cause.' And, dear Lady G. he bright kissed me—My lip; and not cheek—and in so fervent a way—I you every thing, my Charlotte—I have been angry—had I known how, surprise. Before I could recollect myself, he withdrew his arm: and, resuming his usual respectful air, it would have made me look affected, had I then notice of it. But I don't remember any instance of the like freedom to Lady Clementina.

'My lovely love,' said he, 'to express myself in your uncle's stile, which is that of a heart, tell me, can you have pity on a poor man, when he is miserable, on a certain occasion, shewed you. See what a letter Sir Hargrave Pollock has written to Dr. Bartlett; who my advice about attending him.' I obtained leave to communicate it to my dear Lady L. and Lady G. Be it to return it to me. I presume, will read it here.

DEAR DR. BARTLETT.

CAN your company be dispensed with the best of men, for one, two, three—I have not had a happy hour since I saw you and Sir Charles Grandison at my house on the forest. All is pain and horror in my mind: my decency is, must be, of the blackest.

It is blacker than remorse: it is sinning; but no repentance: I cannot repent. Lord God of Heaven and earth, what a wretch am I! with such fortune; such estates! I am as rich as a king, yet more miserable than the beggar that begs his bread from door to door, and who oftener meets repulses than relief. What a glorious choice has the patron made! Youth unbroken; once his friend; he cannot know another. O that I had lived the life of a beggar! I cannot see a creature who does not extol him. My wine-merchant's

name is Danby.—Godb! God! What stories does he tell of him! Lord Jesus! What a heart must he have, that would permit him to do such things as Danby reports of him, of his own knowledge! While I—As young a man as himself; for what I know—With powers to do good, as great, perhaps greater than his own—Lord! Lord! Lord! what a hand have I made of it, for the last three or four years of my life! who might have reached threescore and ten with comfort! whereas now, at twenty-eight, I am on the very brink of the grave. It appears to me as ready dug; it yawns for me: I am neither fit to die, nor to live. My days are dreadful; my nights are worse: my bed is a bed of nettles, and not of down. Not one comfortable thought, not one good action, to resolve, in which I had not some vile gratification to promote!—Wretched man! It is come home to me with a vengeance.

You prayed by me: you prayed for me. I have not been so happy since—Come and make me easy—happy I can never be, in this world.—For pity, for charity sake, come and teach me how to bear life, or how to prepare for its cessation. And if Sir Charles Grandison would make me one more visit, would personally join in prayer with you and me, a glimpse of comfort would once more dash in upon my mind.

Try your interest with him, my dear Sir, in my behalf; and let me together. Where is he?—The great God of Heaven and earth prosper to him all his wishes, be he where he will; and be they what they will. Every body will find their account in his prosperity. But I!—what use have I made of the prosperity given me?—Merceda gone to his account; Bagenhall undone; Jordan shunning me; narrow-soul'd Jordan! He is reformed; but, not able to divide the man from the crime, he thinks he cannot be in earnest, but by hating both. God help me! I cannot, now, if I would, give him a bad example. He needed not be afraid of my staggering him in his good purposes.

One favour, for God's sake, procure for me—It is, that the man whose life once I fought, and thought myself justified by the provocation; who afterwards saved mine, for a time saved it, reserved as I was for pains, for sufferings in mind and body, worse than death.—That this man will be the executor of my last will. I have not a friend left. My relations are hungering and watching for my death, as birds of prey over a field of battle. My next heirs are my worst enemies, and most hated by me. Dear Sir Charles

Grandison, my deliverer, my preserver, from those bloody Frenchmen, if you are the good man I think you, completely kind to him you have preserved; and say you will be his executor. I will (because I must) do justice to the pretensions of those who will rejoice over my remains; and I will leave you a discretionary power, in articles wherein you may think I have shewn hatred. For justice sake, then, be my executor. And do you, good Bailett, put me in the way of repentance; and I shall then be happy. Draw me up, dear Sir, a prayer, that shall include a confession. You cannot suppose me too bad a man, in a christian sense. Thank God, I am a christian in belief, though I have been a devil in practice. You are a heavenly-minded man; give me words which may go to my heart; and tell me what I shall say to my God.

Tell Sir Charles Grandison, that he owes to me the service I request of him. For if he had not interposed so hellishly as he did on Hounslow Heath, I had been the Husband of Miss Byron in two hours; and she would have thought it her duty to reform me; and, by the great God of Heaven, I swear, it was my intention to be reformed, and to make her, if I could have had but her civility, though not her love, the best of husbands! Lord God of Heaven and earth! what a happy man had I then been!—Then had I never undertaken that damned expedition to France, which I have rued ever since. Let your patron know how much I owe to him my unhappiness, and he will not, in justice, deny any reasonable, any honest request that I shall make him.

Lord help me! what a long letter is here! My soul complains on paper: I do nothing but complain. It will be relief, if your patron and you will visit, will pray for, will pity, *the most miserable of men.* HARGRAVE POLLEXFEN.

Your brother's eye followed mine, as I read: I frequently wept. In a soothing, tender and respectful manner, he put his arm round me, and taking my own handkerchief, unresisted, wiped away the tears as they fell on my cheek. These were his soothing words as my bosom heaved at the dreadful description of the poor man's misery and despair: Sweet humanity!—Charming sensibility!—Check not the kindly gush!—Dew drops of Heaven! wiping away my tears, and kissing the handkerchief—Dew drops of Heaven, from a mind like that Heaven, mild and gracious! Poor Sir Hargrave!—I will attend him.

'You will, Sir? That is very good of you!—Poor man! What a hard fate, has he made of it!'

'A hard, indeed,' repeated Sir Charles, his own benign eyes glistening.

'And will you be his executor, Sir? You will, I hope?'

'I will do any thing that my dear Byron wishes me to do; any thing may comfort the poor man, if indeed has not a person in whom he ought to confide, whether he is willing to do so, or no. My endeavour shall be, to reconcile to his relations: perhaps he hates me because they are likely to be his heirs: have known men capable of such meanness.'

When we came to the place where unhappy man mentions my having been likely to be his, in two hours time, a sadness came over my heart; I thought, 'Ah, Sir!' said I, 'how grateful I to be to my deliverer!'

'Ever amiable goodness!' resumed she. 'How have I been, how am I, how I be rewarded?'—With tender words, she kissed my cheek—'Forgive me, say a woman! A man can shew his love as a man. Your heart is the heart: it is to be; love, humanity, gracious benevolence, forgivingness, all the noble qualities which can adorn the human mind, are in perfection; yours! Be your sister-excellence happy! God grant and I shall be the happiest man in the world. You, Madam, who can pity an oppressor when in misery, can allow my grateful remembrance of that noble woman!'

Your tender remembrance of Miss Clementina, Sir, will ever be grateful to me.—God Almighty make her happy for your sake! for the sake of your Jeronymo; and for mine!

There spoke Miss Byron, and Clementina, both in one! Surely you too informed by one mind! What is this of countries! What obstacles can be, to disperse souls so paired?

But, Sir, Miss Clementina be engaged to marry! Must the woman who loved Sir Charles Grandison; who avows her love, and only prefers him to him; be obliged to give her hand to another man!

Would to Heaven that her tender, indulgent, as they have been to her, would not drive me to this. But how can I, of all men, recommend them in this case, when, they think it is wanting to obtain his assistance, but the knowledge that this can be mine?

Art you shall *still* call her yours, dear lady changes her resolution and to be so—*Ought* you not?"

And could Miss Byron—

—*could*, the *would*!" interrupted I, "dear, very dear, I am not ashamed to say it, would now the resignation be?"

—*valued* loveliness!"

Never, but by such a trial, can be at as Clementina?—Then could I do, take comfort in the brevity of my life. Never, never, would I be the wife of any other man. And shall Clementina be compelled?"

"Good God!" lifting up his hands and "With what noble minds hast thou afflicted these two women!—Is it

Madam that you wish to wait for the next letters from Italy? I have before, that I presumed not to deny myself to you till I was sure of Clementina's adherence to a resolution so taken. We will, however, expect the next letters. My situation has been happy. Nothing but the consciousness of my own integrity, (excuse me, the seeming boast) and a firm Providence, could, at certain times, have supported me."

"In my mind, my Charlotte, seemed too wrought. Seeing me much disturbed, resumed the subject of Sir Hargrave's letter, as a somewhat less affecting

"You see, my dearest Miss Byron, 'a kind of necessity for my happiness. Another melancholy occasion

poor Sir Harry Beauchamp de-
fined me, before he dies.—What a sad life is this!—I received Sir Hargrave's letter to Dr. Bartlett, and estimation from my Beauchamp, by a regular dispatch, just before I came

I grudge the time I must lose to-
day: but we must make some sacrifice in the good neighbourhood of civility.

Dr. Bartlett had a view, by inviting all his neighbours and me, to let himself be placed gracefully in a certain case. He

merit of his resignation to me, and all the company; every one of us admired my dear Miss Byron.

Received as I was, by every gentleman present, I could not avoid in-
terfering, in my turn; but I will endeavour to recover the time. Have I

approbation, Madam, for setting out on Saturday morning, early?—I am

must borrow of the Sunday some time for my journey. But visiting the

act of mercy."

will be so engaged to-morrow, I, with your numerous guests, my uncle and cousin James will add

to the number) that I suppose we shall hardly see you before you set out (early as you say that will be) on Saturday morning.

He said, he had given orders already (and, for fear of mistakes, should enforce them to-night) for the entertainment of his guests; and he would do himself the pleasure of breakfasting with us in the morning.—Dear Lady Clementina, forgive me!—I shall not, I am afraid, know how to part with him, though but for a few weeks.—How could you let him depart from you; you knew not but it would be for ever?—But you are a wonder of a woman!—I am, at least at this time, a poor creature, compared to you?"

I asked his leave to shew my grand-mamma and aunt, and my Lucy, as well as his two sisters, Sir Hargrave's letter. He wished that they *only* should see it.

The perusal cost the three dear friends just named some tears. My grand-mamma, Lucy tells me, (for I was writing to you when they read it) made some fine observations upon the different situations in which the two gentlemen find themselves at this time. I myself could not but recollect the gay, fluttering figure that the poor Sir Hargrave made at Lady Betty Williams's, perpetually laughing; and compare it with the dark scene he draws in the letter before me: all brought about in so short a space!

There are, I am told, *worst* men than this: were those who are but *as bad*, to be apprized of the circumstances of Sir Hargrave's story, as fully as we know them, would they not reflect and tremble at his fate, even though that of Merced's, (whose exit, I am told, was all horror and despair) and the unhappy Bagenhall, were not taken into the shocking account?

This last wretch, it seems, his spirits and constitution both broken, is gone, nobody knows whither, having narrowly escaped in person, from an execution that was out against him; body and goods; the latter all seized upon; his wife and an unhealthy child (and she big with another) turned out of doors; a mortgage in possession of his estate: the poor woman wishing but for means to transport herself and child to her mean friends at Abberville; a collection set on foot in her neighbourhood, for that purpose, failing; for the poor man was neither beloved nor pitied.

These particulars your brother's trusty Richard Saunders told my Sally; and in confidence that your brother, a little before he came down, being acquainted with

her destitute condition, sent her, by him, twenty guineas. Saunders said, he never saw a deeper scene of distress.

The poor woman, on her knees, received the bounty; blessed the donor; owned herself reduced to the last shilling; and that she thought of applying to the parish for assistance to carry her over.

Sir Charles staid not to supper. My grandmamma being desirous to take leave of her favourite in the morning, has been prevailed upon to repose here to-night.

I must tell you, my Charlotte, all my fears, my feelings, my follies: you are *now*, you know, my Lucy. Something arises in my heart, that makes me uneasy: I cannot account to myself for this great and sudden change of behaviour in Greville. His extraordinary civilities, even to fondness, to your brother! Are they consistent with his blustering character, and constant threatenings of any man who was likely to succeed with me? A turn of behaviour so sudden! Sir Charles and he in a manner strangers, but by character—And did he not so far prosecute his menaces, as to try, wicked wretch! what bluster and a drawn sword would do, and smart for it? Must not that disgrace incense him?—My uncle says, he cannot be a true spirit; witness his compromise with Fenwick, after a rencounter, which, being reported to be on my account, had like to have killed me at the time. And if not a true spirit, may he not be treacherous! God preserve your brother from all secret, as well as open attacks! And do you, my dear ladies, forgive the tender folly of your

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

FRIDAY MORN. EIGHT O'CLOCK,

OCTOBER 2.

THE apprehensions with which I was so weak as to trouble you, in the conclusion of my last, laid so fast hold of my mind, that, going immediately from my pen to my rest, I had it broken and disturbed by dreadful, shocking, wandering dreams. The terror they gave me, several times awakened me! but still as I closed my eyes, I fell into them again. Whence, my dear, proceed these ideal vagaries, which, for the time, realize pain or pleasure to us, according to their hue or complexion, or rather according to our own?

But such *contradictory* vagaries never did I know in my slumbers. Incoherences

of incoherence!—For example, married to the best of men; I married; I was rejected with scorn; presumptuous creature; I sought myself in holes and corners; I was out of a subterraneous cavern, the sea had made when it once broke and seemed the dwelling of howling conflicting winds; and when I was to be punished for my audaciousness for repining at my lot, I was turned an angel of light; stars of glory like a glory, encompassing my dear little baby was put into my arms. Once it was Lucy's; another time Emily's; and at another time Clementina's!—I was fond of all expression.

I again dreamed I was married. Charles again was the man. He loved me. My grandmamma and on their knees, and with tears, begged him to love their child; and placed him my love of him of long standing in gratitude; and that he was the man I ever loved. O how I wept dream! My face and bosom were wet with my real tears.

My sobs, and my distress, awakened me; but I dropt asleep, into the very same reverie. He woke me with being the cause that he loved Lady Clementina. He said, and I cry! I am sure he cannot look so that he thought me a much better creature than I proved to be: yet methinks in my own heart, I was not always so. I fell down at his feet. I called it my fortune, that he could not love me; would not say it was his fault. It perhaps, be his misfortune too. Then I said, 'Love and hatred are ways in one's power. If you cannot love the poor creature who kneels before you, that shall be a cause sufficient for divorce; I desire not to be parted from the man who cannot love me. Let me be divorced from you, Sir—You have liberty to assign any cause for the action, but *crime*. I will bind myself never to marry again; but you are free—And God bless you, and I can love better than your poor sister—Fool! I weep as I write!—Weak creature I am, since I have not well!

In another part of my reverie, I meddled; but when he nearly approached me, or I him, he always became wild, and flitted from me. Scenes opened from England to Italy, from Italy to England; Italy, I thought, was a wild, covered with snow, and with frost; England, on the other

country glorious to the eye; gilded
 sun not too fervid; the air per-
 fumed with odours wafted by the most
 luxuriant orange-trees, citrons,
 lemons, and jessamines. In Italy, at
 that time, Jeronymo's wounds were
 fresh; at another, they were breaking
 afresh. Mr. Lowther was obliged
 to leave the country: why, did not appear.
 He was a fourth brother, I thought;
 he taking part with the cruel Lau-
 rence, was killed by the general. Father
 Scotti was at one time a martyr for
 religion; at another, a cardinal; and
 at a third, of for pope.

Still, what was more shocking, and
 so terrified me that I awoke in a
 cold sweat, which put an end to all my reveries,
 (I slept no more that night)—Sir
 Harry, I thought, was assassinated by
 Greville. Greville fled his country for
 fear, and became a vagabond, a Cain, the
 murderer. I thought, of God and man—
 my poor Harriet, a widow; left in
 such calamitous circumstance that a
 man can be in—Good Heaven!—But,
 my dear, recollection!—Painful, most pain-
 ful recollection of ideas so terrible! none
 of intrusions—

more of these horrid, horrid incon-
 siderables, will I trouble you with! How
 they run away with me! I am hardly
 recovered from the tremblings into
 which they threw me!

But, my dear, is the reason, that tho'
 I know these dreams, these fleeting
 illusions of the working mind,
 and debased as it is by the organs
 which it conveys it's confined
 to the grosser matter, body; then
 inactive, as in the shades of
 sleep, yet that we cannot help being
 impressed by them, and meditat-
 ing interpretation of the flying vapours,
 reason is broad awake, and tells us,
 it is weakness to be disturbed at

—But superstition is, more or less,
 in every mind, a natural defect.
 It is that mind, which, on
 the other hand, is too strong to be effected
 by such fears it brings with it: and,
 other, runs not into the contrary
 error, scepticism, the parent of infi-

—I cannot imagine, my dear, the
 reason I had, the more for my various
 when your brother, so amiably
 in love, condescension, affability,
 in his manly countenance, alight-
 I saw him through my window, at
 the time I had the call to breakfast
 from Sir! I could have said, I have
 been disturbed by cruel, perplex-

ing, contradictory visions! Souls may be
 near, when bodies are distant. But are
 we not one soul? Could yours be un-
 affected when mine was so much disturb-
 ed?—But, thank God, you are come!
 Come safe, unhurt, pleased with me! My
 fond arms, were the ceremony passed,
 should welcome you to your Harriet. I
 would tell you all my disturbances from
 the absurd illusions of the past night, and
 my mind should gather strength from the
 confession of it's weakness.

He talked of setting out early to-mor-
 row morning. His first visit, he said,
 should be to Sir Harry Beauchamp; his
 next to Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. "Poor
 Sir Harry!" he said, and sighed for him.

Tender-hearted man! as Clementina
 often called your brother: he pitied Lady
 Beauchamp. "His poor Beauchamp!"
 The loss of a father, he said, where a
 great estate was to descend to the son, was
 the test of a noble heart. He could answer
 for the sincerity of his Beauchamp's
 grief, on this trying occasion. "Of what
 joy," said he [sitting between two of the
 best of women, equally fond of him,
 speaking low] "was I, was my father,
 deprived! He had allowed me to think of
 returning to the arms of his paternal love.
 I make no doubt, but on looking into his
 affairs; (his son, perhaps his steward) he
 would have done for his daughters, what
 I have done for my sisters. We should
 both of us have had a new life to begin,
 and pursue: a happy one, from my duty
 and his indulgence, it must have been.
 I had planned it out.—With all humility
 I would, by degrees, have laid it before
 him, first on one part, then another, at
 his condescension would have countenanced
 me."

Vile! vile reveries!—Must not this
 young man be the peculiar care of Heaven?
 How could my disturbed imagination ter-
 rify me but in a dream, that the machi-
 nations of the darkest mind, (as his must
 be, [Greville is not so bad a man] who
 could meditate violence against virtue so
 sacredly guarded) could be permitted to
 prevail against his like!

My grandmamma once, with tears in
 her eyes, as he talked of taking leave,
 laid her hand upon his, and instantly with-
 drew it, as if she thought the action too
 free. He took her hand, and with both
 his, lifted it to his lips—"Venerable
 goodness!" he called her. She looked so
 proud, and so comforted! every one so
 pleased!—It is a charming thing to see
 blooming youth fond of declining age!

They dropt away one by one, and I
 found myself left alone with him. Sweetly
 tender was his address to me!—How

shall I part with my Harriet?" said he. My eyes were ready to overflow. By a twinkling motion, I thought to disperse over the whole eye the self-felt too ready tear: my upper-lip had the motion in it, throbbing, like the pulsation which we call the life-blood.—I was afraid to speak, for fear of bursting into a fit of tenderness; yet was conscious that my very silence was more expressive of tenderness than speech could have been. With what delight did his eager eye (as mine, now-and-then glancing upward, discovered) meditate my downcast face, and silent concern! Yet such was his delicacy, that he took not that notice of it, in words, which, if he had, would have added to my confusion: it was enough for him, that he saw it. As he was contented *silently* to enjoy it, I am not sorry he *did* see it. He merited even open and unreserved assurances of love. But I the sooner recovered my spirits, for his delicate non-observance. I could not, circumstanced as we were, say I *wished* for his speedy return; yet, my dear, my purest wishes were, that he would not be long absent. My grandmamma pleases herself with having the dear man for her inmate, on his return; there is, therefore, no need, for the sake of the world's speech, to abridge my month; yet *ought* we to be shy of giving consequence to a man, who, through delicacy, is afraid to let us see that he assumes consequence from our speechless tenderness for him?—He restored me to speech, by a change of subject.

"Two melancholy offices shall I have to perform," said he, "before I have the honour to attend again my dearest Miss Byron: what must be the heart that melts not at another's woe!—As to Sir Hargrave, I don't apprehend that he is near his end; as is the case of poor Sir Harry. Sir Hargrave labours under bodily pains, from the attack made upon him in France, and from a constitution ruined, perhaps, by riot; and, having nothing of consolation to give himself from reflections on his past life, (as we see by his letter) his fears are too strong for his hopes. But shall I tell him, if I find it will give him comfort, that you wish his recovery, and are sorry for his indisposition? Small crevices let in light, sometimes upon a benighted imagination. He must consider his attempt upon your free-will (though not meant upon your honour) as one of the enormities of his past life."

—I was overpowered with this instance of his generous goodness. "Teach me, Sir, to be good, to be generous, to be

forgiving—like you!—Did you think proper for me to do—the poor man, whose insults upon his challenge were then my terror, how much (my terror!) in my mind all that you think will tend to give consolation."

"Sweet excellence! Did I ever meet in woman with such an enlargement of heart!—Clementina only, of women I ever knew, can be fit to parison with you: and had she been united to me, the union of minds born from difference of religion, could not have been so perfect, as yours and mine be."

Greatly gratified as I was by the compliment, I was sorry, methought, it was made me at the expence of my His words, "Did I ever hope to see a woman with such an enlargement of heart piqued me a little. 'Are not women capable as men,' thought I, 'of the same sentiments?'"

The leave he took of me was most tender. I endeavoured to check my sensibility. He departed with the blessing of the whole family, as well as mine, was forced to go up to my closet; I sat not down till near dinner-time; I was not; and yet my uncle accompanied my cousin James to Northampton; he had no apprehensions of his railway, wants trials sometimes, I believe, to support one's self with some outward fortitude, at least. Had I been at home, I should not have been given to much way to my sensibility, but soothing and indulgence, I believe, add to our imbecility of mind instead of strengthening our reason.

My uncle made it near eleven before he returned with my cousin. Not one of the company, at his departure, seemed inclinable to commend the elegance of the conversation and the ease and cheerfulness, and vivacity, of Sir Charles. How can we be so lively!—How many ways have we to divert ourselves, when our arduous attacks them!—While our women!—But your town diversions!—Your Ranelaghs, Vauxhalls—divert such of us as can carry us out of ourselves!—Yet are we to pay dear for the privilege; first by rendering our sex cheap in the eyes of men, harden our fronts, and increase the danger of losing that modesty, so necessary to our behaviour, which is the characteristic of women!

SATURDAY

He is gone: gone indeed!—early this morning. Every

light, it seems, full of his praises: I can admire him as much as the world.

I am glad of it, methinks; since in an indirect confession, that there are among them like him. Not so in superiority over our sex, therefore, in other, in general, with their *en- dowed hearts*. Have we not a Clementina, a Mrs. Shirley, and a long &c. &c. I will not *you*, my dear Lady L.—and G. to your faces: so I leave the translation.

We do so look upon one another here! so unsatisfied with ourselves! We are not half so good company as we were before Sir Charles came among us. Can that be? But my grandmama has left us too!—that's one thing. We retired to Shirley Manor, to morrow after so rich a regale; those were words.

Hope your brother will write to us. Did I not have asked him? To be sure he will; except his next letters from home should be—But, no doubt, he will write to us. Mr. Greville vows to my father, he will not come near me. He can wait, he says, bear to think of marrying; though he does what he can for comfort, himself with reflecting on the extraordinary merit of the man, who can deserve me. He wishes the day was over; and the d—l's in him, he says, if the irrevocableness of the event will not cure him. Mr. Fenwick had yesterday his final answer from Lucy; and he is to set out on Monday for Carlisle. He declares, that he will not return without his wife: so, thank Heaven, his heart is whole, notwithstanding his double disappointment.

My heart is set on hearing how excellent Clementina takes the news of our brother's actual address, and probability of succeeding. I should not think it at all surprizing, if, urged as she is to marry a man indifferent to her, (and lord of her heart unmarried) she retract—O my Charlotte!—What a variety of strange, strange, what shall I say? would result from such a situation and renewal of claim! I never thought myself superstitious; but the effects before me is so much beyond my power, that I can hardly flatter myself, that it will take place.

What think you, my dear, made me so apprehensively?—My aunt had shown me a letter she had written to me, desiring you—to exercise for us, in your judgment. I have no objection on this subject—I long ago gave up the notion of the winds.—But so I am!—So undoubting!—Are there not

many possibilities, and some probabilities, against us?—Something presumptuous!—Lord bless me, my dear, should any thing happen—Jewels bought, and already presented.—Apparel!—How would all these preparations aggravate? My aunt says, he *shall* be obliged: Lucy, Nancy, the Misses Holles, join with her. They long to be exercising their fancies upon the patterns which they suppose your ladyship and Lady L. will send down. My uncle hurries my aunt. So as *something* is going forward, he says, he shall be easy. There is no resisting so strong a tide: so let them take their course. They are all in haste, my dear, to be considered as relations of your family, and to regard all yours as kindred of ours. Happy, happy, the band, that shall tie both families together.

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXIII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO MISS BYRON.

LONDON, MONDAY NIGHT, OCT. 30.

YOUR humanity, my dear and ever dear Miss Byron, was so much engaged by the melancholy letter of Sir Hargrave to Dr. Bartlett, which I communicated to you; and by the distress of my Beauchamp, on the desperate state of his father's health; that I know you will be pleased to hear that I have been enabled to give some consolation to both.

Sir Harry, who is in town, wanted to open his mind to me with regard to some affairs which made him extremely uneasy; and which, he said, he could not reveal to any body else. He shewed some reluctance to entrust the secrets to my bosom. There shall they ever rest. He has found himself easier since. He rejoiced to me on the good understanding subsisting, and likely to subsist, between his lady and son. He desired me to excuse him for joining me with them, without asking my leave, in the trusts created by his will; and on this occasion, sending for his lady, he put her hand in mine, and recommended her, and her interests, as those of the most obliging of wives, to my care.

I found Sir Hargrave at his house in Cavendish Square. He is excessively low-spirited. Dr. Bartlett visited him at Windsor several times. The doctor prevailed on him to retain a worthy clergyman, as his chaplain.

The poor man asked after you, Madam. He had heard, he said, that I was soon likely to be the happiest of men: was it so? He wept at my answer; la-

mented the wretched hand, as he called it, that he had made it; blessed as he was with such prosperous circumstances, in the prime of youth; and wished he had his days to come over again, and his company to chuse. Unhappy man! he was willing to remove from *himself* the load which lay upon him. No doubt but this was the recourse of his companions, likewise, in extremity. He blessed my dearest Miss Byron, when I told him, she pitied him. He called himself by harsh, and even shocking names, for having been capable of offending so much goodness.

What subjects are these to entertain my angel with!—But though we should not seek, yet we ought not, perhaps, to *shun* them, when they naturally, as I may say, offer themselves to our knowledge.

But *another* subject calls for the attention of my dearest, loveliest of women: a subject that will lay a still stronger claim to it than either of the solemn ones I have touched upon. I inclose the letter which contains it. You will be so good as to read it in English to such of our friends as read not Italian.

This letter was left to Mrs. Beaumont to dispatch to me; whence it's unwished for delay: for the detained it, to send with it an equally obliging one of her own. The contents of this welcome letter, my dearest Miss Byron, will render it unnecessary to wait for an answer to my last to Signor Jeronimo; in which I acquaint him with my actual address, and the hopes I presume to flatter myself, with, I humbly hope you will think so.

I am not afraid that one of the most generous of women will be affected with the passage in which Signor Jeronimo expresses his pity for her, because of the affection, he says, I must ever retain for his noble sister. He says right. And it is my happiness, that you, the sister-excellence of the admirable Clementina, will allow me to glory in my *gratitude* to her. You will still more readily allow me so to do, when you have perused this letter. Shall not the man who hopes to be qualified for the supreme love, of which the purest earthly is but a type, and who aims at an universal benevolence, be able to admire, in the mind of Clementina, the same great qualities which shine out with such lustre in that of Miss Byron!

With what pride do I look forward to the visit that several of this noble family intend to make us, because of the *unquestionable* assurance that they will rejoice in my happiness, and admire the angel who is allowed to take place in my affections

of the angel who would not have failed to accept of my vows, had it not been as she expresses herself, for the *intention of inevitable obstacles*!

Mrs. Beaumont, in her letter, gave me the particulars of the conversation between her and Clementina, about the same words of those of Jeronimo, in the letter inclosed. She makes no doubt of Lady Clementina's will, in time, and the entreaties of her friends in favour of a man against whom, if she can be prevailed upon to forego her wishes to the veil, she can have no one object. You will see, Madam, by the instance what they hope for in Italy from what Clementina, what Jeronimo, and a whole excellent family hope for. I know how ardently my own family you to accelerate the happy day: I refer themselves wholly to you—Pray me, my dearest Miss Byron, I will you what are my hopes—They are, when I am permitted to return to Wiltshire, the happy day shall be postponed *three*.

And now, loveliest and dearest of men! allow me to expect the least of a line, to let me know how much the tedious month, from last Thursday you will be so good as to abate. I am me to say, that I can have nothing needs to detain me from the blessing my heart, after Friday next.

If, Madam, you insist upon the month, I beg to know, out of that part of our nuptial life, the *LAST* of FIRST, (happy, as I hope it will be) would be willing to deduct the fortnight, that will be carried into the blank space of courtship, by the day? I hope, my dear Miss Byron, I shall be able to tell you, years and after we are *OVER*, that there is no hour of those past, or of those to come that I would abate, or wish to be added into that *blank*. Permit me to say, that the days of courtship cannot be compared. Who celebrates the day of his first acquaintance, though it may be remembered with pleasure? Do not happy pair date their happiness from the day of marriage? How justly their hearts are *affured*, when minds are *settled*, are those which precede it, deemed a blank!

After all, your *charful* conversation with my wishes is the great desire. Whatever shall be your pleasure, I determine me. My utmost will be engaged by the combination of *advantages* you shall distinguish in the year, distinguished as it will be at the end of my life, that shall give

greatest blessing of it, and confirm me
your yours,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXIV.

FOR JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA,
TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

[INCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING.]

BOLOGNA, OCT. 18, M. S.

Gave you, my dear Grandison, in mine of the 5th, the copy of a paper sent by my sister, which filled us with joy of her compliance with the wishes of all her family. She took time for deliberation; time was given her; but she insisted on receiving your next letter before she came to any resolution. Beaumont herself was of opinion, the dear creature only meditated death, that also was ours. What, invincibly determined, as she is, to adhere to resolution she has so greatly taken, the hope for (said we among ourselves) the expected letters? For she had assured herself to be so determined, to her brother Giacomo, who actually assured her of all our consents to an alliance with you, if she repented of that resolution.

All this time we offered not to introduce, nor even to name to her the Count Belvedere. Awed by her former capacity, and by an excuriveness of imagination, which at times shewed itself in her words and behaviour, we avoided saying or doing any thing that was likely to disturb her. Giacomo himself, though he wanted to return to Naples, had patience with her pretty trifling beyond our expectation. At last arrived yours of the 10th September; kindly inclosing a copy of yours to her of the same date. We read not but your reply to mine of the 10th current, is on the road; and the contents will be such as we may rely on, from considerations of our happiness and your own: but these, we thought, without waiting for that, would answer the desired end. I will tell you what was said by every one on the receipt of both.

'Is this the man,' said the general, 'whom I sometimes so rudely treated? I am sure that we were reconciled before he was. I had formed a notion to his disadvantage; that he was capable of such a thing, and hoped to keep his hold in my affections, in view of some turn of favour: but he is the most single hearted of men. These two letters will strengthen our arguments. Clementina, more than once declared that she was him married to an English woman, cannot now, that she will see there

is a worthy with whom he thinks he can be happy, wish to stand in his way. These will furnish us with means to attack her in her strongest hold; in her generosity; her delicacy; and will bring to the test her veracity. The contents of these letters will confirm her before half-taken resolution, as in her paper, to oblige us. Let *Laurana*, as the Chevalier says, go into a nunnery: Clementina will marry, or she is a false girl; and the *Sforza* women will be disappointed.

My mother applauded you, and rejoiced to hear that there is a woman of your own nation who is capable of making you more happy than her daughter could.

'What difficulties,' said the young marchioness, (ever your friend,) 'must a situation so critical have laid him under! A man so humane! And what farther difficulties must he have to surmount, in offering to a woman, whom even Olivia, as he says, admires, a hand that has been refused by another? May this admired woman be propitious to his suit!'

'She must, she must!' said the bishop. 'If she has a heart disengaged, she cannot refuse a man so accomplished.—Jeronymo, hasten to be well. If she favours him, we will all go over and congratulate them both.'

'I, for my part,' said I, 'would give up years of life to see my friend as happy in marriage as he deserves to be.'

'We must tell Clementina,' said my father, 'as our Giacomo has hinted, that it will not become her generosity to stand in the way of the Chevalier's happiness.'

We sent up your letter to our sister, by Camilla. She was busy (Mrs. Beaumont sitting by her at work) in correcting the proportion which once you found fault with, in a figure in her piece of Noah's Ark, and the rising deluge. 'A letter, Madam, from the Chevalier.'—'To me?' said she; and overturned the table on which her materials lay, in haste to take it.

When we thought she had had time to consider of the contents, we sent up to request the favour of speaking with Mrs. Beaumont. We owned to her, that we had a copy of your letter to Clementina; and asked, what the dear creature said to the contents of it?

'She read it,' answered Mrs. Beaumont, 'in her own closet. I thought she was too long by herself. I went to her. She was in tears. 'O Mrs. Beaumont,' as soon she saw me, holding out the letter, 'See here!—The Chevalier is against

"me!—Cruel, I could *almost* say, cruel
 "Grandison!—He turns my own words
 "upon me. I have furnished him with ar-
 "guments against myself—What shall I
 "do!—I have for many days past repent-
 "ed that I gave, under my hand, reason
 "to my friends to expect my compliance.
 "I cannot, cannot, confirm the hopes I
 "gave!—What shall I do?"

"I took it, read it," continued Mrs.
 Beaumont, "and told her, that the Che-
 valier's arguments were unanswerable. I
 dwelt upon some of them. She wept, and
 was silent."

We then, my dear Grandison, shewed
 Mrs. Beaumont your letter to me. She
 read it.—"How," said she, "has this ex-
 cellent young man been embarrassed! I
 know, from some of my countrymen,
 the character of the lady whom he men-
 tions: she is an excellent woman!—May
 I take up this letter, and read it to Lady
 Clementina?"

"By all means," answered the gen-
 eral: "and support, dear Madam, the
 contents of both with your weight. It
 will be from perverseness *now*, if she with-
 stand us. Bid her remember that she has
 had once at her feet a kneeling father!
 Bid her remember the written hopes she
 has given us!"

Mrs. Beaumont went up with it. I
 will give you an account of what my
 sister said as she read it. O Grandison,
 read it but cursorily: you will more and
 more admire and love the Clementina,
 who, before her malady, was always con-
 sidered as one of the first of women; and
 the glory of our house!

She desired to have it in her own hands:
 Mrs. Beaumont, to whose pen we owe
 the account, looked over her, and fol-
 lowed her eye, as she read.

"And did he still," said she, "after he
 had got to England, hope for a change
 in my resolution?—Heaven knows!—She
 stopt, sighed, and read on.

"He foresaw that my friends would
 press me to marry?—I foresaw it too!
 —I have indeed been pressed: vehement-
 ly pressed!"

"Rather than any other—" Ah, Che-
 valier!—Why, why, were the obstacles
 religion and country! None less should
 have—"She stopt—Then, reading to her-
 self, proceeded—

"It was not presumptuous to hope—" No,
 Grandison; presumptuous it could
 not be.

"It was *justice* to Clementina, to at-
 tend the event, and to wait for the pro-
 posed letter." Kind, considerate Grand-
 ison!—You were all patience, all good-
 ness!—O that—

There she stopt. Then proceeded
 "Fourth brother! not in the
 "the event."—Indeed I did write
 "Give up all his hopes!—Dear
 Grandison!

"It could not be expected that
 should give the argument all it's weight.
 —He has given it too much!"

"Duty to yield to the entreaties of
 my friends.—Ah Grandison!"

"Difficult situations!"—Dilem-
 ma!—And here am I, who have
 than any other in the world, overcome
 his difficulties!—Unhappy Clementina!
 —Then reading on—

"Good God! Mrs. Beaumont! This
 is an English lady, with whom he
actually—Does he not hint in his
 Nay, then—Take it, take it, Mrs. Beau-
 mont!—I can read no farther—Con-
 sider only, I suppose, brought him to
 me!—I cannot bear that!—Yet taking
 it from her, and reading—

"Beauty her least perfection—" [A
 py English lady!] "Either in my
 "or her own!"—Have I not wished
 such a woman?—"Had I never known
 "Clementina?"—How could I be
 captious!

"Loves her with a flame as pure as
 the heart of Clementina.—Thank
 Chevalier! Indeed I have no impediment
 my love—My God only have I proposed
 to you: and I bless God for enabling
 to give to *me* a preference!—My
 her own heart can boast.—Just as
 wife did I wish him; and shall I not
 rejoice, if *such* a one will hold out her
 to make him happy?"

She sighed often, as she read on;
 spoke not, till she came to the words,
 she was to you, what you might
 call, a first love; "A first love," re-
 sponded she, "he was indeed mine! Per-
 mitted to say, my dear friends, a first
 and one."

"It became him, he says, in his
 in gratitude, though the difficulty
 his way seemed insuperable, [And for
must seem] to hold himself in suspense
 and not offer to make his address to
 other woman.—Generous, noble
 Grandison!—He *did* love me—Discouraged
 he was; nay, insulted by some of
 [Giacomo hears me not, looking
 her.] "He, the generous Grandison,
 love me!" She wiped her eyes.

Respoinding herself, and reading on—
 "See here Mrs. Beaumont—He is
 himself obliged, in honour to me, to
 the persons themselves, to decline
 falls of advantage. Surely he must be
 me an ungrateful creature."

"But, (reading on) '—*And he*

mind between this lady and me!—
But it was because of his un-
happiness with me.

Thinking to herself, to the words, al-
most equal interest. 'How is that?
repeating them.—O, it is ex-
—But when his dear Clementina

go too fast for your eye, Mrs.
mont?—began to shew signs of re-
(She sighed) and seemed to

the hopes I had given him of my
day for him. [Modest, good man!]
did I content myself,' says he,

Mrs. Beaumont] with wishing
her husband to the English lady, more
of her than my unhappy situation

have made me.—Excellent English
If it were in my power, I would
you amends for having shared a

with you (so it seems) that ought,
circumstances and your merit consid-
have been all your own!

What a disappointment was my re-
of him?—See, these are his words.

these too; that he admires me, how-
for my motives.

Marriage, he says, is not in his pow-
there is but one woman in the

now I have refused him, that he
think worthy of succeeding me.—

honour he does me. Thank God
an English woman! O that I had

influence over her! Sweet lady, ami-
English woman, let not pusillito
you of such a man as this!

her this letter, my good Grandi-
Let me transcribe from it, rather

your perusal, happy English lady!
in passages in it, so delicate, so

of himself, and of you.
thousands, of whom he is not wor-

he says. How can he say so?
he has for an admirer, every one

knows her.—She shall have me for
admirer, Mrs. Beaumont, if she will

of my fourth brother. She *will*
of him, if she deserves the cha-

he gives her: let me tell you, In-
that your heart is narrower than that

Clementina, if you think it a dimi-
to your honour, that he has loved

Clementina. Why cannot you and
sisters? My love shall be but a sis-

love. You may depend upon the
of the Chevalier Grandison. He

his duty in every relation of life.
it can be your doubts?

Even Olivia, he says, admires you!
and will such a woman stand upon

stidious observances, like women of
any consequence, having to deal

common men?—O that I knew this
I would convince her, that he can

justice to her greater, and to my lesser

merits; and yet not appear to be divided
by a double love; although he should
own to all the world, as he says he will,
[See, see, Mrs. Beaumont, these are his
very words] his affection for Clementina,
and glory in it!

O Mrs. Beaumont, how my soul,
putting her hand to her forehead, then to
her heart, 'loves his soul! nor but for
one obstacle, that would have shaken my
faith, and endangered my salvation, (had
I got over it) should his soul *only* have
been the object of my love.

Let me but continue single, my dear
friends; indulge me in the wish that has
been so long next my heart; and take
not advantage of the hopes I have given
you in writing; and I shall pass happily
through this short life; a life that de-
serves not the bustle which we make a-
bout it. Ask me not either to set or fol-
low the example you propose to me: I
cannot do either. Unkind Chevalier, why
would you strengthen *their* hands, and
weaken *mine*?—Yet, if it became your
justice, what had I *but* justice to expect
from a just man; who has so eminently
performed all his own duties, and par-
ticularly the filial, which he here calls
an article of religion?

When she came to the concluding part
of this letter, and your wishes for her
perfect recovery, health, and welfare,
and for the happiness of us all; 'May
every blessing,' said she, 'be wishes us,
be his!'

Then folding up the letter, and put-
ting it in her bosom, 'This letter, and
that which accompanied it,' (meaning
yours to her) 'I must read over and
over.'

Shall I say, my Grandison, that I half
pity the lovely Harriet Byron, though
her name should be changed to yours?
You *must* love Clementina: were I sove-
reign princess her rival, you *must*. Cle-
mentina! who so generously can give up
a love as fervent as ever glowed in a vir-
gin heart, on superior motives! motives
which regard eternity; and receive joy
in the prospect of your happiness with
another woman, on a persuasion that
that woman can make you happier than
she herself could, because of a difference
in religion.

My sister chusing to retire to her closet,
to re-peruse the two letters, Mrs. Beau-
mont, knowing our curiosity, put down
what had passed; intending, as she said,
to write a copy of it for you.

How were we all, on perusing it,
charmed with our Clementina! I insist-
ed, that nothing, at present, should be
said to her of the Count of Belvedere, and

of our wishes in his favour. My father gave into my opinion. He said, he thought the properest time to mention the count to her, was, when we had had an answer to the letter, I wrote to you on the 5th current, if that could give us assurances that you had made your addresses to the charming Byron, and were encouraged. The general was impatient; but he acquiesced, on finding every one come into my motion: but said, that if all this lenity did not do, he must beg leave to have his own measures pursued.

SOME little particularity has appeared in the dear creature since I have written the above. She has been exceedingly earnest with her mother, to use her interest with my father, and us, to be allowed to go to England; but desires not the permission, till you are actually married. She pleads my health, because of the salutary springs you mentioned to me.

Several other pleas she offered; but to say truth, they carried with them such an air of flightiness, that I am loth to mention them: yet all of them were innocent, all of them were even laudable. But, (shall I say?) that some of them appeared too romantick for a settled brain to be so earnest, as she is, for having them carried into execution.

We have no doubt, but all her view is, to avoid marriage, by such a strange excursion. 'Dear creature,' said the bishop, speaking of her just now, 'the veil denied her, she must have some point to carry: I wish we saw less rapidity in her manner.'

I, Grandison, for my part, remember how much she and we all suffered by denying her the farewell-visit from you, on your taking leave of Italy the time before the last.

But we think an expedient has offered, that will divert her from this *wildness* as I must call it: Mrs. Beaumont has requested, that she may be allowed to take her with her to Florence for some weeks. Clementina is pleased with our readiness to oblige them both; and they will soon go.

But all this time she is uniform and steady in her wishes for your marriage. She delights to hear Mrs. Beaumont talk of the perfections of the lady to whom we are all desirous of hearing you are united. You had written, it seems, to Mrs. Beaumont, a character given of this young lady by Olivia, upon a personal knowledge of her. Mrs. Beaumont shewed it to Clementina.

How generously did the dear creature rejoice in it. 'Just such a woman,' said

she, 'did I wish for the Chevalier, via has shewn greatness of mind in instance. Perhaps I have thought hardly of Olivia. Little did I think should ever have requested a copy of thing written by Olivia. It will bless us from seeing those beauties person who is the object of it, would otherwise strike us to advantage. You must oblige me, she, 'with a copy of this extract.'

OCT. 10.

You will be pleased, I know Grandison, with every particular shall tend to demonstrate the passion the dear Clementina takes in you: will be soon the happy man we all wish you to be.

This morning she came down and work into my chamber. 'I irritate myself, Jeronymo,' said she. 'I am down by you, till you are disposed to rise.' She then, of her own motion, began to talk of you; and I, putting her, (as her mother did yesterday) whether she would be really glad to see your nuptials, received the same answer she then made; *she sincerely should* hoped the next letters would bring account that it was so. 'But then Jeronymo,' continued she, 'I shall be persecuted, persecuted. Let me not, myself, be persecuted. I don't know whether downright compulsion is not tolerable than over-earnest entreaty: child in the first instance, may compel herself, as I may say, within her compass; may be hardened: but the treaty of such friends as understand means one's good; dilates and divides one's heart, and makes one wish to do them; and so renders one miserable, whether we do or do not comply. Believe me, Jeronymo, there is great cruelty in persuasion, and still more to a soft and pliant temper than to a stubborn one: persuaders know not what they make a person suffer.'

'My dearest Clementina,' said I, 'have shewn so glorious a magnanimity that it would be injuring you, to say you are not equal to every branch of God forbid that you should be called to sustain an unreasonable trial—in a reasonable one you must be victorious.'

'Ah, Jeronymo! How little do I deserve this fine compliment!—Magnanimity, my brother!—You know me. I yet, at times, suffer!—And have not seen my reason vanquished in the equal conflict!' She wept. But the chevalier be married, and to the person that is talked of; and let me

that he is not a sufferer by my holding my hand—And *then* let me be joined in a single life, in a place con- sidered to retirement from the vain world; and we shall *both* be happy.

Mrs. Beaumont came to seek her. I sat on her to sit down, and my sister a little longer. I extolled my sister to her: she joined in the just praise. 'One act of magnanimity,' said Mrs. Beaumont, 'seems wanting to complete greatness of your character, my love, this particular case of the expected marriage of the Chevalier Grandison.'

'What is that, Mrs. Beaumont?' all asked.

'You see his doubts, his apprehensions appearing worthy of the lady so highly spoken of, because of that delicacy of spirit (which, as you observe, Olivia admits at) from what may be called a great love: Miss Byron may very well love, as his love of you commenced when he knew her, that she may injure herself if she receives his addresses: you are so generous to wish, when you were among those his apprehensions, that you would be the lady, and were able to influence him in his favour.'

'Well, Mrs. Beaumont—'

'Can I doubt that Lady Clementina will set her name to the noble sentiment, that so lately, in reading his letter, flowed from her lips?'

'What would Mrs. Beaumont have?'

'Let me lead you to your own closet. Ink, and paper, are always before me there. Assume your whole noble mind, and we shall see what that assumption will produce.'

'All that is in my power,' said she, 'to secure the happiness of a man who has depended so much through my means, it is my duty to do.'

'She gave her hand to Mrs. Beaumont; and led her to her closet and left her alone.'

'The following is the result. Gentle, noble creature!—But does in not a raised imagination! especially in disposition of the lines?'

'Best of men! }
'Best of women! } Be ye ONE.

'CLEMENTINA wishes it! GRANDISON, lady, will make you happy.'

'Be it your study to make him so!—As CLEMENTINA would have made him,

'not obstacles invincible intervened.'

'This will lessen her regrets:

'For, His felicity, temporal and eternal,

'Was ever the wish next her heart.
'GOD be merciful to you both,
'And lead you into his paths:
'Then will everlasting happiness be your portion.
'Be it the portion of CLEMENTINA—
'Pray for her!—
'That, after this transitory life is over,
'She may partake of heavenly bliss:
'And
'(Not a stranger to you, lady, HERE)
'Rejoice with you both HEREAFTER.
'CLEMENTINA DELLA PORRETTA.'

The admirable creature gave this to Mrs. Beaumont: 'Send this, Madam,' said she, 'if you think proper, to your friend and my friend, the Chevalier Grandison. Tell him, that I shall think myself very happy, if it may serve as a testimonial, to the lady whose merits entitle her to his love of my sincere wishes for their mutual happiness: tell him, that at present I wish for nothing more ardently, than to hear of his nuptials being celebrated.'

'Dear Grandison! let your next give us an opportunity to felicitate you on this desirable event. In this wish joins every one of a family to whom you are, and ever will be, dear. Witness, for them all,

THE MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS
DELLA PORRETTA.
I. T. R. BISHOP OF NOCERA.
JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA.
J. P. M. MARESCOTTI.
HORTENSIA BEAUMONT.

LETTER XXXV.

MISS BYRON, TO SIR CHARLES
GRANDISON.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 7.

HOW, Sir, have the contents of your friend Jeronymo's letters affected me!—I am more and more convinced, that, however distinguished my lot may be, Clementina only can deserve you: What a vain creature must I be, if I did not think so! And what a disingenuous one, so thinking, if I did not acknowledge it!

I cannot, Sir, misconstrue your delicate sensibilities. My own teach me to allow for yours.

'Best of men,' I can, I do, with Clementina, think you: but Harriet's ambition will be gratified, in being accounted second to HER.

And does Clementina wish us ONE! Most noble, most generous of women!

Grandison, you say, will make me happy.

But ah, my lovely pattern, can Harriet be happy, even with her Grandison, if you are not so?

Believe me, LADY! your happiness will be essential to hers.

God give you happiness! *Harriet prays for it!* my next to divine monitions, it shall be my study to make him happy!

But, most excellent of women, have you *regrets*? Regrets, which can only be lessened by the joy you will have in his happiness!—And with another!

Superlative goodness!

Why, why, when he would allow to you the exercise of your religion, and only insists on the like liberty, are the obstacles you hint at *irreconcilable*.

O Sir! I can pursue this subject no farther. Thus far an irresistible impulse carried me.

How should I be able to stand before this lady, were the visit she was so earnest to be allowed to make to England to take place; yet, in such a case, with what pleasure should I pay my reverence to her *mind* in her *person*!

And does SHE, do her family, do you, Sir, wish us *speedily* ONE?—Are you not satisfied with the given month?—Is not a month, Sir, your *declaration* so lately made, a short term? (and let me ask you, but within parentheses, do you not on an occasion so *very* delicate, in your limited *three* days after your return to us, treat the not-insensible Harriet a little more—Help me, Sir, to a word—than might have been expected from a man so *very* polite?)—And can you so generously, yet so seriously, ask me, from *which* parts of the nuptial life, the LAST (what a dreadful idea do you raise in that solemn word!) or the FIRST, I would deduct the week's or fortnight's supposed delay?—O Sir! what a way of putting it is this!—Thus I answer.—From *neither*! My honour is your honour. Determine you, most generous of men, for *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXVI.

MISS JERVOIS, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

TUESDAY, OCT. 31.

HONOURED SIR,

YOU will think your ward very bold to address you by letter; especially as she is a very poor inditer, and as you are in town: but her heart is in trouble, and she must write; and must beg the favour of you, the most indulgent guardian that ever poor orphan had, to answer her by pen and ink. For whether you

can forgive her or not, she will be very incapable of bearing your praise or your displeasure. How weakly I press myself! I find I shall write to you, than to any body else; and because I wish to write best. But I am in great awe, and no genius. I am a girl in every sense; as you shall hear and-by. I hope you won't be weary with me. If you are, I shall be more than poor—I shall be miserable.

But to come before my guardian delinquent, when I have ambition to wish to shine in his eyes, if I have been! It is a very great mortification indeed! If you were to acquit me, I shall have had great punishment in thought.

But to open my troubled heart to—Yet how shall I? I thought to do so yesterday; but for my life I cannot. Did you not observe me once, hanging upon the back of your chair, unable to stand in your sight? O how I felt my face glow!—Then it could I have spoken my mind; but you were so kind, so good to me, I could not have had the world. You took my hand—I shall be very bold to do it; but am always so proud of your notice, that I can't help it; and you were drawing me gently to you, 'Why do you hide my Emily behind me? What can I do for my Emily? Tell me, child: is there anything I can do for my ward? Yet, the occasion was so fair, I could not say you. But I shall tire you before I get to the point (to the fault, I thought) that has emboldened me to write.

This then is the truth of the matter. My poor mother, Sir, is very good to you know. You have taken from all her cares about this world. She and her husband live together happily and gently: they want for nothing; are grown quite religious; so that they have leisure to think of their souls good. I make me cry for joy, whenever I see them. They pray for you, and keep things upon you; and try to think ever offended you.

But, Sir, I took it into my head, thinking it was a vast way for them to go from Soho to somewhere in Moorfields, to hear the preacher they admire so much, and coach-hire, and charities, and tributes, of one kind or other, (the minister has no establishment) and debts paying off, that at present, I believe they are frugal enough, can't be much beforehand. So, Sir, I shall ride in my guardian's coach at one time, in Lady G.'s at another, in Lady L.'s at another, though I

able to walk than my poor mother; she is growing into years, and her infirmities are coming on; and my father's example before me, 'so open to one's heart?'—I ventured, therefore, unknown to my mother and her husband, unknown to any body, by way of prize, to bespeak a plain neat chariot, agreed for a coachman and a pair of horses; for I had about 150 guineas by me when I bespoke it. 'Out of this,' thought I, ' (which is my own money, without account) I shall be able to spare enough for the first half year's expences; for which, they will be in circumstances to keep it on: and as quarters come on,' thought I, 'I will stint myself, and throw in something towards it; and my poor mother and her husband can serve God, and take sometimes an airing, or so, where they please; and make an appearance in the world as the mother of a girl who is entitled to so large a fortune.' And I don't grudge Mr. O'Hara; for he is vastly tender of my mother now: which must be a great comfort to her, you know, Sir, now she is so to be sorry for past things, and apt to be very spiritless, when she looks back on her poor dear woman!

But here, Sir, was the thing: believing it became me, as Lady L. Lady G. Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, intended to show their respect to you, on a certain happy occasion, by new cloaths; to shew the same way; I went to the merchant, and was so tempted by two patterns, that, not knowing which to chuse, I bought both; not thinking at the time of the bespoken chariot. To be sure I ought to have consulted Lady L. and Lady G. but, foolish creature as I was, I must be for surprizing them too with my fancy.

Then I laid out a good deal more than intended, in millinery matters; not that I had my pennyworths for my penny: the milliners are so very obliging; they shew one this pretty thing, and that reasonable one, and are so apt to praise one's taste; and one is so willing to be flattered, and be thought mighty clever; that there is no resisting the vanity they feed. I own all my folly: I ever will, Sir, when I am guilty of any greater silliness, be ordinary; for I have no bad heart, though I am one of the flowers I have heard you compare some of us to, and are late before they blow into disrepute.

But now, good Sir, came on my difficulties for the bespoken chariot was ready sooner by a fortnight than I expected. I thought my quarter would

be nearer ended; and I had made a vast hole in my money. I pulled up a courage; I had need of it; and borrowed fifty guineas of Lady G. but, from this foolish love of surprizes, cared not to tell her for what. And having occasion to pay two or three bills, (I was a thoughtless creature, to be sure) which, unluckily, though I had asked for them before, were brought in just then, I borrowed another sum, but yet told not Lady G. for what; and the dear lady, I believe, thought me an extravagant girl: I saw she did, by her looks.

But, however, I caused the new chariot to be brought privately to me. I went in it, and it carried me to Soho; and there, on my knees, made my present to my mother.

But do you think, Sir, that she and Mr. O'Hara, when I confessed that I had not consulted you upon it, and that neither Lady L. nor Lady G. nor yet Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, knew a syllable of the matter, would accept of it? They would not: but yet they both cried over me for joy, and blessed me.

It is put up somewhere.—And there it lies, till I have obtained your pardon first, and your direction afterwards. And what shall I do, if you are angry at your poor ward, who has done so inconsiderate a thing, and run herself into debt?

Chide me, honoured Sir, if you please. Indeed you never yet did chide me. But yours will be chidings of love; of paternal love, Sir.

But if you are angry with me more than a day; if you give me reason to believe you think meanly of me, though, alas! I may deserve it; and that this rashness is but a prelude to other rash or conceited steps, (for that is the fear which most terrifies me) and is therefore to be resented with severity; then will I fly to my dear Miss Byron, that now is!—And if she cannot soften your displeasure, and restore me to your good opinion—(Mere pardon will not be enough for your truly penitent ward) then will I say, 'Burst, heart! ingrateful inconsiderate Emily, thou hast offended thy guardian! What is there left in this life, that is worthy of thy cares?'

And now, Sir, I have laid my troubled heart open before you. I know you will not so much blame the thing, even should you not approve of it, as the manner; doing it (after you had been so extremely generous and considerate to my mother) without consulting either you, or your sisters. O my vanity and conceit! They, they, have misled me. They never shall again, whether you forgive me, or not.

But, good, indulgent, honoured Sir, my guardian, my protector, let not my punishment be the reversing of the gracious grant which my heart has been so long wishing to obtain, and which you had consented to, of being allowed to live immediately in your own eye, and in the presence of my dear Miss Byron, that now is. This rash action should rather induce you to confirm than reverse it. And I promise to be very good. I ever loved her. I shall add filial honour, as I may say, to my love of her. I never will do any thing without consulting her; and but what you, the kindest guardian that ever poor orphan had, would wish me to do.

And now, Sir, honour me with a few lines from your own hand; were it but to shew me that this impertinence has not so far tired you, as (should you think it just to banish me from your presence for *some time*) to make you discourage applications to you, by pen and ink, from Sir, your truly sorrowful ward, and ever obliged, and grateful EMILY JERVOIS.

LETTER XXXVII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO MISS JERVOIS.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 1.

I Write to the dear child of my tenderest cares, because she requests me to write: else I had hastened to her in person, to comfort her doubting heart; and to assure her, that nothing but a fault premeditated, and persisted in, that might have affected her present or future reputation, and consequently her happiness, could make me, for half an hour, offended with her. Your good intentions, my dear child, will ever be your security with me. Men, as well as women, are often misled by their love of surprizes: but the greatest surprize my Emily could give me, would be, if she could do any *one* thing that would shew a faulty heart.

Once more, my dear, pay your duty to your mother, in the chariot which has been the causeless occasion of so much concern to you; and tell her, and Mr. O'Hara, that they have greatly obliged me in declining the acceptance of the chariot, so dutifully presented, till they knew my mind: but that, not so much in the compliment paid to me as your *guardian*, as because it has given me an opinion of their own generosity and discretion. Tell them, that I greatly approve of this instance of your duty to your mother, and of your regard, for her sake, to Mr. O'Hara: tell them, that I join with my ever-amiable ward in requesting their ac-

ceptance of it; and do you, my dear Miss Jervois, that I greatly thank her for this new instance of the goodness of her heart.

I inclose a note, and will, to make easy, carry it to its proper account, will enable you to pay the debt of duty to you, with so dutiful an intention, as to be contracted.—Forgive you, my dear love, I admire, you for it. I will not let you *flint* yourself, as you call it, in order to contribute to the future expence of a chariot. The present is but a handsome one, respecting your fortune. Be assured, for your mother's life, the expence yours; and it may possibly be a tribute, not a little to the ease of mind both, (as they now live together not happily) if you have the goodness to assure Mr. O'Hara, that you are so satisfied with his kind treatment of your mother, that you will, on supposing the continuance of it, before you enter into engagements, which may limit your own power, or make your will dependent on that of another person, secure a handsome provision for him, for his life, case he survive your mother.

I thank you, my dearest ward, for affection you express for my beloved Miss Byron. She loves you so tenderly, that it would have been a concern to me, if she not engaged your love and confidence. You highly oblige me by promising to consult her on all material occasions. The benefit you will receive from her prudent advice and example, and the debt she will receive from your company, will be a happiness to all three. My happiness may depend upon every thing to make me completely so, that shall be in the power of *her faithful friend, and servant,*

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXVIII.

MISS JERVOIS, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

THURSDAY, NOV. 2.

A Few lines, Sir; a very few—But I shew my vanity, my pride, in being allowed to write to my guardian; and presume to draw him into an intermission of letters. No, Sir, I write only to thank you; which I do a thousand times, for the ease, the joy you have given to my heart. O how I dreamt of open your letter! But I could not expect it to be so very indulgent to a faulty girl! Not *one* rebuke! Oh, Sir, how very good you are! And to send me money to clear my debts! To bid me make my present! In so gracious a manner to bid me! And to put me upon

a provision for life for Mr. O'Hara to survive my mother; which will not their thinking themselves obliged more narrowly while they are together, in order to save, in view of such happy event!—I flew to them, with good news—I read the whole letter to them. O how their hearts blessed your eyes, for they could not present; and how my tears mingled with yours! O Sir, you made us all infants! For my part, am still a baby!—Did I try so much for grief, as you have me cry for joy?—It is well some now-and-then comes to check one's there would be no bearing it, else. I shall encroach on your precious

Thank you, thank you, Sir, a hundred thousand times. My mother is happy! Mr. O'Hara is happy! My Miss will soon be the happiest of all human beings, thank God!—You, my dear Sir, must be one of the happiest of all. May every body else be happy that will to be so! and then how happy be, good Sir, *your dutiful ward and servant, ever to be commanded.*

EMILY JERVOIS.

They say you set out for Northamptonshire next *Monday or Tuesday*, at farthest. Lord bless me!—Lord bless you! I would say—And bless every body you love!—Amen!—for ever and ever!

LETTER XXXIX.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

THURSDAY, NOV. 2.

are laid before you, my dear Lady G. the letters of your brother and Jeronymo; as also my answer to your brother: my spirits never so unequal. All joy at one time; then at another; that something will happen.—Greville is reported to be gloomy, so silent! He hates me, he says.—And here, unexpectedly, is poor Orme returned. Amended in his little, those who have seen him and he thinks so—I am glad of it. Here we are sitting in judgment, my dear Lady president, on the patterns you sent: my uncle, too, will have his say taken.—And Mr. Deane, who I thought he would not come to Selby till the settlements were to be signed—read—I cannot tell *what*—will be on Saturday.

Orme has desired leave to visit me to-morrow. My uncle so hurries my spirit not with his raillery, as he used to do with his joy.—He talks of nothing but the coming down of your brother,

and the limited three days after; and numbers the days, nay, the hours, as they fly: for he supposes Sir Charles will be here on Monday, at farthest; and calls that a delay of particular grace and favour to me. 'For has he not told you,' said he, 'that nothing after Friday can, on his part, detain him from us?'

But, Lady G. will he not write to my last before he comes? Say my uncle what he pleases; your brother can't be down before Saturday se'nnight, at soonest.

Your fancy and Lady L.'s determine us. My aunt has undertaken this province: she therefore will write to you what she thinks fit. Is there not too much glare in the flowered silver, as you describe it? Don't, my dear, let me be a bride in a malquerade habit. Humility becomes persons of some degree. We want not glare: we are *known* to be able to afford rich dresses—need them not, therefore, to give us consequence; simplicity only can be elegance. Let me not be gaudy: let not fancy, or art, or study, be seen in my dresses. Something must be done, I grant on our *appearance*; for an appearance we must not dispense with here in the country, whatever you people of quality may do in town. But let me not, I beseech you, or as little as possible, be marked out for a *lustre*; and be so good as to throw in a hint to this purpose to the dear busy girls here, as from yourselves; for they are exercising their fancies, as if I were to be a queen of the May. Your authorities will support me, if they give me cause to differ in opinion from them.

Miss Orme has just been with me. She confirms her brother's amendment. She is sorry that his impatience has brought him over, when the climate was so favourable to him. She says, I shall find him sincerely disposed to congratulate me on the happy prospect; of which she has given him ample particulars. He could not, she says, but express himself pleased; that neither Fenwick nor Greville, but that one of so superior a character, is to be the man.

What greater felicity can a young creature propose to herself, in the days of courtship, than to find every one in her family, and out of it, applauding her choice? Could I, a few weeks ago, have thought—But hushed be vanity! Pride, withdraw! Meek-eyed humility, stand forth!—Am I indeed to be the happiest of women? Will nothing happen—O no, no! Heaven will protect your brother.—Yet this Greville is a trouble to me. Not because of my horrid dream: I am not so superstitious as to let them disturb me; but from a hint he gave Miss Orme.

She met him this morning at a neighbouring lady's. He thus accosted her. 'I understand, Madam, that your brother is returned. He is a happy man, just in time, to see Miss Byron married. Fearwick, a dog! is gone to howl at Carleton, on the occasion. Your brother, Miss Orme, and I, have nothing to do but to howl in requintive, to each other, here.'

'My brother, Mr. Greville,' answered Miss Orme, 'I am sure will behave like a man on the occasion; nor can you have reason to howl, as you call it. Sir Charles Grandison is your particular friend, you know.'

'True, Miss Orme,' affecting to laugh off this hit, 'I thought I could have braved it out; but now the matter comes near it sticks here, just here,' pointing to his throat: 'I cannot get it through my gizzard. Plaguy hard digestion! making faces, in his light way.'

'But will your brother,' proceeded he, 'be contented to stay within the noise of the bells, which will (in a few days, perhaps) be set a ringing, for ten miles round! Sir Charles drives on at a d—nable rate, I hear. But he must let me die decently, I can tell him; we will not part for ever with the flower of our country, without conditions. Shall you see the syren, Madam? If you do, tell her, that I have no chance for peace, but in hating her heartily. But' (whispering Miss Orme) 'bid her NOT TO BE TOO SECURE.'

I was strangely struck with these last words; for my spirits were not high before. I repeated them; I dwelt upon them, and wept.—Fool that I was! But I soon recollected myself; and desired Miss Orme not to take notice of my tender folly.

FRIDAY.

I HAVE had a visit from Mr. Orme. He has given me some pleasure. I added not to his melancholy. He asked me several interesting questions, which I would not have answered any other man as I told him. I shall always value Mr. Orme. Your brother is the most generous of men; but were he not so very generous, he ought to allow for my civility to this worthy man; since I can applaud him with my whole heart, for loving the noble Clementina. What a narrow-hearted creature must I be, if I did not?—But as a woman's honour is of a more delicate nature, I believe, than a man's, with regard to personal love; so, perhaps, if this be allowed me, a man may be as jealous of a woman's civility, (in general cases, I mean) as a woman may be of a

man's love to another object. This sound strange, at first hearing; but I know what I mean.—'What does, Harriet,' perhaps you will say. 'But they would,' I reply, 'I will explain myself; which, at present, I apprehend me not, I have no time to do.'

How did this worthy man value Charles Grandison! He must feel the pride, no, not pride, my gratitude, railed by it, as well to the praise as to the ed. He concluded with a blessing on both, which he uttered in a different manner from what that Balaam Greville uttered his: it was followed with a good man; and he left me almost unable to speak. How grateful in our ears are praises bestowed on those whom we love.

Lucy thinks I had best go to my grandmother's before he comes down; that he should visit me there from the House. Neither my aunt nor I are of opinion; but that he should himself Shirley Manor, and visit us from the For is not Selby House my usual place of residence? My grandmother will be lighted with his company, and conversation. But as he cannot think of coming down before the latter end of next month at the soonest, it is time enough to consider of these things. Yet as a creature, the awful solemnity of some with a man whom she prefers to all others, find room in her head for any other pick?

I have a letter from my good friend Reeves. She and my cousin are so far on this agreeable subject, that they have themselves down to us; and hope to excuse them for their earnestness on occasion. They are prodigiously good. I wonder my cousin can think of leaving her little boy. My aunt says she is denying them. How so?—Surely may excuse one's self to friends and dearly loves. Your presence my Cousin, I own, would be a high addition to me; yet you would be a little manageable, I doubt. There can be no of Lady L.'s; but if there were, she, nor any body else, could keep her. Poor dear Emily!—My wishes, that we could have had her us; but, for her own sake, it must not. How often do I revolve that relation of your brother's; that, in our happy prospects, the sighing heart will come to perfection!—But I will not add a word, after I have assured you, my best ladies, that I am, and ever will be, your grateful and most affectionate servant.

HARRIET

LETTER XL.

CHARLES GRANDISON, TO MISS BYRON.

FRIDAY, NOV. 3.

RECEIVE, dearest, loveliest, of women, the thanks of a most grateful for your invaluable favour of Wednesday. Does my *Harriet*, (already, I have sunk the name of Byron out of Grandison) do Mrs. Shirley, Selby think, that I have treated one most delicate of female minds indecently, in the *wish* (not the *prescription*) presumed to signify to the beloved heart; that within three days after permitted return to Northampton, I may be allowed to receive at the greatest blessing of my life, I not be thought ungenerous. I and my wishes; but I told you in the letter, that your cheerful compliance was the great desirable. In thing, from the date of the condescending letter before me, to the last of, shall your wishes determine mine. Have your whole heart in the grant my request I make to you, or you have the cheerful acquiescence of with your will. Permit me to say, the family punctilio was not out of thoughts, when I expressed my own wishes to you. Does not the world you expect, on the return of the man, a speedy solemnization? I wish, that whether to be permitted to the place of his abode Selby House, or Selby Manor, you would not that the day should be long deferred, which give him rank as one of the dear

equipages, my dearest life, are all forwardness. In tenderness to have forborne to consult you upon parts of them; as my regard for judgment would otherwise have obliged me to do. The settlements are all

Our good Mr Deane is ready to you with them. Allow me, then, myself the honour of presenting myself to you at Selby House, on Tuesday. I will leave it to you to distinguish the happiest day of my life, whether the succeeding three, four, five, or six of my return.

I have not your commands to the contrary. Tuesday morning then, if not Monday, shall present to you the most sincere of men, pouring out on his grateful vows for the invaluable favour of Wednesday's date, which I have placed in the sacred light of a plighted word, and as such, have given it a place in my heart.

With most respectful compliments to all, we both so justly hold dear conclude

me, dearest Madam, your most grateful, obliged, and ever affectionate,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XLI.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

MONDAY MORNING, NOV. 6.

I Send you, my dearest Lady G. a copy of your brother's letter of Friday last. Lucy has transcribed it for you. Lucy is very obliging. She desires to be allowed to correspond with you; and makes a merit of these transcriptions for an introduction: that is her view. I give you fair notice of it, that you may either check or encourage her, as you think fit.

Have I not cause to think your brother a little out of the way in his resolution of so sudden a return?—This night, perhaps, or to-morrow morning—I am vexed, my dear, because he is such an anticipator, that he leaves not to me the merit of obliging him beyond his expectation. However, I shall rejoice to see him. The moment he enters the room where I am, he can have no faults.

My aunt, who thinks he is full hasty, is gone to dine with my grandmamma, and intends to settle with that dear parent every thing for his reception at Shirley Manor. Nancy is gone with her. My uncle, at Mr. Orme's invitation, is gone to dine with that worthy man.

MONDAY AFTERNOON.

O MY dearest Lady G. what shall we do! All quarrels are at an end! all petulance, all folly!—I may never, never, be his at all!—I may, before the expected time of his arrival, be the most miserable of women!—Your brother, best of men!—may be—Ah—my Char!—

TERRIFIED to death, my pen fell from my fingers—I fainted away—Nobody came near me. I know I was not long insensible—My terrors broke through even the fit I fell into—Nothing but death itself could make me long insensible, on such an occasion—O how I shall terrify you!—Dearest Lady G.—But here, here comes my Lucy—Let her give the occasion of my anguish.

THE FOLLOWING WRITTEN BY MISS LUCY SELBY.

* AT my cousin's request, while she is lain down, I proceed, my good Lady G. to account to you for her terrors, and for mine also.—Dear creature—But don't be too much terrified! God, we hope, God, we pray, will protect your brother! Mr. Greville cannot be capable of the shocking mischief, barbarity, villainy, which, it is apprehended, he has in view: God will protect your brother!

* Here, a note was brought from an

anonymous hand—I don't know what I write—from an *unknown* hand; signifying, that Mr. Greville was heard to threaten the life of your brother; and we are told by more than one, that he is moody, and in a bad way as to his mind. And he left his house this morning; so the note says, (and *that he certainly did*) and was seen to take the London road, with several servants, and others—And the dear Harriet has distracted herself and me with her apprehensions. My aunt out, my uncle out, none but maid-servants at home. We, before she came up to her closet, ran up and down, directing and undirecting; and she promised to go up, and try to compose herself, till my uncle came from *the Park*, where he is to dine with Mr. Orme. He is sent for—Thank God, my uncle is come!

BY MISS BYRON.

AND what, my dear Lady G. can his coming signify? Lucy is gone down to show him the anonymous writer's note. Dear, dear Sir! Lord of my wishes! forgive me all my petulance. Come safe—God grant it!—Come safe! And hand and heart I will be yours, if you require it, to-morrow morning!

HERE, Lady G. follows the copy of the alarming note. I broke the seal. It was thus directed—

‘ TO GEORGE SELBY, ESQ. WITH SPEED, SPEED, SPEED !

‘ HONOURED SIR,

‘ A VERY great respecter of one of the most generous and noblest of men, (Sir Charles Grandison, I mean) informs you, that his life is in great danger. He over-heard Mr. Greville say, in a rageful manner, as by his voice, ‘ I never will allow such a prize to be carried from me. He shall die the death—’ and swore to it. He was a little in wine, it is true; and I should have disregarded it for that reason, had I not informed myself that he is set out with armed men this morning. Make what use you please of this: you never will know the writer. But love and reverence to the young baronet is all my motive. So help me God!’

Two of my uncle's tenants, severally, saw the shocking creature on the London road, with servants. What will become of me, before morning, if he arrive not this night in safety!

MONDAY NIGHT, ELEVEN.

MY uncle dispatched two servants to proceed on the London road as far as they could go for day-light. He himself rode to Mr. Greville's. Mr. Greville had been out all day, and well attended—Expected, however, to return at night.—To prepare for his escape (who knows?)

after the blackest of villainies. He is in tears; my uncle represents the circumstances. Our preparation for your brother's preparations; Mr. D. expected arrival of to-morrow weeps; Nancy wrings her hands—Harriet is in silent anguish—She can no more!—She can write more!

TUESDAY MORNING, 8 O'CLOCK.

WHAT a dreadful night have I not a wink of sleep.

And nobody stirring. Afraid to down, I suppose, for fear of disturbing other. My eyes are swelled out of head—I wonder my uncle is not. He might give orders about something I know not what. What dreadful had I ready, as it seemed, to continue disturbance, could I have closed my eyes to give seeming form to the flying dows! *Waking dreams*; for I was awake: Sally sat up with me. Startings! such absences—I never before. Such another night would have for the world! I can only yet *what* do I write? To what purpose?—You must not see what I have written. Now on my knees, praying, *vowing*—‘ O my Lucy!’

LUCY entered just here—Nancy followed her—Nancy tormented me with her reveries of the past night: my uncle well; she has not slept: my uncle into a dose, about his usual ring, he has had no rest. My grandfather must not know the occasion of this till it cannot be kept from him—no more—Dreadful!

LETTER XLII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

TUESDAY, 12 O'CLOCK.

IN A SMALL HAND, UNDER THE DESCRIPTION OF THE INK.

My dearest Lady G. pray read the first of this letter, before you open the other one, sealed with five seals, and double cover, (that it may not slide off your hands.) Lucy will have me the whole of that shocking letter. As judgment, I comply.

WE met this morning, but I was so full of grief, all equally unable to give or receive consolation. The precious note was taken up, laid down again: the hand endeavored to be guessed at; and at last it was opened, to dispatch a servant to Mr. Greville's, to learn news of the traitor.

But behold! before the servant returned, in a riding-dress, having arrived at the outward gate, entered your noble brother. I was the first he saw; the first who saw him. Just going out, intending (yet hardly

intention) to walk in the Elm Row to the house, in order to shorten the return of the returning servant with news. He hid himself at my feet. Something more, and more he intended to say; but his early return, and thanking me for my favour of the Wednesday before, when my joyful surprise overpowered my speech and senses.—And will you say to me, when I tell you, on my recovery, I found myself in his arms, mine clasped about his neck? I was surprized at my emotion. He might—Every one, in a moment, told about him—My aunt also folded her arms around him—'Welcome, welcome!' was all she could at that instant say.

I utterly abashed, trembling, and clasping my feet, motioned to quit the parlour. But nobody minded me. All were busied in congratulating the recovery of my heart; till Sally presenting herself, I leaned upon her, and staggered into the parlour, threw myself into an arm-chair.

My brother, attended by all my family, followed me in. My heart again bid me welcome, though my eye could not, at that instant, bear his. He took my hand, and, between both his, and in the most respectful manner, pressing it with his fingers, he brought me to compose myself.

They had hinted to him in the hall, of all our emotions.—They had each reason to blush, as I had.—Nancy, it seems, even Nancy, snatched his hand, and kissed it, in raptures. How is he to us all! He sees it now; he can be no reserves to him, after this. 'Alas! Family-punctilio!' mentioned he in his letter!—We have now no pretences to it.

My eyes shone with grateful sensibility. I looked down upon me, loveliest of women, said he, with a bent knee; 'look upon me, and tell me, you forgive me for my early return: but, though I am entirely at your devotion,' he says, 'the never saw me more to my advantage. I looked down upon him, and said, smiling through my tears, 'Gently my handkerchief from my face: with it he dried my unsteady cheek, and put it, she says, in his pocket. I have lost it.

My uncle and aunt withdrew with him, and acquainted him with all particulars. To my aunt he acknowledged, in words of love, my uncle said, the honour done to me, and by us all, in the demonstration we had given of our tender regard to him.

At the time of their return to the country, by the time of their return to the country, pretty well recovered, Sir Charles

approached me, without taking notice of the emotion I had been in. 'Mr. and Mrs. Selby, tell me,' said he, to me, that I am to be favoured with a residence at our venerable Mrs. Shirley's. This, though a high honour, looks a little distant; so would the next door if it were not under the same roof with my Miss Byron; but, smiling tenderly upon me, 'I shall presume to hope this very distance will turn to my account. Mrs. Shirley's Harriet cannot decline paying her accustomed duty to the best of grandmothers.'

Bowing, 'I shall not, Sir,' said I, 'be the more backward to pay my duty to my grandmamma, for your obliging her with your company.'

This, returned he, snatching my hand, and ardently pressing it with his lips, 'do I honour to myself for the honour done me. How poor is man that he cannot express his gratitude to the object of his vows, for obligations conferred, but by owing to her new obligation!'

Then turning round to my aunt, 'It is incumbent upon me, Madam,' said he, 'to pay my early devours to Mrs. Shirley, the hospitable Mrs. Shirley, repeated he, smiling; which looked as if he expected to be here. 'There, bridesmaid' (looking pleasantly upon my aunt) 'I may be asked—here I am not to break my fast.'

This set us all into motion. My uncle ran out to look after Sir Charles's servants, who, it seems, in our hurry, were disregarded: their horses in the courtyard; three of them walking about, waiting their master's orders. My uncle was ready, in the true taste of old English hospitality to pull them in.

Chocolate was instantly brought for their master; and a dish for each of us. We had made but a poor breakfast, any of us. I could get nothing down before. My aunt put a second dish into my hand: I took her kind meaning, and presented it to Sir Charles. How gratefully did he receive it! Will it *always* be so, Lady G.? My love, heightened by my duty, shall not, when the obligation is doubled, make me less deserving of his politeness, if I can help it.

But still this dreadful note, and Greville's reported moodiness, made us uneasy: the servant we sent returned, with information that Mr. Greville came home late last night. He was not stirring, it seems, though eleven o'clock, when the servant reached his house. He is said to be not well; and, as one servant of his told ours, so very fretful, and ill-tempered, that they none of them know how

to speak to him. God grant—But let me keep to myself such of my apprehensions as are founded on conjecture.—Why should I not hope the best? Is not your beloved brother at present safe? And is he not the care of Providence?—I humbly trust he is.

Sir Charles took the note. 'I think I have seen the hand,' said he: 'If I have, I shall find out the writer. I dare say, it is written with a good intention.'

My uncle and we all expressed, some in words, some by looks, our apprehension.

'There cannot possibly be room for any,' said Sir Charles; 'always present to himself. Mr. Greville loves Miss Byron. It is no wonder as his apprehensions of losing all hopes of her for ever, grow stronger, that he should be uneasy. He would make but an ill compliment to her merit, and his own sincerity, if he were not. But such a stake as he has in his country, he cannot have desperate intentions. I remember to his advantage, his last behaviour here. I will make him a visit. I must engage Mr. Greville to rank me in the number of his friends.'

What he said gave us comfort. No wonder if we women love courage in a man: we ought, if it be true courage, like that of your excellent brother. After all, my dear, I think we must allow a natural superiority in the minds of men over women. Do we not want protection? And does not that want imply inferiority? Yet if there be two sorts of courage, an *acquired* and a *natural*, why may not the former be obtained by women, as well as by men, were they to have the same education? *NATURAL* courage may belong to either. Had Miss Barnevelt, for example, had a boy's education, she would have probably challenged her man, on provocation given; and he might have come off but poorly.

But we have more silly antipathies than men, which help to keep us down: whether those may not sometimes be owing to affectation, do you, Lady G. who, however, has as little affectation as ever woman had, determine. A frog, a toad, a spider, a beetle, an earwig, will give us mighty pretty tender terror; while the heroic men will trample the insect under foot, and look the more brave for their barbarity, and for our *delicate* screaming. But, for an *adventure*, if a lover get us into one, we frequently leave him a great way behind us. Don't you think so, Lady G.?—Were not this Greville still in my head, methinks I could be as pert as ever.

Sir Charles told us, that he should

have been with us last night, but on visit he was obliged to pay to Sir Beauchamp; to make up for which dance, he took horse, and ordered a quipage to follow him.

He is gone to pay his duty, is pleased to call it, to my grandmother in my uncle's coach, my uncle with him. If they cannot prevail on my grandmother to come hither to dinner, and if his desirous Sir Charles should dine here, he will oblige her—by my aunt's was his address to her. But perhaps will have the goodness to add her duty to his, as she knows that will be all double pleasure: she loves to please. Often does the dear lady

How can pallid age, which is a terrifying object to youth, expect indulgence, the love of the young? If it does not study to promote pleasures which itself was fond of in youth. Enjoy innocently your season, said she, setting half a score of country dances. 'I watch for the loss of my memory; and shall never be over for quite lost, till I forget what my own innocent wishes and delights the days of my youth.'

TUESDAY, FIVE O'CLOCK

My uncle and Sir Charles came to dinner: my grandmother with them. She was so good as to give them her pany, at the first word. Sir Charles we sat at dinner, and afterwards, weak in my mind; painful and not recovered; and he seemed to wince under uncle's eyes, and so much diverted and all of us, that my uncle had no opportunity to put forth, as usual. How this kind protection assure me! I thank myself quite well; and was so charmingly silent when Sir Charles talked, the grandmother and aunt, who had pany between them, whispered me low. —'You look charmingly easy, my dear. You look like yourself, my dear.' Still this mischievous Greville ran in my head.

My uncle took notice, that Sir Charles had said, he guessed at the writer of the note. He wished he would give him the name, as he called it, whom he thought

'You observe, Sir,' answered Sir Charles, 'that the writer says, Mr. Greville was in wine. He professes to be an encourager of the people of the General Northampton. He often appoints pany to meet him there. I imagine the writer to be the head waiter of the bills delivered me in, seem to have been written in such a hand as the as far as I can carry the hand-writing my eye.'

Ads-heart,' said my uncle, 'that's undoubtedly right: your name's up, Sir, to tell you, among men, women, and children. This man, in his note, calls (Look else!) the most generous and noble of men. He says, we *shall never see the writer*!—Ads-dine! the man that deal in art magick, that conceals himself from you, if you have a mind to find him out.'

Well, but, said Lucy, 'if this be so, am concerned at the reality of the information. Such threatenings as Mr. Greville throws out, are not to be slighted.'—Very true,' said my uncle. 'Mr. Deane and I (Mr. Deane will certainly bid you bye and bye) will go, and discourse with Greville himself to-morrow, before the Lord!'

Sir Charles begged that this matter might be left to his management. 'Mr. Greville and I,' said he, 'are upon such point, as whether he be so sincerely my friend as I am his, or not, will warrant a visit to him; and he cannot but take it as a civility, on my return into these parts.'

Should he be affronting Sir Charles?' said my uncle.

I can have patience, if he should, cannot be grossly so.'

I know not *that*,' replied my uncle: 'Mr. Greville is a *roister*!'

Well, dear Mr. Selby, leave this matter to me. *Were* there to be danger; the way to avoid it is not to appear to be afraid of it. One man's fear gives another courage. I have no manner of doubt of being able to bring Mr. Greville with me to an amicable dish of tea, to dinner, which you please, to-morrow.—Ads-heart, Sir, I wish not to see either, the wretch who could threaten the life of a man so dear to us all.'

Sir Charles bowed to my uncle for his sincere compliment. 'I have nothing to say,' said he, 'but to invite myself either to breakfast, or dine with him. His former scheme of appearing to the world with me, in order to save his spirit, will be refused; and all will be right.'

My aunt expressed her fears, however, and looked at me, as I did at her, with a countenance, I suppose, far from being apprehensive: but Sir Charles said, 'You must leave me, my dear friends, to my own methods; nor be anxious for my safety. I am not a rash man: I can pity Mr. Greville; and the man I pity, cannot easily provoke me.'

We were all the easier for what the seemingly-cool, because truly-brave, man said on a subject which has given me so much terror.

But was he not very good, my dear, not to say one word all this day of the important errand on which he came down? And *lead* the subjects of conversation with design, as my aunt and grand-mamma both thought as well as I, that my uncle should *not*? and to give me time to recover my spirits? Yet when he did address himself to me, never were tenderness and respect so engagingly mingled. This, my uncle observed, as well as my aunt and Lucy. 'How the deuce, said he, 'does this Sir Charles manage it? He has a way no man but him ever found out—He can court without speech: he can take one's heart, and say never a word.—Hay, Harriet!' looking archly.

Mr. Deane is come — In charming health and spirits—Thank God! with what cordiality did Sir Charles and he embrace each other!

Sir Charles attended my grandmamma home: so we had not his company at supper. No convenience without its contrary. He is her own son: she is his own parent. Such an unaffected love on both sides!—Such a sweetly-easy, yet respectful, familiarity between them! What additional pleasures must a young woman in my situation have, when she can consider herself as the bond of union between the family she is of, and that she is entering into! How dreadful, on the contrary, must be her case, who is the occasion of propagating dissension, irreconcilable hatred, and abhorrence between her own relations and those of the man to whom she for life engages herself!

My grandmother and Sir Charles were no sooner gone, that my uncle began to talk with Mr. Deane on the subject that is nearest all our hearts. I was afraid the conversation would not be managed to my liking: and having too just an excuse to ask leave to withdraw, from bad, or rather no rest, last night, I made use of it: and here in my closet (preparing now, however, for it) am I *your ever affectionate* HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XLIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOV. 8.

SIR Charles let my grandmother come hither by herself. He is gone to visit that Greville. We are all in pain for him: but Mr. Deane comforts us.

After breakfast, thus began my uncle upon me.

'Here, dame Selby, we are still at a *fault*? Harriet knows not what she would be at; and you uphold her in her own

senses. Delicacy! Delicacy! The deuce take me, if I have any notion of it!—What a *pize* are you about?

'Dear Sir! Why am I blamed?' said I. 'What would you have me do, that I have not done?'

Do! why I would have you give him his day, and keep to it; *that* I would have you do: and not shilly-shally for ever—and subject the best of men to insults. All your men will be easy and quiet, when the ceremony is over, and they know there is no remedy.'

'My good Mr. Selby, said my grandmamma, 'you now blame without reason, Sir Charles was full hasty. Harriet was a little more nice, perhaps, her lover considered, than she needed to be. Yet I don't know, but I, in her case, should have done as she did; and expected as much time as she was willing to take. It was not a *very* long one, Mr. Selby, from the declaration he made; and he is a man myself of great delicacy. Harriet very readily acknowledged to him the preference she gave him to all men; and when she saw him very earnest for a short day, she, by her last letter, threw herself generously into his power. He is full of acknowledgments upon it; and so he *ought* to be. *To me* he has said all that a man should say of his gratitude, upon the occasion; and he declared to me last night, that it was with difficulty he forbore taking advantage of her goodness to him: but that he checked himself, and led to other subjects, seeing how much the dear creature was disordered, and being apprehensive, that if he had begun upon one so interesting, or even wished to talk with her alone, he should have increased her disorder.'

'Oy, oy! Sir Charles is confederate; and Harriet should be grateful: but indeed my dame Selby is as silly, to the full, as Harriet. She is for having Harriet keep *her* in countenance in the dance she led me, so many years ago—Lady G. for my money. She finds you all out in your masonry.'

'Mr. Selby,' said my aunt, 'I only refer myself to what our venerable parent just now said.'

'And so don't think it worth while to hold an argument with me, I suppose?'

'I did not know, my dear, that you wanted to hold an argument.'

'Your servant, Madam—with that sly leer—So like Harriet! and Harriet so like you!'

'But, Mr. Selby,' said my grandmamma, 'will you be pleased to tell the dear child, if you think her wrong, what is the next step she should take?'

'Think her wrong!—Next step!—Why the next step is, as she has promised to oblige him, and to be directed by him, to keep her word, and not to *nor* *how* about the matter.'

Mr. Deane, who had been shewn and told every thing that had passed since he saw him last, said, 'You don't know, Mr. Selby, that my daughter Byron will make an unnecessary parade. Sir Charles, you know in tenderness to her, asked no questions yesterday; made no claim—she cannot begin the subject.'

'But,' said Lucy, 'I cannot but think my cousin is in *short* fault.'

'Look you there now!' said my uncle. We all stared at Lucy; for she spoke and looked very seriously.

'Might she not have said,' proceeded she, 'when Sir Charles surprised her at his first arrival, (what though her heart was divided between past terror, and present joy?) here I am, Sir, at your service, are you prepared for to-morrow? And then made him one of her best compliments.'

'Sauce-box!—Well, well, I believe I have been a little hasty in my judgment (rapping under the table with my knuckles.) But I am so afraid that something will happen between the card and the lip—Here, last night, I danced that Lady Clementina and he were going to be married—Give me your hand, my dear Harriet, and don't revoke the *business* in your last letter to him, but whatever be the day he proposes, comply, and you will win my heart for ever.'

'As Sir Charles *leads*, Harriet *follows*, resumed my grandmamma. (You men are sad prescribers in these delicate cases, Mr. Selby.—You will be put to it, my dear love, taking my hand, before this day is over, now you seem purely recovered. Sir Charles Grandison is not a dreaming lover. Propose your mind, my child; you'll be put to it, I do assure you.'

'Why, oy; I can't but say, Sir Charles is a man—Don't you, my dear love, be too much a woman!—Too close a copier of your aunt Selby here—As I said, you will have my heart for ever—Oy, and Sir Charles's too; for he is one of your sorry fellows, that can't distinguish between a favour and a folly.'

My uncle then went out with a flourish, and took Mr. Deane with him, leaving only my grandmamma, my aunt Lucy, and your Harriet together.

We had a good deal of talk upon this important subject. The conclusion was, that I would refer Sir Charles to my grandmamma, if he were urgent for

and she was vested with a discretionary power to determine for her girl. Such of my cloaths, then, as were finished, were ordered to be produced, with some of the ornaments. They were all to fit in judgment upon them.

Surely, Lady G. these are solemn circumstances, lightly as uncle thinks of them. Must not every thoughtful young creature, on so great a change, and for which she has conflicts in her mind, be her prospects ever so happy, as the day approaches? Of what materials must the parts of runaways, and of fugitives, to men half-strangers to them, be commended?

My aunt has just left me with the following billet, from Sir Charles, directed my uncle, from Mr. Greville's.

DEAR MR. SELBY,

I REGRET every moment that I am out of Selby House, or Shirley Manor: and as I have so few particular friends in these parts out of your family, I think I ought to account to you for the hours I do, nor will I, now our friendship is so unalterably fixed and acknowledged, apologize for giving myself, in this means, the consequence with your family, that every one of yours, for their sakes, are of to me, superadded to the tenderest of attachments to one dear friend of it.

I found the gentleman in a less happy disposition than I expected.

It is with inexpressible reluctance that he thinks, as my happy day draws near, of giving up all hopes of an object dear to him. He seemed strangely balancing on this subject, when I was introduced to him. He instantly proposed to me, and with some fierceness, that I should suspend all thoughts of marriage for six months to come, or at least for one. He received his request with proper indignation. He pretended to give reasons, reflecting himself: I allowed not of them.

After some canvassings, he swore, that he would be complied with in some way. His alternative was, my dining with him, and with some of his chosen friends, whom he had invited.

I have reason to think these friends are those to whom he expressed himself with violence at the George, as overheard, I suppose, by the waiter there.

He rode out, he owned, yesterday morning, with intent to meet me; for he said that he knows all my motions, and those of a certain beloved young lady. Let him; let every body, who thinks it their concern to watch our steps, be made acquainted with them: my honest heart aims not at secrets. I

should glory in receiving Miss Byron's hand from yours, Sir, before ten thousand witnesses.

Mr. Greville had rode out the night before; he did not say to meet me; but he knew I was expected at Selby House, either on Monday night, or yesterday morning; and on his return, not meeting me, he and his friends passed their night at the George, as mentioned, and rode out together in the morning—in hopes of meeting me, he said; and to engage me to suspend my happy day. Poor man! had he been in his right mind, he could not have hoped (had he met me on the road) to have been heard on such a subject.

An act of oblivion, and thorough reconciliation, he calls it, is to pass in presence of his expected friends.

You will not take notice of what I have hinted at, out of the family, whatever was designed.

In the temper he would have found me in, had he met me, no harm could have happened; for he is really to be pitied.

We are now perfect friends. He is full of good wishes. He talks of a visit to Lady Frampton, of a month. I write thus particularly, that I may not allow such a subject as this to interfere with that delightful one which engrosses my whole attention! and which I hope, in the evening, will be honoured with the attention of the beloved and admired of every heart, as well as that of your ever obliged and affectionate

CH. GRANDISON.

Poor wicked Greville!—May he go to Lady Frampton's, or wherever else, so it be fifty miles distant from us. I shall be afraid of him, till I hear he has quitted for a time, his seat in the neighbourhood.

What a glorious quality is courage, when it is divested of rashness! When it is founded on integrity of heart, and innocence of life and manners! But, otherwise founded, is it not rather to be called *savageness*, and *brutality*?

How much trouble have I given your brother! What dangers have I involved him in! It cannot be possible for me ever to reward him.—But the proudest heart may deem it a glory to owe obligation to Sir Charles Grandison.

LETTER XLIV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, NOV. 3.

SIR Charles broke away, and came hither by our tea-time. I was in my

closet, writing. They all crowded about him. He avoided particulars: only said, that all was friendship between Mr. Greville and himself; and that Mr. Greville came with him part of the way; full of his resumed scheme, of appearing to be upon a good understanding with him, and a friend to the alliance between him and us.

Sir Charles looked about him, as if for somebody he saw not. My aunt came up to me: 'My dear, do you know who is come?' She then gave me the above particulars. We had a summons to tea. We hastened down. He met us both at the parlour-door, 'O Madam,' said he, 'what precious hours have I lost!—I have been patience itself!'

I congratulated him on what my aunt had told me. I found he intended, as he says in his billet, that the particulars he gave in it should answer our curiosity; and to have done with the subject. What a charming possession of himself, that he could be in such a brangle, as I may call it, and which might have had fatal consequences; yet be so wholly, and so soon, divested of the subject; and so infinitely agreeable upon half a score others, as they offered from one or other as we sat at tea!

Tea was no sooner over, but he singled me out—'May I, Madam, beg the favour of an half-hour's audience?'

'Sir, Sir!' hesitated the simpleton, and was going to betray my expectation, by expressing some little reluctance; but, recollecting myself, I suffered him to lead me into the cedar-parlour. When there, seating me—'Now, Madam, let me again thank you, a thousand and a thousand times, for the honour of your last condescending letter.'

He but just touched my hand, and appeared so *encouragingly* respectful—I must have loved him then, if I had not before.

'You have, my dearest Miss Byron, a man before you, that never can be ungrateful. Believe me, my dearest life, though I have urged you as I have, you are absolutely your own mistress of the day, and of *every day* of my life, as far as it shall be in my power to make you so. You part with power, my lovely Miss Byron, but to find it with augmentation. Only let me beseech you, now I have given it you back again, not to permit your heart to be swayed by mere motives of punctilio.'

A charming glow had overspread his cheek; and he looked as when I beheld him in his sister's dressing-room, after he had rescued me from the hands of the

then cruel, now merciful, Sir Henry Polluxsen.

'Punctilio, more punctilio, Sir, do not weigh with me. What I want of you, I intended to comply with of heart, Sir, is—' *Yours!*—I would have said—'Why would not my tongue say it?'—'My, my—' I stammered—'Did I stammer?—Had I not owned, before to be so?—' My grandmother, and aunt—' I could not at that instant for my life say another word.

'Sweet confusion! I urge you now on this topic, just now: I joyfully give your reference.' Then drawing me next me, he kissed his own hand, and held it out, as it were, courting mine, yielded it to him, as by an involuntary motion—yet my heart was forward to my hand. He tenderly grasped it, retaining it—and instead of urging the approaching day, talked to me as if it were passed.

'I have a request to make to your grandmother, your uncle and aunt, your Lucy, and our Mr. Deane; it is a bold one: that when I have been blessed with your hand, they will be so good to accompany their beloved Harriet, no more Byron, but Grandison, to the family-seat, and see the beloved of my heart happily fixed, and in possession of it. The house is venerable; I will call it old; but large and convenient. Compassion for your neighbouring mirrors, will induce you to support this request. You cannot bear, I imagine, without a lessening of your joy, (if I prove the just, the good man to you, that, if I know myself, shall be) either to see at church, or your visits, those men who preferred to all women; or, if they forbear the one or the other, to account with a sigh for their forbearance. Other might triumph secretly on such occasions; but I, even I, the successful, the distinguished man, shall not forbear toward pity for them. Now, Madam, excursion of a month or two, if so made by those dear friends, who your wife will be loth, so soon as I will part with you; will rescue, as I say, these unhappy men from you. Mr. Greville, will not then be obliged to quit their own houses; all your relations will attend you, in turn, in the house that I always loved, and where I will settle in; your own relations will be witnesses of our mutual happiness. Support me, generously support me in this proposal, when I shall be blessed by your goodness, to make it—' my dearest love!—if I have been

in thus opening my heart to you, the justice to suppose that it is owing to my wishes to pass over another interesting subject which must take place in my proposal can; and which, however, engages my whole heart.

I might well be silent: I could not find grace for the emotions of my heart. I withdrew my hand to take my handkerchief; [you have often told me, Lady G. that I was born in an April morning] but putting it into my other hand, gratefully (I hope not too fondly) laid it in his way to take again. He did, with an air that had both veneration and gratitude in it—'My dearest life,' tenderly grasping it—'how amiable this goodness! You are not, I see, dissatisfied.'

Displeased—O Sir Charles!—But, while I am too happy, the exalted joy abroad!—She! she, only—Your and Jeronymo's last letter—Thus brokenly did I express (what my heart was full of) her worthiness, my inferiority.

'Exalted creature!—Angelick goodness! You are Clementina and Harriet, in one: one mind certainly informs you both.'

Just then came in my aunt Selby. 'I see, Madam,' said he to her, 'been making a request to your beloved niece: am exceedingly earnest in it. She will be so good as to break it to you; and I am—'

'O Sir!' interrupted my too eager aunt, supposing it had been for the day, Mrs. Shirley has the power—'

'My dear aunt Selby!' said I.

'What have I said, love?'

He caught eagerly at it—'Happy mistake!' said he.—'My dear Mrs. Selby, thank you.'

He bowed, kissed my hand, and left me to go to my grandmamma, to inform himself of what he had to hope for, to the day, from her.

I told my aunt, what the request was; and she approved of his proposal. 'It will be the pride of your uncle's heart and mine,' said she, 'to see you settled in Grandison Hall.'

In less than a quarter of an hour Sir Charles returned, overjoyed; with an answer in his hand, from the venerated parent. What short work did my grandmamma make of it! This is it.

'TO me, my Harriet, you have rendered the most important day of your life. May the Almighty shower down his blessings on it!

Thursday, next week, God willing,

is the day, which shall crown the happiness of us all.

'Make no objections, my dearest child.'

'Hasten to me, and say, you acquiesce cheerfully in the determination of your ever affectionate

HENRIETTA SHIRLEY.'

Had you seen, my dear Charlotte, with what tender respect your brother approached me, and with what an inimitable grace he offered me the open billet, how would you have been charmed with him! 'The excellent Mrs. Shirley,' said he, 'would not permit me to bring this inestimable paper folded. I have contemplated the propitious lines all the way. On my knee let me thank you, my dear Miss Byron, for your acquiescence with her determination.' He kissed my hand on one knee.

He saw me disturbed; [could I help it? There is something awful in the fixing of the very day, Lady G. but I tried to recover myself. I would fain avoid appearing guilty of affectation in his eyes.]

'I will not add a word more, my angel,' said he, 'on the joyful subject. Only tell me, shall we hasten to attend the condescending parent?'

'My duty to her, Sir,' said I, (but with more hesitation than I wished) 'shall be an earnest of that which I am so soon, so very soon, to vow to you.' And I gave him my hand.

There is no describing to you, my dear Lady G. the looks, the manner, with which it was received, by the most ardent, and yet most respectful, of lovers.

I had scarce approached my grandmamma, and begun to utter something of the much my heart was filled with when my uncle and Mr. Deane (by mistake, I believe) were admitted.

'Well, let us know every thing about it,' said my uncle.—'I hope Sir Charles is pleased. I hope—'

The day was named to him.

'Well, well, thank God!' And he spoke in an accent that expressed his joy.

'Your niece has pleased you now, I hope Mr. Selby,' said my grandmamma.

'Pretty well! pretty well! God grant that we meet with no *put off*! I hardly longed so much for my own day with my own dame Selby there, as I have done and do, to see my Harriet, Lady Grandison—God, God, bless you, my dearest love!' and kissed my cheek—'You have been very, very good in the main—And, but for dame Selby, would have been better, as far as I know.'

'You don't do me justice, my dear,' replied my aunt.

'Don't I!—Nor did I ever—' taking

kindly her hand.—‘It was impossible, my dear Sir Charles Grandison, for such a man as I to do justice to this excellent woman. You never, Sir, will be so *frappé* as I have been: it was in my nature; I could not help it; but I was always sorry for it *afterwards*.—But if Harriet make you no worse a wife than my dame Selby has made me, you will not be unhappy.—And yet I was led a tedious dance after her, before I knew what she would be at.—I had like to have forgot that. But one thing I have to request,’ proceeded my uncle.—‘Mr. Deane and I have been talking of it—God bless your dear souls, all of you, oblige me.—It is, that we may have a joyful day of it; and that all our neighbours and tenants may rejoice with us. I must make the village smook. No *hugger-mugger* doings.—Let private weddings be for *doubtful* happiness.’

‘O my uncle!’ said I—

‘And O my niece, too: I *must* have it so.—Sir Charles, what say you? Are you for chamber-marriages?—I say, that such are neither *decent*, nor *godly*. But you would not allow Lady G. to come off so.—And in your *own* case—’

‘Am for doing as in Lady G.’s. I must hope to pay my vows at the altar to this excellent lady.—What says my Miss Byron?’

‘I, Sir, hope to return mine in the same sacred place,’ (my face, as I felt, in a glow) ‘but yet I shall wish to have it as private as possible.’

‘Why, oy, to be sure.—When a woman is to do any thing she is ashamed of.—I think she is right to be private, for *example* sake.—Shall you be ashamed, Sir Charles?’

‘Sir Charles has given it under his hand this very day,’ said Lucy, (interrupting him, as he was going to speak) ‘that he shall glory in receiving my cousin’s hand before ten thousand witnesses.’

‘Make but my dearest Miss Byron easy on this head,’ said Sir Charles,—(‘that talk, ladies, be your’s’) and, so the church be the place, I shall be happy in the manner.’

‘The ceremony,’ said my grandmamma, ‘cannot be a private one with us: every body’s eyes are upon us. It would be an affectation in us, that would rather raise, than allay, curiosity.’

‘And I have as good as promised the two pretty Needhams,’ said my uncle—‘and Miss Watson and her cousin are in expectation—’

‘O my uncle!’

‘Dear Harriet, forgive me! These are your companions from childhood! You can treat them but once in your life in

this way. They would be glad to return the favour.’

I withdrew: Lucy followed me.—‘Lucy, I see,’ said I, ‘are for this peck doings.—But you would not, if it were your own case.’

‘Your case, is my case, Harriet. I should hardly bear being made a fool of with any other man: but with a man as your’s, if I did not *hold up* my head, I should give leer for stare, to show envy far upon the women’s face. You may leer at the men, for the reason. It will be a wicked day, of all, Harriet; for a general envy will possess the hearts of all beholders.’

Lucy, you know, my dear Lady G. a whimsical girl.

So, my dear, the solemn day is fixed. If you could favour me with your supporting presence—I know, if you can, you will be very good, now I have as I hope you will think, been guilty much, no not of any parade.—Lucy will write letters for me to Lady D. to our cousins Reeves’s, and will undertake matters of ceremony for her Harriet. May I but have the happiness to know that Lady Clementina.—What can I write for Lady Clementina?—But should be unhappy—that would indeed be an abatement of my felicity!

There is no such thing as thinking of the dear Emily. What a happiness could I have seen Lady L. here! But that cannot be. May the day that will in *anniversary* be the happiest of my life, give to Lord and Lady L. their most earnest wishes!

Sir Charles dispatches Frederick tomorrow to town with letters; he will bring you mine. I would not go to town till I had finished it.

What have I more to say?—I feel I have a great deal. My head and my heart are full: yet it is time to draw to a conclusion.

Let me, my dearest Lady G. know if I am to have any hopes of your presence! Will you be so good as to make with Emily?

My aunt bids me suppose to you, that since we are to have all the world for an acquaintance, you should bring down your aunt Grandison with you. We have both houses a great deal of room.

Sir Charles just now asked my grandmamma, whether Dr. Curtis would be satisfied with a handsome present, if every one’s dear Dr. Bartlett were to perform the ceremony? My grandmamma answered, that Dr. Curtis was one of my admiring friends. He had for years even from my girlhood, prided himself

the hopes of joining my hand in stage, especially if the office were named in Northamptonshire. She is afraid he would think himself slighted and he was a very worthy man.

Charles acquiesced. But, greatly respecting Dr. Curtis, I should have named the venerable Dr. Bartlett to man in the world. A solemn, so-so subject, though a joyful one! Adieu, adieu, my dear Lady G. Be continue to love. I will, if possible, deserve your love. *Witness*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XLV.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

FRIDAY MORNING, NOV. 10.

EXPECT a letter of hurry, in answer to one, two, three, four, five, six, I don't know how many, of your's: filled with tenderness, some with some with nicety, sense, and non-sense. I shall reckon with you soon for all of them, in which you take intolerable liberties with me. O Harriet! tremble at my resentment. You are down-right scurrilous, my dear.

Imputed extravagance to Emily, in what? The girl's a good girl. I was really. I will shew you two letters from her, and one of my brother, which will wipe up the imputation. I love her more and more. Poor girl! Love peeps in twenty places of hers: in his, he is the best of men—But that you knew

and so the honest man kissed you; and your lip! O lud! O lud! how you bear him afterwards in your arms!—Forgiving creature!—And so we were friends with him before you had time to shew your anger.—Nothing like impudent things in a hurry. Sometimes respectful, sometimes free: why in the way of all the fellows, Harriet!—And so they go on until the selfishness is drawn off, and nothing but tears are left; and after two or three tears are over, the once squeamish parties will be glad of them.

Like your uncle better than I like your aunt or you—He likes me.

That a miserable dog [take the word shortness; I am in haste] is Sir Har-

our plea against Clementina being called, or over-persuaded, (the same) I much like. You are a good

twixt her excellencies and yours, must my brother's soul be divided! wonder he thinks of either of you.

As and two bundles of hay, Harriet. But my brother is a nobler animal. He won't starve. However, I think, in my conscience, that he should have you both. There might be a law made, that the case should not be brought into precedent till two such women should be found, and such a man; and all three in the like situation.

Bagenhall, a miserable devil!—Excellent warning pieces!

Wicked Harriet! You infected me with your horrible inferences from Greville's temper, threatenings, and so-forth. The conclusion of this letter left me a wretch!—If these megrims are the effect of love, thank Heaven, I never knew what it was!

Devilish girl, to torment me with your dreams! If you ever tell me of any more of them, except they are of a different sort, woe be to you!

I like your parting scene, and all that. Your *realities*, thank Heaven, are more delightful than your *reveries*. I hope you'll always find them so.

And so you were full of apprehensions on the favour your aunt did me in employing me about your *nuptial equipments*. Long ago you gave affectation to the winds. Good! But the winds would not accept of your present. They puffed it you back again, and your servants never told you it was brought home. I repeat, my dear, that my brother is much more clever, in these scenes of love and courtship, than his mistress. You are a pretty cow, my love; you give good store of milk, but you have a very careless heel. Yet when you *betink* you, you are very good; but not always the same Harriet. Your nurse in your infancy, *see-sawed* you—*Margery-down*—and you can't put the pretty play out of your practice, though it is out of your memory. I can look back, and sometimes by your forwardness, sometimes by your crowing, know how it was with you eighteen years ago.

My brother's letter to you, after he has mentioned his visits to the two sick baronets, is that of a man who shews you genteelly, and politely, that he is sensible he has a pretty trifle to deal with. I wish you would square your conduct, by what you must imagine a man of his sense would think of you. I should be too proud a minx, in your case, to owe obligation to my man for bearing with me—Spare me, spare me, Harriet! I have hit myself a terrible box o' the ear. But we can find faults in others, which we will not allow to be such in ourselves—But here is the difference be-

tween your conduct now, and what mine was. I *know* I was wrong, and resolved one day to amend. You think yourself right, and while you so think, will hardly ever mend, till your man ties you down to good behaviour.

Jeronymo's letter! O the next to divine Clementina! Indeed, Harriet, I think she out-soars you. I adore her. But will she be prevailed upon to marry?—She will!—If she *does*.—Then—But, dear soul!—Pressed as she is—Having refused (instead of being refused) the beloved of her heart, she will still be greater than any of her sex, if she *does*; the man proposed, so unexceptionable, so tenderly loving her, in the height of her calamity, as well as in her prosperity!—Gratitude to him, as well as duty to her parents; parents so indulgent as they have always been to her; will incline her to marry. May she be happy!—I am pleased with your solicitude for her happiness.

I like your answer to my brother: a good and well-deserved resignation. Let's see how you keep to it.

You do keep to it—as I expected—Ah! Harriet! you are quite a girl sometimes; though at others, more than woman?—Will he not ask leave to come down?—Fine resignation!—Will he not write first!—Yes, yes, he will do every thing he ought to do. Look to your own behaviour, child; don't fear but *his* will be all as it should be.

As to your finery, how now, Harriet! Are you to direct every thing; yet pretend to ask advice? Be contented that every thing is *done for you* of this sort, and learn to be humble. Surely we that have passed the rubicon, are not to be directed by you, who never came in sight of the river. But you maidens, are poor, proud, pragmatistical mortals. You profess ignorance; but in *heart* imagine you are at the tip-top of your wisdom.

But here you come with your horrid fears again. Would to the Lord the day were over; and you and my brother were—Upon my life—you are a—But I won't call you names.

Lucy thinks you should go to Shirley Manor when my brother comes—Egregious folly! I did not think Lucy could have been so silly.

Concerning our cousins Reeves's wanting to be present at your nuptials—your invitation to me—and what you say of Emily—more anon.

Well, and so my brother has sent you the expected letter. Does it please you, Harriet? The deuce is in you, if it don't.

But you are not pleased with it, seems. He is too hasty for you. Why the boasted-of resignation, Harriet? True female resignation!

Tell Lucy, I am obliged to her for her transcriptions. I shall be very good to her correspondence.

Your aunt thinks he is full here. Your aunt's a simpleton, as well as My service to her.

But is the d—in the girl again! What would have become of Lady L. and had you not sent both letters together that relate to Greville's supposed nance? I tremble, nevertheless, at thought of what might have been. I will not forgive Lucy for advising to send to us your horribly-painted rors. What could possess her to tell you to do so, and yet to follow her vice? I forgive not either of you. revenge, I will remind you, that were good women, to whom my brother owed all the embarrassments of his life.

But a caution, Harriet!—Never, let foolish dreams claim a moment of your attention—Imminent as is the danger, your superstition more dreadful to you than otherwise would have been. You have a superiority to such foibles: act up to it, to your dignity, and let not the follies of your nurses, in your infantile state, carried into your maturer age, to debase your womanly reason—Do think I don't dream as well as you!

Well might ye all rejoice in his story. Hang about his neck, for joy you ought, if you thought it would him honour. Hush, hush, proud! don't scold me! I think, were I your man, he would have been honoured by the charming freedom. Call him at your feet! And you ought to have yourself at his. 'There can be no service to him after this,' you say. ought there, had it not been for this, you not signify to him, by letter, you would resign to his generosity? me whisper you, Harriet—Sure proud maiden mixes think—But once—I often wonder in my heart—men and women are cheats to one another. But we may, in a great measure, thank the political tribe for the solution. I hate them all. Are they flammers of the worst passions? We regard to the epicks, would Alexander madman as he was, have been so madman, had it not been for Homer's what violences, murders, depredations have not the epick poets begun the

by propagating false honour, false
religion? Those of the
past ought in all ages (could
future geniuses for tinkling sound
measure have been known) to have
strangled in their cradles. Abuses
talents given them for better purposes
all this time, I put sacred poetry out
the question;) and *avowedly* claiming
right to be *licentious*, and to overleap
bounds of decency, truth, and na-

What a rant! how came these fellows
my rambling head? O, I remember
My whisper to you led me into all this

Well, and you at last recollect the
able you have given my brother about
Good girl! Had I remembered
I would have spared you my reflec-
upon the poets and poetasters of all
ages, the *truly*-inspired ones excepted;
yet I think the others should have
banished *our* commonwealth, as well
Plato's.

Well, but, to shorten my nonsense now
have shortened yours.—The day is at
fixed—Joy, joy, joy, to you, my
dear Harriet, and to my brother!—
and it must be a publick affair?—Why
that's right, since it would be impos-
sible to make it a private one.

My honest man is mad for joy. He
down on his knees, to beg of me to
accept of *your* invitation, and of *his* com-
munity. I made a merit of obliging him,
though I would have been as humble to
you, rather than not be with you; and
by one saucy line, I imagine you
rather be without me.

Your cousins Reeves's are ready to
go out.

God bless you, invite aunt Nell in
too; she thinks herself neglected. A
few whom she so dearly loves! 'Ve-
lard!' she says.—And she never was
at one wedding, and has forgot how
was; and may never be at another—
pink and yellow, all is ready provided,
down or not—O but, if you chuse
her company, I will tell you how to
come off—Give her your word and ho-
nour that she shall be a person of prime
account at your first christening. Yet
she would be glad to be present on both
occasions.

But ah, the poor Emily!—She has
been on her knees to me, to take her
share with me—What shall I do?—Dear
girl, she embarrasses me! I have put her
writing to her guardian, for his
use. I believe she has written. If she
know her own case, I think she would not
miss it.

Poor Lady L.—She is robbed, she
says, of one of the greatest pleasures of
her life. Ah, Charlotte! said she to
me, wringing my hand; 'these husbands
owe us a great deal. This is an hum-
bling circumstance. Were not *my* lord
and *your* the best of husbands—'

'The best of husbands! Wretches!'
said I. 'You may forgive yours, Ca-
roline—You are a good creature; but
not I mine.' And something else I said,
that made her laugh in the midst of her
lacrimals. But she begs and prays of me
not to go down to you, unless all should
be over with her. I can do her no good;
and only increase my own apprehensions,
if I am with her. A blessed way two
poor souls of sisters of us are in.—Sorry
fellows!

And yet, Harriet, with such pro-
pects as these before them, some girls
leap windows, swim rivers, climb walls,
—Deuce take their folly: their choice is
their punishment. Who can pity such
rash souls as those? Thanks be praised,
you, Harriet, are going on to keep in
countenance the two anxious sisters—

'Who, having shot the gulph, delight to see
'Succeeding souls plunge in with like uncer-
tainty;

Says a good man, on a still *more* serious
occasion.

GOOD news! joyful news!—I shall,
I shall, go down to you. Nothing to
hinder me! Lord L. proud as a pea-
cock, is this moment come for me: I am
hurrying away with him. A fine boy!
—Sister safe!—Harriet, Lucy, Nancy,
for your own future encouragement!
Huzza, girls:—I am gone.

LETTER XLVI.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

THURSDAY, NOV. 9.

MY aunt is so much afraid, that
every thing will not be ready, that
she puts me upon writing to you, to
hasten what remains. I am more than half
a fool—But that I always was. My spi-
rits sink at the thoughts of so publick a
day. The mind, my grandmamma says,
can but be full; and it would have been
filled by the circumstance, had not the
publickness of this day given me some-
thing more of grievance.

I am afraid, sometimes, that I shall
not support my spirits; that I shall be
ill—Then I think something will hap-
pen—Can it be, that I shall be the wife
of Sir Charles Grandison? I can hardly
believe it.

Sir Charles is tenderly concerned for me. It would be impossible, he says, that the day could be private, unless I were to go to London; and the very proposing of *that* would put my uncle out of all patience; who prides himself in the thought of having his Harriet married from his own house: nor could I expect my grandmamma's presence. He does all he can to assure my heart, and divert me; a thousand agreeable lively things he says: so tender, so considerate in his joy!—surely I shall be too happy. But will you come? Can you! And if you do, will you be good? Will you make my case your own?

My uncle, at times, is prodigiously head-strong. Every hour he does or says something wrong; yet we dare not chide him. Thursday next will be one of the greatest days of his life, he says; and it shall be all his own. He either sings, hums, or whistles, in every motion. He resolves, he says, to get his best dancing legs in readiness. He started up from table after dinner this day, and caught hold of Lucy's hand, and whisked her round the room: '*Dear wad!*' he called her; a common address of his to Lucy, (I say, because she has a jewel in her head;) and flourishing about with her in a very humorous manner, put her quite out, on purpose to laugh at her; for she would have been in, if he would have let her, for the humour sake. He was a fine dancer in his youth.

Miss Orme breakfasted with us this morning. She, no doubt, threw herself in our way on purpose to hear the news of the appointed day confirmed. My uncle officiously told her it would be one day next week. She named the very day, and turned pale, on his owning she was not mistaken. But, recollecting herself; '*Now then,*' said she, '*is the time to remind my brother of a promise he made before he went abroad, to carry me to London, on a visit to some relations there. I will prevail on him, if I can, to set out on Monday or Tuesday.*'

'God bless you, my dear Miss Byron,' said she, at parting; 'may your bustle be happily over! I shall pity you. You will pay for being so universally admired. But your penance will be but for two days; the *very* day, and that of your *appearance*; and in both your man will bear you out: his merit, his person, his address.—Happy Miss Byron! The universal approbation is yours. But I must have you contrive somehow, that my brother may see him before he is yours; his heart will be easier afterwards.'

—Sent for down by my grandmamma.

—Dear Lucy, make up the letter for me. I know you will be glad of the opportunity.

CONTINUED BY LUCY.] 'W. Lady G. admit me, in this abrupt manner, into her *imperial presence*? I know she will, on this joyful occasion, accord of any intelligence. The poor Harriet my uncle Selby would invite all the country, if they came in his way. Four of my cousin's old play-fellows have already been to claim his promise. He with he said, he had room for all the world it should be welcome.

'He will have the great barn, as it is called, cleared out; a tight large building; which is to be illuminated at night with a profusion of lights; and there all his tenants, and those of Shirley Manor, to be treated, with their wives, such of their sons and daughters as are more than twelve years old. The treat is to be a cold one. Hawkins his steward, who is well respected by them, is to have the direction of it. My uncle's October is not to be spared. It costs two days, at least, to roast, boil, bake for them. The carpenters are ready sent for. Half a dozen bonfires are to be lighted up, round the great barn; and the stacks of wood are not to be spared, to turn winter into summer, my uncle expresses himself.'

'Neither the poor nor the popular are to be admitted, that the confusion most unavoidable from a promised multitude may be avoided. But no will be given, that two houses in the neighbouring village, held by the tenants of the family, and one near Shirley Manor, will be opened at twelve on Thursday, and be kept open for the rest of the day, till ten at night, for the use of all who chuse to go thither. The church-wardens are preparing a list of poor people; who, on Friday morning, were to receive *five* shillings a piece, which Sir Charles has desired to be *ten*; on condition that they shall not be troublesome on the day.

'Poor Sir Hargrave, to whom all joyful bustle is primarily owing!—Harriet, that she has not, with all punctilio, been half punctilious enough. She should have had him after all, on the motive of Prince Prettiman in the *Revelation*.

'Dear Madam, can your ladyship allow of this idle rattle? But I have time to make up for it by a ceremonious conclusion; though I am, with the greatest respect, Lady G.'s most obedient servant,
Lucy Sir

LETTER XLVII.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

SATURDAY, NOV. 11.

Write a few lines, if, writing to you I can write a few, by the special messenger that carries down all the remaining apparatus which was committed to my care. We women are sad creatures delaying things to the last moment. We hurry the men: we hurry our workmen, milliners, mantua-makers, friends, relations, confederates, and ourselves. When we have given the day, night and day, we neither take rest, nor give it: what, if we had the *rare* felicity of knowing our minds sooner, all might go on more and softly. But then the *gentle* passion, I doubt, would glide into insipidity. Well, and I have heard my brother say, that things in general, are best as they are. Why I believe so; for all these honest souls, as mantua-makers, attire-workmen, work-women, *enjoy* a hurry that is occasioned by a wedding, and are half as well pleased with it, as if it were their own. They simper, smirk, gossip over trivial finery; spread this on their arms and shoulders; admire that—Look you—Look ye there! And is not this?—Is not that?—And, did you ever—No, never, in my *born* days!—And is the world, do you say, such a lovely creature?—And is the bridegroom as handsome a man, as she a woman?—O lud, O dear!—Would to Heaven Northamptonshire were nearer, that one might see how charming, how graceful, how becoming!—and so-forth.

And why should not we women, after all, contrive to make hurry-scurries. You see how I correct myself as I go along] and make the world think our affairs a great part of the business of it, and that nothing can be done without us?—After a few months are over, new freaks take place, and we get into corners, sigh, groan, look silly and meagre, and at last are thrown into *straw*, as it is called; poor Caroline's case; who remarks, that she cannot be present on this new fad in the family. But I am to acquaint you with every thing by pen and ink.—Look to your behaviour, Harriet, on the next occasion.

But a word about Caroline.—Were it not for her being deprived of this pleasure, the good creature would be very happy. Lord L. and she are as fond as puppies. She has quite forgot all her sufferings for him. He thanks her for his life. She follows with her eye the little messenger, and is delighted with all that she does with him, to him, for him.—Is she pleased with every body, even with very

servants, who crowd in by permission, to see his little lordship, and already claim an interest in him. Upon my word, she makes a very pretty fond mother. And aunt Nell, who, by the way, was at the crying-out, and was then so frightened! so thankful to God! and so happy in her own situation, [no, not for the world, would she be other than she was!] now grudges the nurses half their cares.

What good creatures are we women!

Well, but I don't know what to do about Emily. The first vice of the first woman was curiosity, and it runs through all her daughters. She has written to her guardian, and nothing but an absolute prohibition will hinder her from making one in your train. Did the dear girl know the state of her own heart, she would chuse to be a thousand miles off, rather than go. I have set her woman and mine to discourage her. I have reasoned with her myself; but there is no such thing as giving her one's *true* reasons; nor *would* I, willingly; because she herself, not having found out her love to be love, I hope the fire may be smothered in her own heart, by the aid of time and discretion, before discovery; whereas, if the doors of it were to be opened, and the air let in, it might set the whole tenement in a blaze. Her guardian's denial or assent will come, perhaps, in time; yet *hardly*, neither; for we shall set out on Monday. Aunt Nell is so pleased with her nursery of the *little peer*, as she primly calls him, that you are rid of even her *wishes* to be with you. Being *sure of this*, I told her that your aunt had hinted to me her design to invite her in form; but that I had to let you know, that Lady L. would not be able to live without her company, all the world, and the world's wife, attentive and engrossed by your affair. She, good creature! was pleased—So as she could but be thought of importance by somebody, I knew she would be happy. I told her that you invited nobody, but left all to your friends.—‘Aye, poor dear soul,’ said she; ‘she has enough to think of, well as she loves your brother.’—And sighed for you—Worthy ancient! The sigh a little deeper, perhaps, for some of her own recollections.

Mr. and Mrs. Reeves would not stay for us. What will you do with us all?—Crowd you, I fear. But dispose of us, at Shirley Manor, or Selby House, as you please. Yours, and aunt Selby's, and grandmamma Shirley's concern for us, is all we are solicitous about. But servants' rooms, nay cocklofts, haylofts, will do. We like to be put to our shifts now and then—Something to talk of—

But I can tell you, if you don't know

it already, Lord W. and his lady are resolved to do you honour on this occasion; but they will be but little trouble to you. My lord's steward has a half-brother, a gentleman-farmer, in your neighbourhood.—Sheldon.—They will be there: but perhaps you know of this a better way. They will make a splendid part of your train. Gratitude is their inducement.

Lord L. has just now told me, that my sister, in tenderness to him, and in honour to you, has besought *him* to be present. O Harriet! what will you do with yourself?—Aunt Nell and I have the heart-burn for you. But Lord L. *must* be welcome: he is one of those, who so faithfully kept your secret.

So, in *our* equipages, will be Lord L. my honest man, Emily, and your Charlotte: Lord L.'s equipages will be at the service of any of your guests; as will our spare one.—I wish Beauchamp could permit himself to be present (I hope he will) on the nuptials of a friend so dear to him, with a lady he so greatly admires.

My woman and Emily's will be all our female attendants: one nook will serve them both.

My poor man will be mad, before the day comes. He *does* love you, Harriet. My brother, he says, will be the happiest man in the world—*himself* excepted.—A hypocrite! He just popt this in, to save himself—'why dost make this exception, friend?' said I.—'Thou knowest it to be a mere compliment.'—'Indeed,' (*two* indeeds, which implied, that *one* might have been doubted) 'I am *now*,' [A farcassin in his word *now*] as happy as mortal man can be.—'Ah, flatterer! and shook my head. A recognition of my sovereignty, however, in his being afraid to speak his conscience. A little of the old leaven, Harriet!—I can't help it. It is got out of my heart, half out of my head; but, when I take the pen, it will tingle now-and-then, at my finger's end.

Adieu, my love!—God bless you!—I can enter into your joy. A love so pure, and so fervent. The man Sir Charles Grandison. And into your *pain*, also, in a view of a solemnity so near, and to you so awful. With all my roguery, I sympathise with you. I have not either a wicked or unfeeling heart. Such as yours, however, are the true spirits; such as mine are only bully and flash.

Lucy, you are a good girl. I like the whim of your concluding for Harriet. I also like your tenants dining-room, and other managements, as the affair must unavoidably be a publick one.

Neither of you say a word of good Mr. Deane, I hope he is with you. He can-

not be a cypher wherever he comes, except on the right-side of the figure, to create it's consequence. Don't be afraid of your uncle; I, I, I will manage him never fear.

There are other passages, Harriet, your last letter, which I ought to be answered to.—But forgive me, my dear I had laid it by, (though pleased with in the main;) and, having answered most material part, by dispatching things, forgot it as much as if I had received it, till the moment I came to conclude. Once more, adieu, my dear Harriet. Ca.

LETTER XLVIII.

MISS JERVOIS, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

FRIDAY, Nov.

NO sooner, dear and honoured Sir, one boon granted me, but I have another to beg; yet I blush as I write for my troublesomeness. I told you, I had furnished myself with new cloaths on a very joyful occasion.—Indeed it is a *very* joyful occasion. You would have me under a new obligation to your goodness, if you would be pleased to allow me to attend Lady G. in her journey; do I shall know, by this fresh favour, that you have quite forgiven your dutiful ward. I presume not to add another word.—I dare say, Miss Byron, that now is, is not be against it, if you are not.—O bless you, my honoured good Sir—God, I hope, I am sure, will bless you and so shall I, as surely I ought, when you grant this favour, or not, to your ever obliged, and grateful

EMILY JERVOIS

LETTER XLIX.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO MISS JERVOIS.

SUNDAY, NOV.

IT would give me great pain to do to my good-Miss Jervois the grant any request she shall think fit to make me. You shall know, you say, by grant of this favour, that I have forgiven my ward.—Was such a wanted, my dear? I assure you, that you have lately done for your mother though I was not consulted in it, heightened my opinion of the worth of your heart.

As to your request, I have pleasure leaving every thing relating to the late event to my beloved Miss Byron and friends. I will entreat her to understand her mind on this subject. She grows that the solemnity cannot be private which, beloved as she is in this neighbourhood, would be in vain to attempt

her aunt has no objection from want of room, there cannot, my dear Emily, be any objection from your affectionate and true friend,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

UNDERWRITTEN.

Mr dearest Miss Jervois will excuse me, that I gave her not a formal invitation, when I intimated my wishes for Lady G.'s presence on the approaching solemn occasion, though at so many miles distance. It is a *very* solemn one. One's dear, my dear, cannot be so much disengaged, as to attend to invitations for the day, as it might on its anniversary. I shall have too great a number of guests. O my dear! can you bear to be one in so large a company? I shall be able to attend to any of my friends the day: no, not to you, my love. Can you bear with my inattention to my body, to every subject, but one? Can you desire to see your Harriet (joy in the occasion is, and the chosen wish of heart) look and behave like a foolish creature? If you can, and Lady G. will be charge of my lovely young friend, mine will rejoice in being able to contribute to your pleasure, as well as to your affectionate

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER L.

LADY G. TO LADY L.

SELBY HOUSE, TUESDAY, NOV. 14.

WELL, my sister, my friend, my dear Lady L. how do you? As I can be expected, I hope: the answer thousand years old, to every enquirer—careful or ceremonious. And how is my dear little boy? As well as can be expected, too—I am glad of it.

How are we!—Every body well, and

I was afraid my brother would have been more polite upon us than *familiar*, he invited us not: but, no!—He was himself, as Harriet says. He met me at the coach-door. He handed out my ward. She could not speak. Tears in her eyes. I could have beat her my fan. He kissed her cheek.—My dear child, I thank you most sincerely for your goodness to your mo-

I was afraid that her joy would then have been too much for her. She expanded, collected, her plumes. Her spread (soon, however, closed) shewed me, she with difficulty restrained herself from falling at his feet. He turned from me. 'My best Charlotte, how do you?' The journey I hope, has not incommoded you.' He led me out, and, taking

each of the honest men by the hand, 'My dear Lords, you do me honour.' He then congratulated Lord E. on the present you had made him, and the family.

At the inner gate met us our sweet Harriet, with joy upon one brow, half the cares of this mortal life on the other. She led us into the cedar-parlour, (my brother returning to welcome in the two honest men) and threw her arms about my neck.—My dearest Lady G. how much does your presence rejoice me!—I hope, (and looked at me) 'your journey—' 'Be quiet, Harriet! You must not think so much of these matters, my love.' She was a little abashed: 'Don't be afraid of me; I will be very good,' said I. 'Then will I be very thankful,' replied she.

'My lovely Emily, turning to her: how does my sweet friend? Welcome, once more, to Selby House.'

The girl's heart was full. She (thanking her only by a deep curtsey) abruptly withdrew to the window; and, trying for a third time, in hopes to stifle her emotion, it broke into a half-sob, and tears followed.

Harriet and I looked; *she* compassionately, *I* vexedly, I believe; and both shook our heads at each other.

'Take no notice,' said I, seeing Harriet move towards the window to her.—'It will go off itself. Her joy to see her Harriet, that's all.'

'But I *must* take notice, (for she found that Emily heard her)—'My dear Emily, my lovely young friend—why—'

'I will tell you, Madam,' interrupted she, and threw her arms about Harriet's neck, as Harriet (sitting in the window) clasped hers about her waist; 'and I will tell you truth, and nothing but the truth—You wrote so cool to me, about my coming—And yet I to come! But could not help it—And I thought you now looked a little severely upon me—But love, and, I will say, duty to you, my dearest Miss Byron, AND NOTHING ELSE, made me so earnest to come. Say you forgive me.'

'Forgive you, my dearest Emily!—I had only your sake, my dear, in view. If I wrote with less warmth than you expected, forgive me. Consider my situation, my love. You are, and ever will be, welcome to me. Your griefs, your joys, are mine—Give me which you please.'

The girl burst into fresh tears.—'I, I, I am now as unable,' sobbed she, to bear your goodness, as before I was your displeasure—But hide, hide me! Here comes my guardian!—What now,

when he sees me thus, will become of me?

She heard his voice at the door, leading in the two lords; and they followed by Mr. Selby, Mrs. Selby, Lucy, Nancy.

Sir Charles went to the two young ladies. Harriet kept her seat, her arms folded about Emily.

'Sweet emotion!' said he: 'my Emily in tears of joy!'

'What a charming picture!—O my Miss Byron, how does your tenderness to this amiable child oblige me!—I sever you not;' clasping his generous arms about them both.

'I have afflicted my dear Emily, Sir, without intending it. I wrote coldly, my precious young friend thinks; and her love for me makes her sweetly sensible of my supposed ingratitude. But believe me, my dear, I love you with a true sisterly tenderness.'

I took the dear girl aside, and gently expostulated with her upon the childishness of her behaviour, and the uneasiness she would give to Miss Byron, as well as to herself, by repetitions of the like weakness of mind.

She promised fair; but, Lady L. I wish there were more of the child, and less of the woman, in this affair. Poor thing! she was very thankful for my advice: and expressed how wrong she was, *because* it might discourage her guardian and Miss Byron, that *now was*, from letting her live with them: 'But for my life,' said she, 'whatever was the matter with me, I could not help my foolishness.'

Miss Nancy Selby took Emily up with her; and uncle Selby and I had a little lively hit at each other, in the old stile. We drew my brother in. I had not tried his strength a good while: but, as Harriet said in one of the sauciest letters she ever wrote, I soon found he was the wrong person to meddle with. Yet he is such a charming raller, that I wonder he can resist his talent. No wonder, Harriet would say; because he has talents so superior to that which, she says, runs away with his poor sister.

Emily came down to us very composed, and behaved prettily enough: but had my brother as much mannish vanity as some of the sorry fellows have who have no pretence for it, he would discern the poor Emily's foible to have some little susceptibility in it. I am glad he does not; for it would grieve him. I have already told him of the sufferings of poor Lady Anne S. on her hearing he is near marriage; and he expressed great concern upon it for that really worthy woman.

Mr. Reeves, his wife, and Mr. Deane,

were abroad when we arrived. I came in to tea. Our mutual congratulations on the expected happy event, cheered our own hearts and would have lighted yours. Charming, charming the behaviour of my brother to his elect. You can have no notion of it, cause at Colnebrook we always stand acting under a restraint; owing, as we have found, to honour, conscience, a prior love.

He diverts and turns the course of jests that he thinks would be affecting her; yet in such a manner as it is hardly perceivable to be his intention to do for he makes something of the begun contribute to the new ones; so that before uncle Selby is aware of it, he himself in one that he had not in his when he set out.—And then he comes with his 'What a pize was I going to say? But this is not what I had in head.' And then, as my brother knows he misses his scent, only because it has not afforded the merry mortal something to laugh at; he furnishes him with lively and innocent occasion which duces that effect, and then Mr. Selby is satisfied. Mrs. Selby and Lucy let my brother manages him, and are patient with it; for it is so delicately done, something arises from it that keeps the next man in credit with himself and every body else, for his good heart, good heart, and those other qualities make him in his worst subjects tolerable and in his best valuable.

Venerable Mrs. Shirley is to be here to-morrow and next day. Mr. Selby has chosen Shirley Manor for his abode, for the time he stays; and James Selby, in order to make room at Selby House for us, will go there too, Mr. and Mrs. Reeves take of choice, their lodgings, though he day.

Poor Harriet! She told me once fear makes cowards loving. She is fond of me and Lucy, and her own times it would be a sin not to pity. Yet Lucy once tossed up her head, my saying so—'Pity her! why, I think I do, now you have put me in head of it: but I don't know whether it is not more to be envied.' Lucy is a little girl. She loves her Harriet. I knew I should be pleased with the content to my brother.

Harriet has just now looked in upon me—'Writing, Lady G. And of me, Lady L. I suppose?'

She clasped her arms about me—'Madam!

'Thursday! Thursday!'

What of Thursday?

Is the day after to-morrow!

Every child can tell that, Harriet.

Ah, but I, with such happiness before me, am sillier than a child!

Well, but I can tell you something, Harriet.

What is that?

That the next day to Thursday, is Friday.—The next day to that is Saturday.

The next—

Pish! I shall stay no longer with you; I am going home.

Give me a gentle tap—I would not be answered you so.

Away she tript, desiring her affectionate compliments to dear Lady L.

Let me see! Have I any more to write?

Think not. But a call for supper makes me leave my paper unsubscribed.

EMILY behaved very prettily at supper, but it would have been as well, if she had not thought so herself: for the effect of her behaviour afterwards to

That made it look like an extraordinary thing in her own account.

Mr. Selby sung us a song, with a good hunter air. There is something very agreeable in his facetiousness; but it would become nobody else. I think you

all agreed at Dunstable, that he is a jolly, hearty, handsome *ish* man—

looks shrewd, arch, open, a true country gentleman aspect: what he says

ish.—What he means is better.—He is very fond of your lord.—But I think

your fond of *mine*.—A criterion, Lady L. as for Lord G. he is in the situation

Harriet's Singleton.—He is prepared to

at the moment Mr. Selby opens his mouth; especially when he twists his

about, turns a glass upside down, looks under his bent brows, at the

company round, yet the table always in

eye: for then we know, that something is collected, and ready to burst forth.

Well, good night! good night! good night!—Has my godson elect done crying

What a deuce has he to cry at? Undressed, unpinioned, unwashed, legs

arms at full liberty: but they say

does good to the brats—opens their eyes—and so forth.—But tell him, that

he does not learn to laugh, as well as cry, he shall not be related to

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER LI.

LADY G. IN CONTINUATION.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 15.

WEDNESDAY is come, and, as Harriet says, to-morrow is Thurs-

day. Ah, Harriet! rich as content! poor as patience!

I have been talking to her: half-comforting her, half-laughing at her. She says, I am but half-good.

All the world is come.—Lord W. and his ever-agreeable lady. Beauchamp, as I am alive, with them! I wish I could see this rogue Emily in love with him. He is certainly in love with her.

I know it—I know it!—Do you go down about your business.

Only Lord G. come to tell me what I knew before.

Harriet's gone down to be complimented. She has hardly spirits to compliment.

Well, well, I'll only tell Lady L. who is come. Does not the poor soul keep her bed? And are we not to be as complaisant to our ill friends, as our well?—I am coming, child.

Emily, with her pretty impertinence. Neither Lord G. nor Emily, can be anything, when strangers come, and I stand not by them to shew their signification.

Deuce! a third messenger.—O Mrs. Selby herself. I'll tell you more bye and bye, Lady L.—Your servant, Mrs. Selby. I attend you.

THE two Miss Needhams, Miss Watson, Miss Barclay, the two Miss Holles's Mr. Deane.—So, so, so, Harriet, said I, What is the meaning of this?—My uncle's doings! I have no spirits. Sir Charles should not have been so passive: he, and nobody else, could have prevailed upon my uncle. My aunt has held him in, till her arms ached. O the dear restless man! She has now let go; and you see how he prances over the whole meadow, the reins upon his neck.

Dear girl! said I, I am glad you are so fanciful.

I would fain be lively, if I could, said she. Never any creature had more reason, Lady G.—My heart is all gratitude, and, I will say, love.

Good girl! hold up your head, my dear, and all will be as it should be.

Sir Charles staid to attend hither the most venerable of women. Mr. and Mrs. Reeves are to come with them.

You must, as you expect me to be minute, be content with bits and scraps, written by snatches of time. I pity you for your still-life, my dear Lady L. and think your request, that I will so write, as to make you suppose yourself on the spot, a reasonable one.

Here is come the man of men!

With what respect (all his respect has

G. 2

love in it) did he attend Mrs. Shirley to her seat! And then hastening to Lord and Lady W. he saluted them both, and acknowledged the honour done him by their presence; an honour, he said, that he could not have expected, nor therefore had the thought, the distance so great, of asking it.

He then paid his compliments, in the most affectionate manner, to his amiable friend Beauchamp; who, on his thanking him for his uninvited presence, said, he could not deny himself being present at a solemnity that was to complete the happiness of the best of men, and best of friends.

Sir Charles addressed himself to the young ladies who were most strangers to him; apologising to them, as they were engaged with Mr. Selby, Mr. Deane, and Lord G. that he did not at first. He sat a few minutes with them: what he said, I heard not; but they smiled, blushed, and looked delighted upon each other. Every body followed him in his motions, with their eyes. So much presence of mind never met with so much modesty of behaviour, and so charming a vivacity.

The young ladies came only *intendedly* to breakfast; and that at Mr. Selby's odd invitation. They had the good sense to apologize for their coming this day, as they were to make part of the cavalcade, as I may call it, to-morrow. But the odd soul had met the four at a neighbouring lady's, where he made a gossiping visit, and would make them come with him.

I observed, that nobody cared to find fault with him; so I began to rate him; and a very whimsical dialogue passed between us at one end of the room.

I made the honest man ashamed of himself: and every body in our circle was pleased with us. This misled me to go on; and so, by attending to his nonsense, and pursuing my own, I lost the opportunity of hearing a conversation, which, I dare say, would have been worth repeating to you by pen and ink. Harriet shall write, and give it to you.

Mr. Orme and his sister, we are told, set out yesterday for London. Mrs. Selby and Harriet are yet afraid of Greville.

The gentlemen and some of the ladies, myself (but not Harriet) among them, have been to look at the preparations made in the lesser park, for the reception of the tenants. Mr. Selby prided himself not a little on his contrivances there. When we returned, we found Harriet at one end of the great parlour, sitting with Emily; her grandmother, Mrs. Selby, Lucy, in conversation at the other; the good girl's hand in hers, Emily blushing,

looking down, but delighted, as it seemed Harriet, with sweetest love, and passion, intermingled in her aspect, turning to her, and bending over her, her neck. I thought I never saw her look so lovely. Elder sister-like, and young one instructing in love, the other listening with pleasure.

They took every body's attention the room filled with the company, all crowded about Mrs. Shirley, and not to heed the two friends. 'Would I give,' said Lady W. to Sir Charles and her lord, 'for a picture of those young ladies,' [Emily just then kissed the hand of her lovely friend with emotion and Harriet lifted up Emily's to her] 'if love, dignity, and such expressions could be drawn in the face of one lady, and that reverence, gratitude, and modest attention in the other?—I congratulate you, Sir Charles, with all my heart, have observed with rapture, from a look, every word, and from the behaviour of Miss Byron, that your gifts to hundreds will be greatly repaid. —O my good Lord W. turn to him, 'Miss Byron will pay all debts.'

'Every attitude, every look, of Byron's,' said my lord, 'would furnish out a fine picture. Wherever she I cannot keep my eye from following her.'

My brother bowed, delighted. How pleased was Mrs. Shirley, Selby—Every body! But what a different man is Lord W. to what he once was! Lifted up from low keeping, to a who, by her behaviour, good sense, politeness, gives him consequence. Once thought him one of the lowest of men, I now denied him, in my heart, a relation to mother, and thought him a savage.

The two young ladies, finding themselves observed, stood up, in a proper posture; but Emily, seeming engaged to detain her dear friends' attention, Harriet took a hand of Emily's in conversation.

I had sidled that way—Yes, my dear, 'said the lovely Harriet, 'a friend is unalterable, as you say, by time and circumstance. Dearest Emily, command me ever.'

Emily looked about her—'O, Madam, I want to kneel to you. I will ever be your friend.' 'My good Lady G.' said Harriet, approaching me, 'one of Emily's hands is here, 'we have promised a friendship is to continue to the end of our lives. We are to tell each other all her faults. How causelessly has my Emily been accusing herself!—The most ingenious human hearts is here.'

left Emily's hand in mine, and towards Mrs. Shirley, and the circle of friends surrounding her.

'O my dear Lady G.!' said Emily, 'merely, as we followed the meek-goddess of wisdom, [such her air, manner, her amiableness, seemed in thought, at that time, to make her,] never, was such graciousness! I can but hear her goodness. What a happy state shall I be, if I follow her example, and observe her precepts!'—You

'my dear,' said I, 'have a guide: but, love, you must not be anxious, as you were at first coming,' she professed she would not. 'I have excusing myself to her, Madam,' said dear girl, 'and am forgiven.'

My brother met the lovely creature. He took her hand, and, leading her towards her grandmother, 'We have been alive, my dearest life, to you and me. You love her: she adores you.'—Beauchamp, you know not the hundredth part of the excellences of this adorable woman.'

'You were born for each other. God bless you both, for an example to a world that wants it.'

Harriet curtsied to Beauchamp. Her face was overspread with a fine crimson, she attempted not to speak. She gazed herself, as it were, between the arms of her grandmamma and aunt; then turned about, and looked so charmingly! 'Miss Jervois, Sir,' said she, to my brother, 'has the best of hearts. She deserves the kindest care. How happy is she in such affection!'

'And how much happier will she be with you, Madam!' replied he. 'Of my care, my Emily,' turning to her, 'in this admirable lady already relieved my heart! The care the greater, as you love it all. In every thing take her direction: it will be the direction of love and prudence. What an amiable companion will you make her! and how happy will your love of each other make me!'—'I got behind me, as it were.' 'Speak to my guardian; promise for me, and—You never, never shall break your word through my fault!'

Beauchamp was affected. 'Graciousness,' said he, looking at Harriet, 'and goodness,' looking at Emily.—'Are they here united! What a man will he be, who can entitle himself to a lady formed upon such an ideal!'

A sun-beam from my brother's eye fell to play upon his face, and dazzle the eye. The fine youth withdrew be-

hind Lady W.'s chair. Mr. Selby, who had been so good as to give us his silent attention, then spoke with a twang through his nose, 'Adad, adad,' said he, 'I do not know what to make of myself—But go on, go on; I love to hear you.'

Your good lord, my dear, enjoyed the pleasure we all had; mine tossed up his head, and seemed to snuff the wind; and yet my dear Lady L. there was nothing so very extraordinary said; but the manner was the thing which shewed a meaning, that left language behind it.

My brother is absolutely passive as to the economy of the approaching solemnity. Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, Lady W., your Charlotte, and Lucy, are the council appointed; but uncle Selby will put in, to marshal this happy proceeding. 'What a pizze,' he says, 'is not Harriet his daughter? Will it not be this day?'

Mrs. Selby tries to smile off his oddity; but now and then we see her good-naturedly radden at it, as if for his sake. Lucy looks at her uncle as if she could hardly excuse his particularities; but Mrs. Shirley has always something to say for him. She enters into his character; she knows the honesty, as well as generosity, of his heart; that it all proceeds from joy and love; and always allows for him—as I would have my friends allow for me: and, to say truth, I, for my own part, like him the better for wanting allowances; because his case, in that respect, is mine. Ah, my dear, it is the thoughtful, half-asleep, half-awake, blinking cat, that catches the mouse. Such as your Charlotte, with their kittenish tricks, do but fright away the prey: and if they could catch it, had rather play with it than kill it.

Harriet is with her virgins: her dress is left to her own choice. I slept in just now—She met me at the dressing-room door, and looked so lovely! so silly! and so full of unmeaning meaningfulness. [Do you understand me, Lady L.?] She sighed—'What would my Harriet say to me?' said I, taking her hand—'I don't know; again sighed—'But love me, Lady G.'

'Can I help it?' said I; and putting my arms about her, kissed her cheek.

Uncle Selby has provided seven gentlemen of the neighbourhood, to match the number of the ladies, for there will be sixteen of us: Mr. Godfrey, Mr. Steele, Mr. Falconbridge, three agreeable young men, sons of gentlemen in the neighbourhood, Mr. Selby's chosen friends and companions in his field-sports; his cousin Holfes, brother to the Miss Hol-

les's, an admirer of Miss Needham; young Mr. Roberts, admirer of Miss Barclay; Mr. Allestree, a nephew of Sir John, a young man of fine qualities, engaged to Miss Dolly Needham; and Lord Kerisby of Ireland, (related to Mr. Selby's favourite, Sir Thomas Falconbridge;) a young nobleman of shining parts, great modesty, good-nature, and, what is worth them all, Mrs. Shirley says, a man of virtue.

Lord W. was very desirous of giving so rich a jewel as Harriet to his nephew, in return, as he said, for as rich a jewel which he had presented to him; but Mr. Selby would not admit of that. I told him, on his appeal to me, that he was right, once in his life.

Mr. Selby talks much of the music he has provided for to-morrow. He speaks of it as a *band*, I assure you.

WE have had a most agreeable evening. My brother was the soul of the company. His address to his Harriet was respectfully affectionate, yet, for her sake, not very peculiar. Every body, in turn, had his kindest notice, and was very happy in it. To-morrow's solemnity was often hinted by Mr. Selby, and even by my suppliant lord—But Sir Charles always insensibly led to more general subjects; and this supported the spirits of the too-thoughtful Harriet, and she behaved, on the whole, very prettily. His joy visibly was joy; but it seemed to be of so familiar and easy a nature as if it would last.

He once occasionally told the happy commencement of his acquaintance with Miss Byron; on purpose, I saw, to remind her, that he ought not to be thought of as a stranger to her, and to engage her in easy familiarity. But there was a delicacy observed by him in this remembrance. He began not from the time that he rescued her from Sir Hargrave; but from the first visit she made him in St. James's Square; though she, with great gratitude, carried it back to its real date.

Mrs. Shirley retired soon, as is her custom, her Harriet attending her. The old lady is lame, and infirm; but as she sits, is a very fine woman; and every body sees that she was once a beauty. I thought I never saw beauty in full bloom so beautiful as when it supported beauty in ruins, on the old lady's retiring, with a face so happy, leaning one arm on her lovely grandchild, a neat crutch-stick in the other, lightening her weight to the delicately-formed supporter of her old age. It was so striking a picture, that every soul, all standing up, from reverence, on

her retreat, observed it; and their eyes till the door shut on graceful figures.

The old lady's lameness is owing, seems, to a strained sinew; got in her up a dance, not many years ago, posed by herself, in order to crowd reconciliation which she had been about, between a couple that had then, been unhappy; and which her nature and joy made her not sensible till she sat down. Pity that any should have hurt so benign, so cheerful, so benevolent a woman! Why did Harriet tell us this circumstance would have heightened our value for and the more, if she had told us, the truth, that she never considers herself hurt, (so honourably come by) but she thinks she is troublesome to about her.

Harriet returned to the company cheerful than when she left it, and with her grandmother's blessings, prayers for her and my brother, (she whispered me) and in having been allowed to support the tottering parent.

Harriet, said I, aloud, 'you a very naughty girl to accuse me, as you did, of reflecting upon age. Never, in my eyes, looked more than you did half an hour ago, supping the best of old ladies.'

'We are all of your ladyship's me said Lady W.—'A new grace, be me, my dear, shone out in every full feature.'

'Your kind notice, ladies,' bowed me and Lady W. 'does me honour more to your own hearts.'

Most gracefully does the dear girl receive and return a compliment; but Lady L. I need not now say to you have both admired her on these occasions. How happy will she make a man, who be so sensible of his happiness! And happy will he make her! He, who is most grateful and enlarged of hearts!

Soon after tea [I tell you things of course, Lady L. as they come to head] we most of us withdrew, to read the marriage-articles: when we were ready to sign, Harriet was first in. She would not come before, begged, she prayed the might not. The first line of each clause, and the form-sake, were run over, by Mr. as fast as he could read. How the creature trembled when she came to all the time of the shortened rest. But when the pen was given her, her name she dropt it on the parchment out of her trembling hand. Sir

her emotion with concern; and beld up, as she stood. 'My dearest life,' he, 'take time.—Be composed,'—holding the pen with reverence in her fin-

She tried to write; but her pen would not touch the parchment, so as to mark. She soon, however, made another sign, his arm round her waist.—She signed them; but Sir Charles held her hand, and the parchments in them, and she delivered them.—'As your act is indeed, my dearest love?'—said Sir Charles.—'Yes, indeed,' replied she, and she drew him a curtsey; hardly knowing what she did.

She must hear of this, when she can see it. You charged me to be very strict on the behaviour of our Harriet: it was sure it would be a pattern. But, you see she is too timid.

She accompanied me to my chamber and we retired for the night. She sigh-

I took notice of it.—'O my Charles,' said she, 'to-morrow, to-mor-

Will the beginning of your happiness be my Harriet!—What virgin heart,' said I, 'but must have had joy, on her contemplating the man of sense and power, had his behaviour of this night been the test of her judgment of

True; and I have joy: but the circumstance before me is a solemn one: it does not the obligation lie all on his

Does he behave to you, my love, as he thought any of it did?

O no! no! But the fact is otherwise; as I know it, the obligation is heightened by his polite goodness to me.'

Dearly does he love his Harriet; (to-morrow will you be his Harriet for life.) you not convinced that he loves

I am, I am! But—

But what, my dear?

I never can deserve him. Hapless, my Clementina! the only could! Let to-morrow after to-morrow be over, and I be not unhappy, and what a thrice-damn'd creature shall I be!

I kissed her glowing cheek.—'Support yourself like a heroine to-morrow, dear. You will have a task, because the crowds which will attend you; it is the tax you pay for being so excellent, and so much beloved.'

Is it not strange, Lady G. that my mamma should join to support my son in his vehemence for a publick day? It has been only his command, I would have rebelled!

'The pride they take in the alliance with my brother, not for his situation in life, but for his transcendent merit, is their motive; your grandmother's particularly. She considers the day as one of the happiest of her life: she has begged of me to support you in undergoing it. She says, if there should be a thousand spectators, she knows it will give pleasure to as many hearts; and to hers the more, for that reason. And you will be,' continued I, 'so lovely a pair, when joined, that every beholder, man and woman, will give him to you; you to him.'

'You are very good my dear Lady G. to encourage me thus; but I told my grandmother, this night, that she knew not the hardship she had imposed on me, by insisting on a public day: but I would not begin so great a change, whatever it cost me, by an act of opposition and disobedience to the will of so dear a parent. But your brother, my dear Lady G.' continued she, 'who would have thought he would have given into it?'

'As your friends mean a compliment to my brother, replied I; 'so he, by his acquiescence, means one to you; and to them. He is not a confident man: he looks upon marriage in as awful a light as you do; but he is not shy of making a public declaration of his love to the woman he has chosen. He has told me, talking of this very subject, that public ceremony is not what, for your delicacy-sake, he would have proposed: but being proposed, he would not, by any means decline it. He had no concern but for you; and he took your acquiescence as a noble instance of your duty and obligingness to one of the most affectionate and worthy of parents.'

'O my dear Lady G. how good was you to come down! Support me in the arduous task of to-morrow!—'You will not want my support, my love; and will have Sir Charles Grandison bound, both by duty and love, to support you.'

She threw her arms about me: 'I will endeavour to behave as I ought, in a circumstance that shall entitle me to such protection, and to such a sister.'

My fidgetting lord thrust in (unsent for) his sharp face; and I chiding him for his intrusion, he slipped away, or I had designed to attend her to her chamber; and there, perhaps, should we have staid together most part of the night. If I had, I don't suppose that I should have deprived her of any rest. What makes my foolish heart throb for her? so happy as she is likely to be!—but sincerely do I love her.

I should have told you, that Emily behaved very prettily. Mr. Beauchamp had a rich opportunity to engage her, while the settlements were executing.

On our return to them the poor girl was wiping her eyes. 'How now, Emily?' said I, softly. 'O Madam, Mr. Beauchamp has been telling me how ill Sir Harry is! His own eyes set mine the example. How I pity him! And how good he is! No wonder my guardian loves him.'

Beauchamp may possibly catch her in a weeping fit. The heart, softened by grief, will turn to a comforter. Our own grief produces pity for another; pity, love. They are next neighbours, and will call in to ask kindly how a sufferer does: and what a heart must that be, that will not administer comfort when it makes it's neighbourly call, if comfort be in it's power?

'Lord G. you are very impertinent.'—I am in the scribbling vein, my Caroline; and here this man—' Say another word, Lord G. and I'll sit up all night—Well, well, now you return not sauciness for threatening, I will have done.'

Good-night—Good-morrow, rather, Lady L.—O Lady L.! *Good-morrow* may it be!

CH. G.

LETTER LII.

LADY G. }
MISS SELBY, } TO LADY L.

THURSDAY MORNING, NOV. 16.

YOU shall find me, my dear sister, as minute as you wish. Lucy is a charming girl. For the humour's sake, as well as to forward each other, on the joyful occasion, we shall write by turns.

It would look as if we had determined upon a publick day, in the very face of it, were we to appear in full dresses: the contrary, therefore, was agreed upon yesterday. But every one, however, intends to be dressed as elegantly as morning-dresses can make them. Harriet, as you shall hear, is the least shewy. All in virgin-white. She looks, she moves, an angel. I must go to the dear girl.—'Lucy, where are you?'

'Here, Madam—But how can one write, when one's thoughts—'

'Write as I bid you. Have I not given you your cue?'

LUCY; TAKING UP THE PEN.] Dear Lady L. I am in a vast hurry. Lord W. Lady W. and Mr. Beauchamp are come. Sir Charles, Mr. Deane, Mr. and Mrs. Reeves's, have been here this half-hour. Has Lady G. dated?—No, I protest! We women are above such little exactness.

Res. Dear Lady L. the gentleman ladies are all come. They say the chaise is crowded with more of the living than of the dead, and there is hardly room for a spade. What an image, on this day! We are all out of our wits with joy and hurry. My cousin is not so; her heart misgives her! Foolish girl! She is with her grandmother and grandmother Selby. One gives her a horn, another salts. 'Lady G. I must attend my dear Miss D. in an hour's time that will be her usual longer.'

LADY G.] Here, here, child—Harriet's better, Lady L. and she of herself. Sir Charles was sent for by her grandmother and aunt, to see her. Charming man! Tenderness and love are indeed tenderness and love in a brave and manly heart. Emily will be married, on any consideration. It is terror and not joy, she says, in the tending circumstances. Good Emily, continue to harden thy heart against love thoughts of wedlock, for two years come; and then change thy mind for Beauchamp's sake!

'Dear Lucy, a line or two from your uncle; I hear his voice, fumble.—'The man's mad; mad indeed, Lady.—In such a hurry!—Lucy, they are yet all ready.'

'Nor I,' says the raptured lady, 'to take up the pen—not a line more I will I, write till the knot is tied.'

Nor I, my dear Lady L. till I can give you joy upon it.

I sit: for this hurrying soul has in driving every body else, has become quite ready.—But we are in very little time. Lucy has brought me up the list of procession, as Earl Marshal Selby directed it.

Here I pin it on.

First Coach (Miss Selby's)
The Bride - - Mr. Selby
Mrs. Shirley - - The Bridegroom

Second Coach (Mrs. Shirley's)
Miss Emily Jervis Lord Rensley
Miss Needham - - Mr. Beauchamp

Third Coach (Sir Charles's)
Miss Barclay - - Mr. Falconbridge
Miss Watson - - Mr. Aldrich

Fourth Coach (Lord W.'s)
Mrs. Selby - - Lord W.
Lady W. - - Lord L.

Fifth Coach (old Mr. Selby's)
Old Mrs. Selby - - Lord G.
Lady G. - - Mr. Deane

Bride Men and Maids.

Sixth Coach (Mr. Reeves's.)
 Mrs. Reeves - Mr. James Selby,
 Miss Lucy Selby - Mr. Reeves.

Seventh Coach (Sir John Holles's)
 Miss Nancy Selby Mr. Holles
 Miss Kitty Holles Mr. Steele.

Eighth Coach (Lord G.'s)
 Miss Patty Holles Mr. Godfrey
 Miss Dolly Needham Mr. Roberts.

Each coach four horses. Sir Charles's state-
 coach to be reserved for the day of publick
 appearance.

From Selby House to the church,
 a mile, in coaches; foot-way not so
 [sh.]

family was very earnest to be bridemaids,
 though advised to the contrary.

Mr. Beauchamp was a bridegroom, at
 own request also.

will go back to the early part of the
 evening.

We are each of us serenaded, as I may
 say, by direction of this joyful man,
 the Selby, (*awakened*, as he called it,
snick) by James Selby, playing at each
 door an air or two, the words
 in an epithalamium (whose I know
 [sh.]

The day is come, you wish'd so long:
 Love pick'd it out amidst the throng:
 He bestimes to himself this fun,
 And takes the reins, and drives it on.

It is indeed a fine day. The sun seem-
 to reproach some of us: but Harriet
 not a wink. No wonder.

hastened up to salute her. She was
 dressed. 'Charming readiness, my
 [sh.] said I.

I took the opportunity while I was
 [sh.] answered her.

Nancy, were with her, both
 [sh.] as she, for the day; that they
 have nothing to do but to attend her.

joy in their faces! What sweet
 [sh.] in the lovely Harriet's!—'And
 this day,' said she once, in a low
 [sh.] to me, 'give me to the lord of my
 [sh.]—Let not grief come near it; joy
 [sh.] enough painful!'

[sh.] My cousin, her spirits over-
 [sh.] was ready to faint in her grand-
 [sh.] arms; but, revived by the soothing
 [sh.] the blessings, of her venerable pa-
 [sh.] soon recovered. 'Let nobody be
 [sh.] said her grandmother; 'affright
 [sh.] by your hurrys, my lovely child!
 [sh.] fatigued; her spirits are hurried:
 [sh.] joy is too much for them.'

What a charming presence of mind has
 [sh.] Shirley! Lady G. bides me write
 [sh.] thing to your ladyship, so I will but

write; and forbids me apologising either
 for manner or words.

Sir Charles was admitted. She stood
 up the moment she saw him, love and re-
 verence in her sweet aspect. With a kind
 impatience he hastened to her, and threw
 himself at her feet, taking her hand, and
 pressing it with his lips—Resume your
 magnanimity, my dearest life: by God's
 blessing, with the man before you, you
 will have more than a chance for happi-
 ness.

'Forgive me, Sir,' said she, sitting
 down; (she could hardly stand.) 'I can
 have no doubt of your goodness: but it
 is a great day! The solemnity is an awful
 one!'

'It is a great, a solemn, day to me, my
 dearest creature! But encourage my joy
 by your smiles. It can suffer abatement
 only by giving you pain!'

'Generous goodness! But—'

'But what, my love! In compliment
 to the best of parents, to the kindest of
 uncles, resume your usual presence of
 mind. I, else, who shall glory before a
 thousand witnesses in receiving the honour
 of your hand, shall be ready to regret
 that I acquiesced so cheerfully with the
 wishes of those parental friends for a pub-
 lick celebration.'

'I have not been of late well, Sir: my
 mind is weakened. But it would be un-
 grateful, if I did not own to you, that
 my joy is as strong as my fear: it over-
 came me. I hope I shall behave bet-
 ter. You should not have been called to
 be a witness of my weakness.'

'This day, my dearest love, we call
 upon the world to be witness to our mu-
 tual vows. Let us shew that world, that
 our hearts are one; and that the cere-
 mony, sacred as it is, cannot make them
 more so. The engagement is a holy one:
 let us shew the multitude, as well as our
 surrounding friends, that we think it a
 laudable one. Once more I call upon you,
 my dearest life, to justify my joy by your
 apparent approbation. The world around
 you, loveliest of women, has been accus-
 tomed to see your lovers, shew them now
 the husband of your choice.'

'O Sir! you have given me a motive!
 I will think of it throughout the whole
 sacred transaction.' She looked around
 her, as if to see if every body were ready
 that moment to attend her to church.

LADY G.] The ceremony is happily
 over; and I am retired to oblige my Ca-
 roline. You have the form of the pro-
 cession. When every thing was ready,
 Mr. Selby thought fit to call us down in
 order into the great hall, marshalling his

four; and great pride and pleasure did he take in his office. At his first summons, down came the angel, and the four young ladies, and each of the four had her partner assigned her.

Emily seemed between the novelty and the parade, to be wholly engaged.

Harriet, the moment she came down, flew to her grandmamma, and kneeled to her, Sir Charles supporting her as she kneeled, and as she arose. A tender and sweet sight!

The old lady threw her arms about her, and twice or thrice kissed her forehead; her voice faltering—'God bless, bless, sustain my child!—Her aunt kissing her cheek: 'Now, now, my dearest love,' whispered she, 'I call upon you for fortitude.'

She visibly struggled for resolution; but seemed, in all her motions, to be in a hurry, as if afraid she should not hold it. She passed me with such a sweet confusion! 'Charming girl!' said I, taking her hand, as she passed, and giving way to her quick motions, for fear restraint should disconcert her.

When her uncle gave the word for moving, and approached to take her hand, she in her hurry, forgetting her cue, put it into Sir Charles's. 'Hold, hold,' said her uncle, sweeping his bosom with his chin, in his arch way, 'that must not be.' My brother, kissing her hand, presented it, in a very gallant manner, to her uncle. 'I yield it to you, Sir,' said he, 'as a precious trust; in an hour's time to be confirmed mine by divine, as well as human sanctions.'

Mr. Selby led the lovely creature to the coach, but stopt at the door with her, for Mrs. Shirley's going in first: the servants at a distance all admiring, and blessing and praying, for their beloved young well-lady.

Sir Charles took the good Mrs. Shirley's hand in one of his, and put the other arm round her waist, to support her. 'What honour you do me,' Sir, said she. 'I think I may throw away *this*:' (meaning her ebony crutch-stick) 'do I ail any thing?' Her feet, however, seconded not her spirits. My brother lifted her into the coach. It was so natural to him to be polite, that he offered his hand to his beloved Harriet; but was checked by her uncle, (in his usual pleasant manner:) 'Stay your time, too ready Sir, said he. 'Thank God it will not be so long before *both* hands will be yours.'

We all followed, very exactly, the order that had been, with so much proud parade, prescribed by Earl Marshal Selby. The coach-way was lined with specta-

tors. Mr. Selby, it seems, bowed the way, in return to the salutes of acquaintance. Have you never, Lady L. called for the attention of your company, in your coach, to something that has passed in the streets, or on the road, and at the same time thrust your head through the window so that nobody could see but yourself? So it was with Mr. Selby, I doubt not. He wanted every one to look in at the happy pair, but took care that hardly any body of himself should be seen. I asked him afterwards, if it were not so? He knew not, he said, but it might. I told him he had a very jolly comely face to show, but no head. 'He does not spare me, but true jests are not always the most welcome. Tell a lady of forty, that she is sixty or seventy, and she will not be angry as if she were guessed to be eight or nine and thirty. The one nobody believes; the other every body. My Lady G. I can tell you, fares well in Mr. Selby's company.'

'Lucy, my dear girl, take the pen. You don't know, you say, what I want last—Read it, my girl—You have it. Take the pen; I want to be assured of them.'

LUCY.] Lady G. must have her pen, whether in the right place, or not. I excuse me, both sisters. How could I, however, in a part so interesting? I say, I must give an account of the procession, and she will conduct them to the church: I out of it. I cannot, I say, after so many wishes, so many pences, so much expectation, before we came to this, be too minute. Every man's heart leaps, she says, when a wedding is described; and wishes to know all, *how and about it*. Your ladyship will know, that these words are Lady G.'s own: but what can I say of the procession?

The poor Harriet—Fie upon me!—rich Harriet, was not sorry, I believe, that her uncle's head, now on this side, now on the other, in a manner, filled the coach; but when it stopt at the church-yard, an inclosed one, whose walls keep off coaches near a stone's throw from the church-porch, then was my brother put to it; especially as her grandmother walked so slow. We were out of our coaches before the father of the bride entered the porch. I shall tell your ladyship, that the passage to the entrance of the church-yard to the church is railed in. Every Sunday crowd (gathered to see the gentry go in and come out) are accustomed to

ended by these rails; and were more
intendedly so now: the whole church-
seemed one mass (but for that se-
parating passage) of living matter, dis-
tinguished only by separate heads; not a
one of the men's; pulled off, perhaps,
in general consent, for the convenience
of seeing, more than from regard in that
particular. But, in the main, never was
there such silent respect shewn, on the
occasion, by mortal mob. We all
saw, Lady L. have the happiness of
being beloved by high and low.

But one pretty spectacle it is impossible
to pass by. Four girls, tenants daugh-
ters, the eldest not above thirteen, ap-
peared with neat wicker-baskets in their
hands, filled with flowers of the season.
In this way was made for them. As
soon as the bride, and father, and Sir
Charles, and Mrs. Shirley, alighted,
these pretty little Flora's, all dressed in
white, chaplets of flowers for head-
pieces, large nosegays in their bosoms,
white ribbonds adorned their stays and
their baskets; some streaming down,
others tied round the handles in true lo-
ver's knots, attended the company; two
going before; the two others here and
there, and everywhere; all strewing flow-
ers: a pretty thought of the tenants at-
tending themselves. Sir Charles seemed
much pleased with them: 'Pretty dears!' he
called them, to one of them.

'God bless!' and, 'God bless you!' he
echoed from many mouths. Your
father's attention was chiefly employed
on Mrs. Shirley, because of her age and
benefits. Here my good Lady G. per-
haps would stop to remark upon the wor-
thy nature of the English populace,
when good characters attract their admi-
ration; for even the populace took notice,
how right a thing it was for the finest
gentleman their eyes ever beheld,
to take such care of so good an old lady.
It seemed to live to be old himself, one
said; they would warrant, others said,
that he was a sweet tempered man; and
others, that he had a good heart. In
the procession one of us picked up one
flower, another another. Though Lady
W. and the four bridemaids, as
well as the lords, might have claimed
notice; yet not any of them receiv-
ing more than commendation; we were all
considered but as satellites to the planets
that passed before us. What, indeed,
were we more? But let me say, that
Mrs. Shirley had her share in reverence,
the lovely couple had theirs in admira-
tion. But O how my dear cousin was
affected, when she alighted from her un-
der coach!

The churchwardens themselves were
so complaisant as to stand at the church-
door, and opened it on the approach of
the bride, and her nuptial father. But
all the pews near the altar were, how-
ever, filled (one or two excepted, which
seemed to be left for the company) with
ladies and well-dressed women of the
neighbourhood: and though they seemed
to intend to shut the doors after we had
all got in, the church was full of peo-
ple. Mr. Selby was displeased, for his
niece's sake; who, trembling, could hard-
ly walk up to the altar. Sir Charles seat-
ed his venerable charge on a covered bench
on the left side of the altar; and by her,
and on another covered bench on the
right side, without the rails, we all, but
the bride-maids and their partners, took
our seats. They stood, the bride-men on
the bridegroom's side; the maids on Har-
riet's—Never—

LADY G.] 'Are you within the
church, Lucy?—You are, I protest. Let
me read what you have done. Come,
pretty well, pretty well—You were go-
ing to praise my brother: leave that to
me. I have an excellent knack at it.'

Never was man so much, and so de-
servedly admired. He saw his Harriet
wanted support and encouragement. The
minister stood suspended a few moments;
as doubting whether she would not faint:
'My dearest love,' whispered Sir Charles,
remember you are doing honour to the
happy, thrice happy, man of your choice:
shew he is your choice, in the face of
this congregation.—'Pardon me, Sir, I
will endeavour to be all you wish me.'

Sir Charles bowed to the minister to
begin the sacred office. Mr. Selby, with
all his bravery, trembled, and, overcome
by the solemnity of the preparation, look-
ed now pale, now red. The whole con-
gregation were hushed in silence as if
nobody were in the church but persons
immediately concerned to be there. Emi-
ly changed colour frequently. She had
her handkerchief in her hand; and (pret-
ty enough!) her sister bride-maids, little
thinking that Emily had a reason for her
emotion, which none of them had, pul-
led out *their* handkerchiefs too, and per-
mitted a gentle tear or two to steal down
their glowing cheeks. I fixed my eye
on Emily, sitting outward, to keep her
in order. The doctor began—'Dearly
beloved—' 'Ah, Harriet!' thought I;
'thou art much quieter now, than once
thou wert at these words.'

No impediments were confessed by either
of the parties, when they were referred
to by the minister, on this head. I sup-
pose this reference would have been omit-

led by Sir Hargrave's shuffling parson. To the question, to my brother, 'Will this serve,' &c. he cheerfully answered, 'I will.' Harriet did not say, 'I will not.' 'Who grows this woman,' &c. 'I, I, I,' said uncle Selby; and he owns, that he had much ado to refrain saying—'With all my heart and soul! Sir Charles seemed to have the office by heart; Harriet in her heart: for before the minister could take the right-hand of the good girl to put it into that of my brother, his hand knew it's office; nor did her trembling hand decline the favour. Then followed the words of acceptance; 'I Charles, take thee, Harriet, &c. on his part; which he audibly, and with apparent joy and reverence in his countenance, repeated after the minister. But not quite so alert as Harriet, in her turn: her hand was rather taken, than offered. Her lips, however, moved after the minister; nor seemed to hesitate at the little piddling word *obey*; which I remember, gave a qualm to my poor heart, on the like occasion. The ring was presented: The doctor gave it to Sir Charles, who, with his usual grace, put it on the finger of the most charming woman in England; repeating after the minister, audibly, 'With this ring I thee bind,' &c. She brightened up; when the minister joining their right-hands, read, 'Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.' And the minister's address to the company, declaring the marriage, and pronouncing them man and wife, in the name of the Holy Trinity; and his blessing them, swelled, she owns, her grateful heart, ready to bursting. I could not but observe, that the congregation generally joined, as if they were interested in the celebration.

Sir Charles, with a joy that lighted up a more charming flush than usual on his face, his lively soul looking out at his fine eyes, yet with an air as modest as respectful, did credit to our sex before the applauding multitude, by bending his knee to his sweet bride, on taking her hand, and saluting her, on the conclusion of the ceremony—'May God, my dearest life,' said he, audibly, 'be gracious to your Grandison, as he will be good to his Harriet, now no more Byron!'—She curtsied low, and with so modest a grace, that every soul blessed her; and pronounced her the loveliest of women, and him the most graceful and polite of men.

He invited Dr. Curtis to the wedding-dinner, and led his bride into the vestry. She was followed by her virgin-train; they by their partners.

She threw herself, the moment she be-

held her grandmother, at her feet. 'Madam, your happy, happy child.' 'God for ever bless the darling of my heart!'

Sir Charles bent his knee to the venerable lady, with such a condescending nity, if I may so express myself: 'Receive and bless, also, your son, my Harriet's reverend parent, and mine.'

The dear lady was affected. She off her seat on her knees, and with lifted hands and eyes, tears trickling her cheeks: 'Thou, Almighty, be the dear son of my wishes!'

He raised her with pious tenderness and saluted her. 'Excellent lady!—would have said more, but was afraid—Every body was—And having left the old lady, he returned to Mrs. Selby. 'Words are poor,' said he; 'my actions, my behaviour, shall speak the gratitude I have of your goodness, to me—' Of yours, Madam, to Mrs. Selby—' And of yours, my dearest, addressing himself to his lovely bride, who seemed hardly able to sustain her on so respectful a recognition of relation to persons so dear to her. 'Let me more,' added he, 'bless the hand which has blessed me!'

She cheerfully offered it. 'I give Sir, my hand,' said she, curtsying, 'with it a poor heart—A poor heart, indeed! But it is a grateful one! It is your own!'

He bowed upon her hand. He felt not. He seemed as if he could not feel.

Joy, joy, joy! was wished the happy pair, from every mouth. 'See, my young ladies,' said the happy and interesting Mrs. Shirley, addressing her nieces, 'the reward of duty, virtue, obedience! How unhappy must those parents and relations be, whose daughters, unlike our Harriet, have disgraced themselves, and their families, by a shameful choice!—As my Harriet's is, for looking around her, 'be your lovely, amiable daughters!'

Then every one besought her, and kissed it; and some by speech, and looks and curtsies, promised to cherish the memory of this happy transaction for their benefit.

Emily, when she approached the venerable lady, sobbing, said, 'Bless me, also bless, my dear grandmamma Shirley—Let me be your own grand-daughter—She embraced and blessed the dear child—' Ah, my love,' said she, 'but supply the place of my Harriet to me, and Mrs. Selby—as Harriet did—Emily started: 'Ah, Madam, you

ness! Let me try to make myself, in a little way, agreeable to my dear Byron that was, and live a little in the sunshine of my guardian's eye; and then how proud shall I be to be, in any the least degree, like your daughter!

‘I thought a good hint of Mrs. Selby. Our Harriet (my dear Caroline) shall not be made unhappy by the loss of her dear girl neither, if I can help it, be made so by her own foible. I will watch over both, for the good of both, and for the tranquillity of the household.’

Beauchamp's joy shone through a cloud, because of his father's illness; but he shined.

Mr. Selby and my lord were vastly alive. Lord L. was fervent in his joy and congratulations; but he was wiser than both together. Nothing was wanting to him but he was excessively pleased; but he was afraid the other two would not consider the vestry as part of the church; and would have struck up a tune about musick.

How sincerely joyful, also, were Lord Selby and Lady W.! My lord's eyes burst in tears more than once; ‘Nephew!’ and ‘Dear Nephew!’ at every word, whether speaking of or to my brother; as if he sought the relation he stood in to him a greater glory than his peerage, or aught that he valued himself upon, his excellent lady excepted.

Upon my honour, Caroline, I think, I have often said, that people may be happy, if not *most* happy, who set out with a moderate stock of love, and only what they want in that with prudence. I really think, that my brother and Harriet cannot be happier than are this worthy couple; times of life are ordered on both sides, and my lord's superior capacity allowed for. For certainly, men of sense are most capable of such sensations, and have their balance since it is as certain, that they are most susceptible of painful ones. Then, is the stuff, the nonsense, the romantick girls, their romancing, their life not wholly elapsed, prate about, fill one's ears with, of *first* love, *first* love, but *first* folly? Do not most of such indications of gunpowder constitution, that want but the match to be applied, to set them into a blaze! Souls of discretion, of flimsy gauze, that are not their folly.—One day they think as I do; and perhaps before their daughters who will convince them of the truth of my assertion.

‘Here comes Lucy.—My dear girl,

take the pen—I am too *sentimental*. The French only are proud of sentiments at this day; the English cannot bear them: story, story, story, is what they hunt after, whether sense or nonsense, probable or improbable.’

LUCY.] ‘Bless me, Lady G.! you have written a great deal in a little time. What am I to do?’

LADY G.] ‘You have brought the happy pair into the church. I have told Lady L. what was done there: you are to carry them out.’

LUCY.] ‘And so I will.—My dearest love,’ said her charming man to my cousin, who had a little panick on the thoughts of going back through so great a crowd, ‘imagine, as you walk, that you see nobody but the happy man whom you have honoured with your hand: every body will praise and admire the love-liest of women. Nobody, I hope, will blame your choice. Remember at whose request it was, that you are put upon this difficulty; your grandmamma's and uncle's. She, one of the best of women, was married to one of the best of men. I was but acquiescent in it. Shew, my dearest life, all your numerous admirers and well-wishers, that you are not ashamed of your choice.’

‘O Sir! how charmingly do you strengthen my mind! I will shew the world that my choice is my glory.’

Every body being ready, she gave her hand to the beloved of her heart.

The bells were set a-ringing the moment the solemnity was concluded; and Sir Charles Grandison, the son of our venerable Mrs. Shirley, the nephew of my uncle and aunt Selby, husband of my dear and ever-dear Harriet, and the esteemed, of every heart, led his graceful bride through a lane of applauding and decent-behaving spectators, down through the church and still more thronging multitudes in the church-yard; the four little Flora's again strewing flowers at their feet as they passed. ‘My sweet girls,’ said he, to two of them, ‘I charge you complete the honour you have done us, by your presence at Selby House: you will bring your companions with you, my loves.’

My uncle looked around him as he led Mrs. Shirley: so proud and so stately! By some undesigned change, Mr. Beauchamp led Miss Jervois. She seemed pleased, and happy: for he whispered to her, all the way praises of her guardian: ‘My guardian!’ twice or thrice, occasionally repeated she aloud, as if she boasted of standing in some relation to him.

The bride and bridegroom stopt for Mrs. Shirley, a little while at the coach-side; a very grateful accident to the spectators: he led them both in, with a politeness that attends him in all he does. The coach wheeled off, to give way to the next: and we came back in the order we went.

'Now, my dear Lady G. you, who never were from the side of your dear new sister for the rest of the day, resume the pen.'

LADY G.] 'I will, my dear; but in a new letter. This fourth sheet is written down to the very edge. Caroline will be impatient: I will send away this.'

Joy to my sister! Joy to my aunt! Joy to the earl! To Lady Gertrude; To our dear Dr. Bartlett! To every one, of an event so happy; and so long wished for by us all!

'Sign, Lucy, sign.'

'After your ladyship.'

'There then,' CHARLOTTE G.

'And, there then,' LUCY SELBY.

LETTER LIII.

LADY G. TO LADY L. IN CONTINUATION.

THIS happy event has been so long wished for by us all; we are so much delighted with the bride, as well as the bridegroom; so many uncertainties, so many suspences, have fallen in; so little likelihood once that it ever would have been; and you are so miserably tied by the leg, poor Caroline! and so little to divert you, besides the once smiling to the ten times squalling of your little stranger; that compassion, love, both, incite me to be minute; that so you may be as much with us in idea, as we all wished you could have been in person.

Crowds of people lined the way, in our return from church, as well as in our way to it; and blessings were pronounced upon the happy pair by hundreds, at their alighting at Selby House.

When we were all assembled in the great hall, mutual congratulations flowed from every mouth; then did every man salute the happy bride; then did the equally happy bridegroom salute every lady—There was among us the height of joy; joy becoming the awful solemnity; and every one was full of the decent behaviour, and the delight expressed by the crowds of spectators of all ranks, and both sexes; a delight and decency worthy of the characters of the admirable pair; and Miss Needham declared, and

all the young ladies joined with her, if she could be secure of the like behaviour and encouragement, she never think of a private wedding for self. Mr. Selby himself was overjoyed too much even to utter a jest; now, he said, he had attained the height of ambition.

The dear Harriet could look up; could smile around her. I led her, Lucy into the cedar-parlour—'Now, dear love,' said I, the moment we enter it, throwing my arms about her, just as her lips were joyfully opening to speak to me, 'do I salute my real sister, sister Grandison, in my dear Lady's name, as well as in my own: God mightily confirm and establish your happiness!'

'My dearest, dearest Lady G. I am so grateful, how encouraging, to my heart, your kind salutation! Your continued love, and that of my dear Lady L. will be essential to my happiness.'

'May our hearts be ever united!' replied I. 'But they must: for were our minds kindred minds before?'

'But you must love my Lucy,' said I, presenting her to me—'You must love my grand—' 'Mamma,' said I, catching the word from her, 'your aunt, your uncle, your cousins, and your cousins' sons, to the twentieth generation—so I will: ours yours: yours ours! we are all of one family, and will be forever.'

'What a happy creature am I!' replied she—'How many people can good man make so! but where is my Emily, sweet girl? Bring to me, Lucy, bring to me my Emily!'

Lucy went out, and led in the dear girl. With hands and eyes uplifted, 'My dear Miss Byron, that was, my dear Lady Grandison,' said she, 'love me, love your Emily. I am now your Emily, your ward; love me as well as you loved when Miss Byron.'

Harriet threw her arms about my neck; 'I do, I will, I must! you shall be my sister, my friend; my Emily indeed! Love me, as I will love you, and you shall find your happiness in mine.'

Sir Charles entered: his Beauchamp in his hand. Quitting his and taking hers, he kissed it. 'Once more,' said I, 'do I thank my dearest life for the honour she has done me:' then returned with his other hand, his Beauchamp, he presented each to the other, as brother and sister.

Beauchamp, in a graceful manner, bowed on her hand: she courtied to him with an air of dignity and esteem.

then turning to Emily; 'Acknowledge, my dear,' said he, 'your sister: my Harriet will love her. Receive, my dearest life, your—Yet,' (to Emily) 'I acquit not myself of the power, any more than of the duty of obliging you at first hand.'

'O Sir!' said the sobbing girl, 'you are all goodness! But I will make no return to you, but through my dearest Lady Grandison's mediation. If she approve me first, I shall not doubt of its fitness to be complied with.'

'Was not that pretty in Emily? O how Beauchamp's eyes loved her!'

'But why, ladies,' said Sir Charles, 'do you sequester yourselves from the company? Are we not all of a family together? The four little Flora's, with their presents in their hands, were entering the room, as I came in: receive them, my love, in your usual graciousness. We will be in the company, and call them in.—My dear Beauchamp, you are a bridegroom; restore the bride to her friends and admirers again.'

He took Emily's hand. She looked proud!—Harriet gave hers to Beauchamp. We followed them into the great hall. Mr. Selby had a richness in his look, and seemed ready to blame us for withdrawing.—Sir Charles was aware of him. 'My dear Mr Selby,' said he, 'will you allow us to see the pretty Flora's?'—'All means,' said Mr. Selby; and hurried out, and introduced them.

'Sweet pretty girls! We had more leisure to consider the elegant rusticity of their dresses and appearance. They had baskets in their hands, and a court and a blush ready for every one in company. Sir Charles seemed to expect that the bride would take notice of them first; observing that she wanted presence of mind, he stepped to them; took each by the hand, the youngest first; called them pretties; 'I wish,' said he, 'I could present you with as pretty flowers as you are going away in honour of *this company*!'—He put five guineas; then presented them, each in each hand, to his bride; who, by this time, was better prepared to receive them with that sweet ease and familiarity which give grace to all she says and

the children afterwards desiring to go to their parents, the polite Beauchamp herself, accompanied by Lucy, led them away, and returned, with a request from the tenants, that they might have the room some time in the day, to see the bride and bridegroom among them, were present for two minutes. 'What says my

love?' said Sir Charles.—'O, Sir, I cannot, cannot—' Well, then, I will attend them, to make your excuse, as well as I can.' She bowed her thanks.

The time before dinner was devoted to conversation.

Sir Charles was nobody's; no not very particularly his bride's: he put everyone upon speaking in turn. For about half an hour he sat between the joyful Mrs. Shirley and Mrs. Selby; but even then in talking to them, talked to the whole company; yet, in his air and manner to both, shewed so much respect, as needed not the aid of a particular address to them in words.

This was observed to me by good Lord L. For Harriet (uneasy, every eye continually upon her, thoughtful, bashful) withdrawing, a little before dinner, with a cast of her eye to me, I followed her to her dressing-room. There, with so much expressiveness of meaning, though not of language; so much tenderness of love; so much pious gratitude; so much true virgin sensibility; did she open her heart to me; that I shall ever revolve what passed in that conversation; as the true criterion of virgin delicacy unmingled with affectation. Nor was I displeased, that in the height of her grateful self-congratulation, she more than once acknowledged a sigh for the admirable Clementina. We just began to express our pleasure and our hopes in the good behaviour of our Emily, when we were called to dinner.

It was a sumptuous one.

Mr. Selby was very orderly, upon the whole: but he remembered, he said, that when he was married, (and he called upon his dame to confirm it) he was obliged to wait on his bride, and the company; and he insisted upon it, that Sir Charles should.

'No, no, no!' every one said; and the bride looked a little serious upon it: but Sir Charles, with an air of gaiety that infinitely became him, took a napkin from the butler; and, putting it under his arm, 'I have only one request to make you, my dear Mr. Selby—When I am more awkward than I ought to be, do you correct me; and I shall have both pride and pleasure in the task.'

'Adad!' said Mr. Selby, looking at him with pleasure.—'You may be any thing, do any thing; you cannot conceal the gentleman. Adsheart, you must always be the first man in company—Pardon me, my lords.'

Sir Charles was the modestest servitor that ever waited at table, while his napkin was under his arm: but he laid it

down while he addressed himself to the company, finding something to say to each, in his pithy, agreeable manner, as he went round the table. He made every one happy. With what delight did the elder ladies look upon him, when he addressed himself to each of them! He stopt at the bride's chair, and made her a compliment with an air of tenderness. I heard not what it was, sitting at distance; but she looked grateful, pleased; smiled, and blushed. He passed from her to the bride-maids, and again complimented each of them. They also seemed delighted with what he said. Then going to Mr. Selby; 'Why don't you bid me resume the napkin, Sir?'—No, No: we see what you can do: your conformity is enough for me. You may now sit down, when you please. You make the waiters look awkward!

He took his seat, thanked Mr. Selby for having reminded him of his duty, as he called it, and was all himself, the most graceful and obliging of men.

You know, my dear Lady L. how much I love to praise my brother. Neither I, nor the young ladies, not even those who had humble servants present, regarded any body but him. My poor lord!—I am glad, however, that he has a tolerable good set of teeth.—They were always visible. A good honest sort of man, though, Lady L. whatever you may think of him.

After dinner, at Mr. Selby's reminding motion, Sir Charles and the men went to the tenants. They all wished him joy; and, as they would not sit down while he stood, Sir Charles took a seat among them, and all the rest followed his example.

One of the honest men, it seems, remembered the nuptials of Mr. and Mrs. Byron, and praised them as the best and happiest of the human race: others confirmed his character of both; another knew the late Mr. Shirley, and extolled him as much; another remembered the birth, another the christening, of the bride; and others talked of what an excellent creature she was from infancy. 'Let me tell you, Sir,' said one grey-headed man, you will have much ado to deserve her; and yet, you are said to be as good as you are handsome.' The women took up the cause: they were sure, by what they had heard, if any man in the world could deserve the bride, it was Sir Charles Grandison; and they would swear for him by his looks. One of the honest men said, they should all have taken it as a *hugeous* favour, were they allowed to wish the bride joy, though at ever so great a distance.

Sir Charles said, he was sure the men would excuse her this day; and the men would, in compliance to him. 'We will hope,' said he, looking round him, 'before we leave Northamptonshire, for one happy dinner together.'

They all got up to bow and curtsy and looked upon each other; and they who are most of them freeholders, went to the Lord for a new election, and he would come among them. They no great matter of fault to find, they with their present representatives; any body who would oppose Sir Charles Grandison, would stand no chance. The women joined in the declaration, they thought highly, as Sir Charles faintly observed, of their own influence over their husbands. They all wondered that he was not in parliament, till he heard how little a while he had been in England.

He took leave of the good people (by their behaviour and appearance, as much credit to their landlords and themselves) with his usual affability and politeness; repeating his promise of a jubilee as some of them called it.

The ball, at the request of the company, was opened by the bride and bridegroom. She was very uneasy at the general call. Sir Charles saw her, and would have taken out Miss Needham, but it was not permitted. The daughter, I believe, did her best at the time, but I have seen her perform better. She did exceedingly well. But such a figure herself, and such a partner, could she do amiss?

Emily was taken out by Beauchamp. He did his best, I am sure; and almost much excelled his pretty partner, his beloved friend did his.

Emily, sitting down by me, asked me did not perform very ill. 'Not very, my dear,' said I; 'but not so well as I have seen you dance.'—I don't know, said she, 'what ails me: my heart is very heavy, Madam. What can be the meaning of it? But don't tell Lady Grandison so.—Heigh-ho!—Lady Grandison! What a sound is that? A charming sound. But how shall I bring my lips to be familiarized to it?'—

'You are glad she is married, my dear? I dare say.'

'Glad! To be sure I am! It is an event that I have long wished for, but new names, and new titles, I know not how to frame one's mind to presently. It was some time before I could call you Lady G. But don't pity poor Lady Clementina, a fine dam!'

A great deal, I do. But as she recalled my brother—

Ah! dear! that's the thing! I wonder she could—when he would have let her have the free exercise of her religion.

Had you rather your guardian had Lady Clementina, Emily?

O no! How can you ask me such a question, Madam? Of all the women in the world, I wished him to have Miss Byron. But she is too happy for you, you know, Madam!—Bless me! What does she look so thoughtful for? Why does she sigh so? Surely she cannot be sorry!

Sorry! No, my love! But a change of condition for life! New attachments! A new course of life! Her name sunk, and lost! The property, person, and all, of another, excellent as the man; obliged to go to a new house; to be ingrafted into a new family; to leave her own, who so dearly love her; an irrevocable destiny!—Do you think, Emily, new in her present circumstances, every eye upon her, it is not enough to make a confederate mind, hers is, thoughtful?

All these are mighty hardships, Madam! putting up her lip—'But, Lady, can you suppose she thinks them? If she does—But she is a dear good girl! I shall ever love her. She is an ornament of our sex! See, how lovely she looks! Did your ladyship ever see so sweet a creature? I never did.'

Not for beauty, dignity, ease, figure, modesty, good sense, did I ever!

She is my *guardianess*, may I say? Is there such a word?—I shall be as proud of her, as I am of my guardian.

There is no cause of sighing, I think. See my guardian! her husband!

As fashionable as the word is, it is a pretty word. The *house-band*, that is all together. Is not that the meaning?

—Look round! How does he surpass all men!—His ease, talk of ease!

His dignity, talk of dignity! As handsome a man, as she is a woman! See how every young lady eyes him; every young gentleman endeavours to imitate him. I wish he would take me

for his wife; I would do better.

This was the substance of the whispering dialogue that passed between Emily and her friend.

—Poor girl!

Mr. Selby danced with Lucy, and got much applause. He was resolved, he said, to have one dance with the bride.

He thought him not to think of it. Her grandmother, her aunt, entreated for

her. She desired Sir Charles to interpose

—'If, my dearest life, you could oblige your uncle—' 'I cannot, cannot think of it,' said she.

'Lady G.' said Sir Charles, 'be so good as to challenge Mr. Selby.' I stood forth, and offered my hand to him. He could not refuse it. He did not perform so well as he did with Lucy. 'Go,' said I, when he had done, 'sit down by your dame, and be quiet: you have lost all your credit. You dance with a bride!'—Some people know not how to bear applause; nor to leave off when they are well. Lord L. took out Mrs. Selby. She dances very gracefully. Your lord, you know, is above praise. The young Lord Rereby and Miss Needham distinguished themselves. My odd creature was in his element. He and Miss Barclay, and another time he and Emily, did very handsomely; and the girl got up her reputation. Lord W. did hobble, and not ungracefully, with old Mrs. Selby; who had not danced, she said, for twenty years before; but, on so joyful an occasion, would not refuse Lord W.'s challenge; and both were applauded; the time of life of the lady, the limpingness of my lord, considered.

There was a very plentiful sideboard, of rich wines, sweetmeats, &c.

We all disclaimed formal supper.

We went afterwards into country-dances.

Mrs. Shirley retired about ten. Harriet took the opportunity of attending her. I had an intimation to follow.

I found her just dropt on her knees to her grandmother; who, with her arms about her neck, was folding to her fond heart the darling of it.

I was called upon to give my opinion, whether she should return to the company, or not: I gave it, that she should; and that she should retire for the night, about eleven. As to the bride-maids, I said, I would manage, that they should only attend her to her chamber, and leave her there, with her aunt, Lucy, and me. Lord L. undertook to make the gentlemen give up form; which, he said, they would the more easily do, as they were set into dancing.

After all, Lady L. we women dressed out in ribbands, and gaudy trappings, and in virgin-white, on our wedding-days, seem but like milk-white heifers led to sacrifice. We ought to be indulged, if we are not shameless things, and very wrong indeed, in our choice of the man we can love.

Mr. Selby broke from his partner,

S I

Miss

Miss Barclay, to whisk into the figure of the bride.

Sir Charles joined the deserted lady, who seemed much better pleased with her new partner than with her old one.

Lord W. who was sitting down, took Mrs. Selby, and led her into the dance.

I drew Miss Needham to the sideboard, and gave her her cue: she gave theirs to the three other bridesmaids.

About eleven, Mrs. Selby, unobserved, withdrew with the bride. The bridesmaids, one by one, waited on her to her chamber; saluted her, and returned to company.

The dear creature wanted presence of mind. She fell into my reflection above. 'O my dear Lady G.!' said she, 'was I not right when I declared, that I never would marry, were it not to the man I loved above all the men in the world?'

She complimented me twenty times, with being very good. She prayed for me; but her prayers were meant for herself.

You remember, that she told me on my apprehensiveness on the like occasion, that fear made me loving to her. On her blessing me, 'Ah, Harriet,' said I, 'you now find, that apprehension, will make one *pious*, as well as *loving*.'

'My sister, my friend, my own, my Caroline's, my brother's, dear Lady Grandison!' said I, when I left her, near undressed, 'God bless you! And God be praised, that I can call you by these tender names! My brother is the happiest of men; you of women. May we never love each other less than we do now! Look forward to the serene happiness of your future lot. If you are the joy of our brother, you must be our joy, and the jewel of our family.'

She answered me only by a fervent embrace, her eyes lifted up, surcharged, as I may say, with tears of joy, as in thankfulness.

I then rushed down stairs, and into the company.

My brother instantly addressed me.—'My Harriet,' whispered he, with impatience, 'returns not this night.'

'You will see Mrs. Selby, I presume, by and bye' returned I.

He took his seat by old Mrs. Selby, and fell into talk with her, to avoid joining in the dances. His eye was continually turned to the door. Mrs. Selby at last came in. Her eyes shewed the tender leave she had taken of her Harriet.

My brother approached her. She went out: he followed her.

In a quarter of an hour the return. We saw my brother no more that night.

We continued our dancing till between three and four.

I have often observed, that we who are ever tired with dancing. It was so with us. The men, poor souls! looked and sleepy, by two; all but my uncle has a good many *femalities*, as uncle calls them. But he was brought to be idle and useless, as women generally are.

I must conclude my letters this night, my dear: if I did not, you would know them to be written by your

CHARLOTTE

LETTER LIV.

LADY G. IN CONTINUATION

EMILY, Lucy, and I went to our morning congratulations soon as we arose, which was not early, to my brother, being told that he was in the cedar-parlour, writing, received us like himself. 'I am well,' said he, 'a few very short letters. They are to demand the felicitations of one, of our beloved Caroline; of our aunt Grandison; one of the G. and one of our dear Dr. Baile. There is another, you may read Charlotte.'

That also was a short one; to be according to promise, as I found, to my dear Jeronymo della Porretta, the celebration of his nuptials.

I returned it to him.—'Like my dear,' was all I said.

It concluded with a caution given in the most ardent terms, against neglecting the admirable Clementina.

We went up to the bride. She was dressing. Her aunt was with her, and two cousins Holles's, who went not to the preceding night.

The moment we entered, she ran to me, and clasping her arms about my neck, hid her blushing face in my bosom.—'dearest, dearest Lady G.!' said she.—'Am I indeed your sister, my dear Grandison! And will you love me as well as ever?'

'My dearest lovely sister! my dear Grandison! my brother's wife! sincerely do I repeat, joy, joy, to my Harriet!'

'O Lady G.!' How you raise me! goodness is a seasonable goodness to me! I never, never, but by your sister's example, shall be worthy of your brother!'

When embracing Emily: 'With me
my love! In my joy shall you find
your own!'

Emily wept, and even sobbed—'You
must, you must, treat me less kindly,
Madam. I cannot, cannot bear your
kindness. On my knees I acknowledge
you other guardian. God bless my dear,
my Lady Grandison!

At that moment, as they were folded
each other's arms, entered my bro-
ther—He clasped his round his sweet
sister: 'Pardon this intrusion,' said he,
'Excellent creature, continue to love
my Emily:—Continue, my Emily, to
deserve the sickerly love of my Har-
riet!'

Then turning to me, saluting me, 'My
Charlotte loves my Harriet; so does
my Caroline. She fondly loves you
both. God continue your love to each
other! What a sister has yesterday's
happy event given to each other!—
What a wife to me!—We will endea-
vour, my love, (to her) to *deserve* our
happiness: and I humbly trust, it will
be continued to us.'

He saluted Mrs. Selby—'My own aunt
Selby! What obligations am I under
to you, and to our venerable Mrs.
Selby, for giving to an angel an an-
gel's education, and conferring on me
a blessing!'

Congratulate me, my dear cousins
Hollies, saluting each. 'May you
be as happy, whenever you alter
your single estate, as I will endeavour
to make your lovely cousin!'

He withdrew, bowing to us; and with
much respectfulness to the happy Har-
riet as delighted us all.

My sister went down with him, to pay her
compliments to the two grand-
mothers.

My sister, said Kitty Hollies, after he
was gone—'we never, never, can think
of marrying, after we have seen Sir
Charles Grandison, and his behavi-
our.'

My sister came up with Nancy. They
rejoiced their cousin. 'Your grand-
mother and my grandmamma, my
dearest cousin, are impatient to see
you, in your grandmamma's chamber?
The gentlemen are crying out for
breakfasts in the great parlour.'
My sister hurried down. The bride threw
her arms at her grandmamma's feet, for
a blessing. It was given in such a
sweet and pious manner, that we were
affected by it. 'The best of sons,
my men,' said she, afterwards, 'has
just left me. What a blessing to

'all around him, is a good man! Sir
'Charles Grandison is every thing.—

'But, my dear loves,' to the younger
ladies, 'let a good man, let life, let
'manners, be the principal motive of
'your choice; in *goodness* will you have
'every sanction; and your fathers, mo-
'thers, relations, friends, every joy!—
'My dearest love, my Harriet, taking
her hand, 'there was a time that I
'thought no man on earth could deserve
'you: now it is my prayers, and will
'be, that you may deserve this man.
'But let us join the gentlemen. Fear not,
'my Harriet—Sir Charles's character
'will preserve with every one its digni-
'ty and give a sanction to the solemnity
'that has united you to him. My
'dearest love! be proud, and look assur-
'ed: you may, or who can? Yesterday's
'transaction is your glory; glory in it,
'my Harriet!'

We attended the two other ladies
down. Harriet, as bashful people ever
do, increased her own difficulties, by
staying behind with her Lucy. We were
all seated at the breakfast tables, and
staid for them: Mr. Selby grew impa-
tient; every one having declared them-
selves ready for breakfast. At last,
down came the blushing bride with her
Lucy. Sir Charles seeing Mr. Selby's
countenance turning peevishly arch; just
as he had begun, 'Let me tell you, niece
—' and was coming out with something,
he arose, and taking his bride's hand,
led her to her seat. 'Hush, my dear Mr.
'Selby,' said he: 'nobody must call to
'account my wife, and I present.—'
'How, Sir! How, Sir! Already have I
'lost my niece?'

'Not so, Mr. Selby. All her duties
'will have strength given them by the
'happy event of yesterday: but you must
'not let a new-married man see how
'much easier it is to find fault than to be
'faultless.'

'Your servant, Sir!' replied Mr. Selby
—'You'll one day pay for your complai-
'sance, or my niece is not a woman. But
'I was ready primed. You have robbed
'me of a jest; and that, let me tell you,
'would have been more to me than my
'breakfast.'

After breakfast, Lucy gave us a lesson
on the harpsichord. Sir Charles accom-
panied her finger, at the desire of the
company.

Lord and Lady W. excused them-
selves to breakfast, but came to dinner.
We entertained one another with re-
ports of what passed yesterday; what
people said; how the tenants' feast was
managed;

managed; how the populace behaved at the houses which were kept open. The churchwardens list was produced of the poor recommended by them: it amounted to upwards of 140, divided into two classes; one of the acknowledged poor, the other of poor house-keepers and labouring people who were ashamed to apply; but to whom the churchwardens knew bounty would be acceptable. There were above thirty of these, to whom Sir Charles gave very handsomely, but we knew not what. The churchwardens, who are known to be good men, went away blessing him, with hearts running over at their lips, as if they themselves were to find their account in his goodness.

SATURDAY.

WE have had a smart debate this morning, on the natural independency of our sex, and the usurpation of the other. Particulars bye and bye.

My brother is an irresistible man. To-morrow he has carried it to make his appearance at church, against all their first intentions, and that by their own consents. He had considered every thing: they had not. Mr. Beauchamp has letters which require him to go up to town: Lord and Lady W. are desirous to get thither, his lordship having some gouty warnings; I am obliged to go up, having hated to set about any thing preparatory to your case, Caroline! [If the wretch were to come in my way just now, I should throw my standish at him, I believe.] The Earl and Lady Gertrude are in town; and I am afraid of another reprimand. The earl never jests but he means the same as if he were serious. I shall take Emily with me, when I go. Mrs. Reeves wants to be with her little boy. Yet all these people are desirous to credit the appearance.—I had like to have forgot your good man—He longs to see his Caroline; and hopes to engage my brother to stand in person as his urchin's sponsor. So you see that there is a necessity to consent to make the appearance to-morrow or the bride will lose the flower of her company.

God continue the happiness of this charming pair! Their behaviour to each other is just what I would wish it to be; tender, affectionate, without fulsome fondness. He cannot be more respectful to the dear creature now, than he was before marriage; but from his present behaviour, I dare answer for him, that he will not be less so; and yet he is so

lively, that he has all *the young* his behaviour, whenever occasions for relaxation; even when subjects require seriousness, as they do sometimes in conversations before Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, Mr. Deane, and him; seriousness, as Mrs. Shirley herself observed in his absence, is attended with such vivacity, and intermingled with such entertaining illustrations, all naturally arising from and falling into subject, that he is sure of every one's attention and admiration.

'The features of his manly face, the turn of his fine eye,' observed on another occasion, 'are *cast* for 'and not for censure.' And let me a speech of his, when he was called to censure a person, on a slight repetition of facts—

'The whole matter is not before said he, 'we know not what may he may have to plead by way of 'tenuation, though he may not be 'ble entirely to excuse himself. 'as it appears to me, I would not 'done so.'

But what, my dear, am I about? they not my brother's phrases that I expatiating upon? Was I ever to trusted with that subject? Is there man, I have been asked, that is your brother?—He, I have answered is most likely to resemble him, who an unbounded charity, and universal benevolence, too men of all professions and who, imitating the divinity, respect the heart, rather than the head, much more than either rank or fortune though it were princely; and yet is a leveller, but thinks that rank or degree intitles a man, who is not utterly worthy of both, to respect.

I will write one more letter, and give way to other affairs.

I never thought I should have been such a scribbler. But the correspondence between my brother and Dr. Lett; into which we were all so engaged; that of this dear creature with Lucy, which so much entertained us, which led us in her absence, to continue the series of it; the story of mentina so interesting; all our suspense so affecting; and the state of this lovely friend's heart so peculiarly the desire of amusing you in your refinement: all these, together, led on. But now one letter more shall conclude my task.

Lord L. has just now mentioned to my brother his wishes that he would be godfather to the little lord. My brother

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light his hand, and besought his pardon for not offering *himself*. 'You do not, my dear lord,' said he, 'both honour and pleasure. Where was my thought?—But this dear creature, going to his bride, 'will be so good as to remind me of all my imperfections. I am in a way to mend; for the duties inseparable from my delightful new engagement will strengthen all my other duties.'

'I have taken upon me, Sir,' said she, 'to request the favour of my Lord and Lady L.'s acceptance of me for a god-mother.'

'To which I have objections,' said he. 'I have a prior claim. Aunt Eleanor has put in hers, Lady W. hers; and this before Miss Byron was *Lady Grandison*.'

'Your circumstance, my dear Lady G. according to a general observation of our sex, is prohibitory.'

'Will you, my brother,' appealed I, 'allow our superstitious observances, prognostics, omens, dreams?'

'O no! My Harriet has been telling me how much she suffered lately from a dream, which she permitted to give strength and terror to her apprehensions from Mr. Greville. Guard, my dear ladies, against these imbecilities of tender minds. In these instances, if in no other, will you give a superiority to our sex, which, in the debate of this morning, my Charlotte would not allow of.'

'I will begin my next letter with an account of this debate; and if I cannot squeeze it in the compass I intend to bring it into, my one more letter may perhaps stretch into two.'

LETTER LV.

LADY G. IN CONTINUATION.

THE debate I mentioned, began on Friday morning at breakfast time; brought on by some of uncle Selby's good-natured particularities; for he always has something to say against men. I bespoke my brother's neutrality, and declared I would enter the lists with Mr. Selby, and allow all the women present to be of his side. I was a flow of spirits. Man's usurpation, woman's natural independency, was the topick. I carried on my argument very triumphantly; now and then a fly hint, popt out by my brother, half-disconcerted me: but I called him to order, and he was silent; once he had like to have put me down—Wrapping his arms about him-

self, with inimitable humour—'O my Charlotte,' said he, 'how I love my country! ENGLAND is the *only* spot in the world, in which *this* argument can be properly debated!'—Very fly—Was it not?

I made nothing of Mr. Selby. I called him the tyrant of the family.—And as little of Mr. Deane, Lord L. and still less of my own lord, who was as eager in the debate as if it concerned him more than any-body to resist me; and this before my brother; who by his eyes, more than once, seemed to challenge me, because of the sorry creature's earnestness. All those, however, were men of straw, with me; and I thought myself very near making Mr. Selby ask pardon of his dame for his thirty years usurpation. In short, I had half-established our sex's superiority on the ruin of that of the sorry fellows, when the debate was closed, and referred to Mrs. Shirley, as moderatrix; my brother still excluded any share in it.—She indeed obliged me to lower my top-sails a little.

'I think,' said the venerable lady, 'women are generally too much considered as a species apart. To be sure in the duties and affairs of life, where they have different or opposite shares allotted them by Providence, they ought not to go out of their own sphere, or invade the men's province, any more than the men theirs. Nay, I am so much of this opinion, that though I think the confidence which some men place in their wives, in committing all their affairs to their care, very flattering to the opinion both of their integrity and capacity; yet I should not chuse (without considering trouble) to interfere with the management without-doors, which I think more properly the man's province unless in some particular cases.'

'But in common intercourse and conversation, why are we to be perpetually considering the *sex* of the person we are talking to? Why must women always be addressed in an appropriated language; and not treated on the common footing of reasonable creatures? And why must they, from a false notion of modesty, be afraid of shewing themselves to be *such*, and affect a childish ignorance?'

'I do not mean, that I would have women enter into learned disputes, for which they are rarely qualified; but I think there is a degree of knowledge very compatible with their duties; therefore not unbecoming them, and

and necessary to make them fit companions for men of sense: a character in which they will always be found more useful than that of a plaything, amusement of an idle hour.

No person of sense, man or woman, will venture to launch out on a subject with which they are not well acquainted. The *lesser* degree of knowledge will give place to the *greater*. This will secure subordination enough. For the advantages of education which men must necessarily have over women, if they have made the proper use of them, will have set them so forward on the race, that we can never overtake them. But then don't let them despise us for this, as if their superiority were entirely founded on a natural difference of capacity: despise us *as* women, and value themselves *merely as* men; for it is not the hat or cap which covers the head, that decides the merit of it.

In the general course of the things of this world, women have not opportunities of sounding the depths of science, or of acquainting themselves perfectly with polite literature: but this want of opportunity is not entirely confined to *them*. There are professions among the men no more favourable to their studies, than the common avocations of women. For example; merchants, whose attention is (and, perhaps, with regard to the publick, more usefully) chained down to their accounts. Officers, both of land and sea, are seldom much better instructed, though they may, perhaps, pass through a few more forms: and as for knowledge of the world, women of a certain rank have an equal title to it with some of them. A learned man, as he is called, who should despise a sensible one of these professions, and disdain to converse with him, would pass for a pedant; and why not for despising or undervaluing a woman of sense, who may be put on the same footing? Men in common conversation, have laid it down for a rule of good-breeding, not to talk before women of things they don't understand; by which means an opportunity of improvement is lost; a very good one, too; one that has been approved by the ablest persons who have written on the education of children: because it is a means of learning insensibly, without the appearance of a task. Common subjects afford only common-place,

and are soon exhausted: why, then, should conversation be confined to such narrow limits, and be liable to continual repetition; when, if persons would start less beaten subjects, more doubts and difficulties concerning them might be cleared up, and they would acquire a more settled opinion of things, (which is what the generality much want, from an indolence that hinders them from examining at the same time that they would be better entertained, than with talk of the weather, and such kind of invidities?)

Lady W. applauding Mrs. Shirley's sentiments, 'A-propos,' said she; 'I have read you the speech,' (taking out of her pocket-book) 'of an East India officer, to a pedant, who has been displaying his talents, and running over with terms of art and terms of Latin, mingled with a profusion of hard words, that hardly any of the company understood: and which, at the same time that it diverted all present, cured the pretended scholar of his affectation for ever after.' My lady read it, as follows—

"I am charmed with this opportunity," said the officer, "of discoursing with a gentleman of so much wit and learning; and hope I shall have his decision in a point which is precious, and concerns some eastern manufactures, of ancient and reverend etymology. Modern critics are very terminated about them; but, for my part, I have always maintained, that *chints*, *bull-bulls*, *morees*, and *panes*, *guxey's*, are of nobler and more generous uses than *doorguzes* or *muffs*. *mannys*: not but I hold against *brass* *pauts* in favour of *niceamnes* and *bauders*. Only I wish, that so curious a judge would instruct me, what *tapzils* and *sallampores* have given place to *neganepauts*? And why *bejattap* should be more esteemed than the *fabrick of blue chellers*?"

A very good rebuke of affectation said Sir Charles, ('and your ladyship hints it was an efficacious one.') It serves to shew, that men, in their different attainments, may be equally useful; in other words, that the knowledge of polite literature leads not to every part of useful science. I remember, that my Harriet distinguished very properly, in some of her letters to her Lucy, between *languages* and *science*; and that poor Mr. W. (that, I think, was his name) was

much disconcerted, as a pedant may sometimes be, when, (and he bowed to his Harriet) 'he has a *natural genius* to contend with.' She blushed, and bowed as she sat.—'And I remember, Sir, said she, 'you promised to give me your animadversions on the letters I consented you should see: will you be pleased to correct me now?'

'Correct you, my dearest life!—What a word is that? I remember, that, in the conversation in which you were obliged, against your will, to bear so considerable a part, you demonstrated, that genius, without deep learning, made a much more shining figure, in conversation, than learning without genius: but, upon the whole, I was a little apprehensive, that true learning might suffer, if languages were too slightly treated. Mr. Walden made me good observation, or rather remembered it, for it was long ago made, and will be always of weight, that the knowledge of languages, any more than the advantage of birth, was never thought lightly of by those who had pretensions to either. The knowledge of the Latin language, in particular, let me say, is of a singular use in the mastery of every science.

'There are who aver, that men of parts have no occasion for learning: but, surely, our Shakespeare himself, one of the greatest geniuses of any country or age, (who, however, is an adept in the superior learning, the knowledge of nature) would not have been a sufferer, had he had the greater share of human learning which is denied him by some critics.'

'But, Sir Charles,' said Mr. Deane, 'don't you think that Shakespeare, who lived before the great Milton, has an easier, pleasanter, and more intelligible manner of writing, than Milton? If so, may it not be owing to Milton's greater learning, that Shakespeare has the advantage of that immortal poet in perspicuity?'

'Is the fact certain, my dear Mr. Deane, that Milton wants perspicuity? I have been bold enough sometimes to think, that he makes a greater display of his reading, than was quite necessary in his unbounded subject. But the age, in which Shakespeare flourished, might be called the age of English learning, as well as of English bravery. The queen and her court, the very studies of it, were more learned than any court of our English sovereigns was before, or has been since. What

a prodigy of learning, in the short reign of Edward the VIth, was the Lady Jane Gray!—Greek, as well as Latin, was familiar to her: so it was to Queen Elizabeth. And can it be supposed, that the natural geniuses of those ladies were more confined or limited, for their knowledge of Latin and Greek? Milton, though a little nearer to us, lived in harsher and more tumultuous times.'

'O Sir!' said Harriet, 'then I find I was a very impertinent creature in the conversation to which you refer.'

'Not so, my dearest love!—Mr. Walden, I remember, says, that learning, in that assembly, was not brought before a fair tribunal. He should have known, that it had not a competent advocate in him.'

'But, Sir Charles,' said Mr. Beauchamp, 'I cannot but observe, that too much stress is laid upon learning, as it is called, by those who have pretensions to it. You will not always find, that a scholar is a more happy man than an unlearned one. He has not generally more prudence, more wisdom, in the management of his affairs.'

'What, my dear Beauchamp, is this, but saying, that there is great difference between theory and practice? This observation comes very generously, and, with regard to the ladies, very gallantly, from you, who are a learned man: but as you are also a very prudent man, let me ask you, Do you think you have the less prudence for you learning? If not, is not learning a valuable addition?'

'But, pray, Sir Charles,' said Mrs. Selby, 'let me ask your opinion: do you think, that if women had the same opportunities, the same education, as men, they would not equal them in their attainments?'

'Women, my dear Mrs. Selby, are women sooner than men are men. They have not, therefore, generally, the learning-time, that men have, if they had equal geniuses.'

'If they had equal geniuses, brother! Very well.—My dear sister Harriet, you see you have given your hand to one of the lords of the creation.—Vassal! bow to your sovereign.'

SIR CH. 'My dearest love take not the advice without the example.'

LADY G. 'Your servant, Sir. Well, but let me ask you, do you think that there is a natural inferiority in the faculties of the one sex? A natural superiority in those of the other?'

SIR CH. 'Who will answer this question for me?'

'Not I,' said Lord L.—'Not I,' said Mr. Deane.—'Not I,' said Mr. Beauchamp.

'Then I have fairly taken you in—You would, if you could, answer it in the ladies' favour. This is the same as a confession. I may, therefore, the more boldly pronounce, that, generally speaking, I have no doubt but there is.'

'Help me, dear ladies,' said I, 'to fight this battle out.—You say, Sir, you have no doubt that there is a natural inferiority in the faculties of us, poor women; a natural superiority in you, imperial men.'

Generally speaking, Charlotte. Not individually *you*, ladies, and *us*, men—I believe all we who are present, shall be ready to subscribe to your superiority, ladies.'

'I believe, brother, you fib: but let that pass.'

'Thank you, Madam. It is for my advantage that it should; and, perhaps, for *yours*, smiling.—There is a difference, pardon me, ladies, we are speaking *generally*, in the *constitution*, in the *temperament*, of the two sexes, that gives to the one advantages which it denies to the other: but we may not too closely pursue this subject, though the result, I am apt to believe, would put the matter out of dispute. Let us be more at large: why has nature made a difference in the beauty, proportion, and symmetry, in the *persons* of the two sexes? Why gave it delicacy, softness, grace, to that of the women—as in the ladies before me; strength, firmness, to men; a capacity to bear labour and fatigue; and courage, to protect the other? Why gave it a distinction, both in qualities and plumage, to the different sexes of the feathered race? Why in the courage of the male and female animals!—The surly bull, the meek, the beneficent cow, for one instance?'

We looked upon one another.

'There are exceptions to general rules,' proceeded he. 'Mrs. Shirley surpasses all the men I ever knew in wisdom—Mrs. Selby and Lady G.'—

'What of us, brother!—What of us—to the advantage of your argument?'

'Heroick Charlotte!—You are both very happily married—The men the women, the women the men, you can mutually assist and improve each other. But still—'

'Your servant, brother,' interrupted I.—'Your servant, Sir Charles,' said Mrs. Selby.—'and I say, your servant too,' said Mrs. Selby.

'Who sees not that my sister Charlotte is ready to disclaim the competition in fact, though not in words? Can there be characters more odious than those of a masculine woman, or an effeminate man? What are the distinguishing characteristics of the two sexes? And whence this odiousness? There are, indeed, *men*, whose minds if I may be allowed the expression seem to be cast in a female mould; whence the fops, foplings, and pretentious fellows, who buzz about your sex in public places; *women*, whose minds seem to be cast in a masculine one; whence your Barnevells, my dear, a most of the women who, at such places give the men stare for stare, swing their arms, look jolly; and those married women who are so kind as to take the reins out of their husband's hands, in order to save the honest men the trouble.'

'Your servant, Sir—Your servant, Sir—' And some of them looked as they had said, 'you cannot mean me; hope; and those that spoke not, bowed and smiled thanks for his compliment one fourth of the sex.'

My lord insultingly rubbed his hand for joy: Mr. Selby crowed; the other men silently smiled, though they were afraid of giving a more open approbation.

'O my sister,' said I, taking Harriet's hand, 'we women are mere nothing! We are nothing at all!'

'How, my Charlotte! Make you no difference between being every thing and nothing?'

'Were it not, my dear ladies,' proceeded he, 'for male protectors, what insults, to what outrages, would not your sex be subject?—Pardon me, my dearest love, if I strengthen my argument by your excellences, how to his Harriet. Is not the dear creature our good Mrs. Shirley's daughter? All the feminine graces hers. She is, in my notion, what women should be—But wants she a protector? Even a dream, a verie—'

'O Sir, spare me, spare me!' said blushing, said the lovely Harriet. 'own I should have made a very long since, you know, Lady G. I brought this very argument in your of—'

Hush, Harriet! You will give up the female cause.'

That is not fair, Charlotte,' rejoined her brother; 'you should not intercept the convictions of an ingenious mind—I will spare my Harriet, if she will endeavour, for her own sake, to let nothing disturb her for the future but realities, and not any of *those* long, if they are inevitable ones.'

But pray, Sir,' said I, 'proceed in your argument, if you have any more to say.'

O Charlotte! I have enough to say, to silence all your opposition, were I to give this subject its due weight. But we are only, for pleasantry-sake, skimming over the surface of the argument. Weaker powers are given generally for weaker purposes, in the economy of providence. I, for my part, however, disapprove not of our venerable Mrs. Shirley's observation; that we are apt to consider the sex *too much* as a species apart: yet it is my opinion, that both God and nature have designed a very apparent difference in the minds of both, as well as in the peculiar beauties of their persons. Were it not so, their offices would be confounded, and the women would not perhaps so readily submit to those domestick ones in which it is their province to shine, and the men would be allotted the distaff, or the needle—and you yourselves, ladies, would be the first to despise such. I, for my part, would only contend, that the men should have power and right given us to serve and protect your sex; that we should purchase and build for them; travel and toil for them; run through, at the call of Providence, or for our king and country, dangers and difficulties; and, at last, lay all our trophies, all our acquirements, at your feet; enough rewarded in the conscience of duty done, and your favourable acceptance.'

We were all of us again his humble servants. It was in vain to argue the tyranny of some husbands, when he could lay upon us the follies of some wives; that wives and daughters were never so faulty, more undomestick, than at home; and when we were before a stranger, who, though he could not be absolutely unpolite, would not flatter us, to spare our foibles.

However, it stuck a little with Harriet, that she had given cause to Sir Charles, in the dispute which she formerly bore a man, relating to learning and language, to think her more lively than she

ought to be, and had spoken too lightly of languages. She, sweetly blushing, like a young wife solicitous for the good opinion of the beloved of her heart, revived that cause.

He spoke very highly in her praise, upon the occasion; owned, that the letters he had been favoured with the sight of, had given him deeper impressions in her favour, than even her beauty; hoped for farther communications; applauded her for her principles, and her inoffensive vivacity—'That sweet, that innocent vivacity, and noble frankness of heart,' said he, taking her hand, 'which I hope you will never think of restraining.'

'As to the conversation you speak of,' proceeded he, 'I repeat, that I was apprehensive, when I read it, that languages were spoken of in it slightly; and yet, perhaps, I am mistaken.—You, my Beauchamp, I think, if my dearest life will oblige us both by the communication, and *chuses* to do so, (for that must be the condition on which all her goodness to us must be expected) shall be judge between us: you know, better than I, what stores of unexhausted knowledge lie in the works of those great ancients, which suffered in the hands of poor Mr. Walden; you know what the past and present ages have owed, and what all future will owe, to *Homer, Aristotle, Virgil, Cicero*; you can take in the necessity there is of restraining innovation, and preserving old rules and institutions, and of employing the youth of our sex, who would otherwise be much worse employed, (as we see in those who neglect their studies) in the attainment of languages that can convey to them such lights in every science: though it were to be wished, that morals should take up more of the learner's attention than they generally do. You know, that the truest parts of learning are to be found in the Roman and Greek writers: and you know, that translation (were every thing worthy our notice translated) cannot convey those beauties which scholars only can relish; and which learned foreigners, if a man travels, will expect should not have escaped his observation. As to the ladies, Mrs. Shirley has admirably observed, that there is a degree of knowledge very compatible with their duties—(condescending excellence!) bowing to Mrs. Shirley—and highly becoming them; such as will make them rejoice, and, I will add, improve a man of sense,

‘sense, sweeten his manners, and render him a much more sociable, a much more amiable creature, and, of consequence, greatly more happy in himself, than otherwise he would be from books and solitude.’

‘Well but, brother, you said just now, that we were only, for pleasantry-sake, skimming over the surface of the argument; and that you had enough to say to silence all my opposition, were you to give the subject it’s due weight. (I do assure you, that, to silence all my opposition, you must have a vast deal more to say, than you have said hitherto; and yet you have thrown in some hints which stick with me, though you have concluded with some magnificent intimations of superiority over us—Power and right to protect, travel, toil for us, and lay your trophies at our feet, and so forth—Surely, surely, this is diminishing us, and exalting yourselves, by laying us under high obligations to your generosity. Pray, Sir, let us have, if you please, one or two intimations of those weightier arguments, that could, as you fancy, silence your Charlotte’s opposition. I say, that we women, were our education the same—You know what I would beat—Your *weightier* arguments, if you please—or a specimen only *en passant*.’

‘Supposing, my Charlotte, that all human souls are, in themselves, equal; yet the very design of the different machines in which they are inclosed, is to superinduce a temporary difference on their original equality; a difference adapted to the different purposes for which they are designed by Providence in the present transitory state. When those purposes are at an end, this difference will be at an end too. When sex ceases, inequality of souls will cease; and women will certainly be on a foot with men, as to intellectuals, in Heaven. There, indeed, will you no longer have *lords* over you; neither will you have *admirers*: which, in your present estimate of things, will perhaps balance the account. In the mean time, if you can see any occasions that may call for stronger understandings in male life, than in your own; you, at the same time, see an argument to acquiesce in a persuation of a present inequality between the two sexes. You know, I have allowed exceptions. Will you, Charlotte, compliment yourself with being one?’

‘Now, brother, I feel, methinks, that

‘you are a little hard upon Charlotte. But ladies, you see how she stands.—You are all silent.—But, you graciously allow, that there is a degree of knowledge which is very compatible with the duties of us women, and highly *becoming* us: will you the goodness to point out to us this compatible learning is; that may not mistake—and so become centric, as I may say, but our orb do more mischief than ever we could good?’

‘Could I point out the bounds of Charlotte, it might not to *fine* be so proper: the limit might be set as the one prohibited tree in a garden. But let me say, that whether in man or woman, will itself into light. If it has a law-tendency, let it, as a ray of the sun, be encouraged, as well in the sex as the other: I would not, by means, have it limited; a little ledge leads to vanity and conceit: would only, methinks, have a parent governor; a preceptor, bend his force to restrain it’s follies; but not so much cold water upon the flame as should quench it; and he did, stupidity, at least, might take place of the element, and the person might be miserable life.’

‘Well, then, we must *conclude* think,’ said I. ‘But, on recollection, I thought I had enjoined you, Charles, to the observance of a neutrality.—Harriet, whispered I, are only, after all, to be allowed as far as I can find, in this temporary like tame doves, to go about, and so-forth, as Biddy says, to play.’

‘Harriet, could she have found time by mutual consent, they are hardly atunder) would have given you an account of this conversation than done; so would Lucy: but take it offers, from your *four affectionate* CHARLOTTE

LETTER LVL. MISS LUCY SELAY, TO LADY

MY dear Lady G. I find myself writing to your ladyship, in count of the appearance which the liest couple in England made in church.

We all thought nothing but added to the charms of our

tion; but yet her dress and jewels I sighed, from pride for the honour of female beauty, to think they were. Can my dear Harriet,' thought she, 'be so exquisitely lovely, as she is, in any dress, be ornamented by richer silks than common, by costly laces, by jewels? Can dress add grace to that admirable proportion, and those fine features, which no painter yet has ever done justice, though every family related to her has a picture of her, drawn by a different hand of eminence?'

We admired the bridegroom as much as we did her, when (before we could be thought he had been half ready) joined Mrs. Shirley, my aunt Selby, and me, in the great parlour, completely filled. But what we most admired in him was, that native dignity and ease, that inattentiveness to his own figure and appearance, which demonstrate the truly fine gentleman, accustomed, as he was, to be always elegant.

When his lady presented herself to us, and to us, in all her glory, how the dear creature dazzle us! We voluntarily arose, as if to pay our homage to her. Sir Charles approached with rather an air of greater freedom than usual, as if he considered not his dress, as having added to the value of her; yet, loveliest of women, he called her; and taking her hand, pressed her to her grandmother: 'Receive, and again bless, my angel,' said he, 'best of parents!—How lovely!

But what is even all this amazing loveliness to the graces of her mind? They live upon me every hour.—She hardly opens her lips, but I find reason to bless God, and bless you both, my dear ladies: for God and you have given me goodness.—My dearest life, allow me to say, that this sweet person, which will be your first perfection in every stranger's eye, is but a second in mine. Instruct me, Sir,' said she, bashfully, pressing her face upon his hand, as he said hers, 'to deserve your love, by improving the mind you have the goodness to prefer; and no creature was ever on earth so happy as I shall be.'

My dear daughter,' said her delighted grandmother, 'you see, can hardly bear our goodness, Sir. You must blame her for something, to keep down her pride.'

My Harriet,' replied he, 'cannot be proud of what the silkworm can do for her, or of the jeweller's polish: but now you call upon me, Madam, I will show her with a real fault. I open all

my heart to her, as subjects occasionally offer: I want her to have a will, and to let me know it. The frankness of all female hearts will not treat me with that sweet familiarity which banishes distance.—You see, my dearest love, that I chide you before your parental friends, and your Lucy?

'It is your own fault, Sir: indeed it is. You prevent me in all my wishes. Awe will mingle with the love of persons who are under perpetual obligation.—My dear two mamma's, you must not blame me; you must blame Sir Charles: he takes away, by his goodness, even the power of making suitable acknowledgments, and then complains I do not speak.'

My uncle Selby came in. He stood looking upon my cousin, for a few moments in silence; then broke out, 'Sir Charles Grandison, you may indeed boast, that you have for a wife the flower of the British world, as you once called her—and let me tell you, niece, you have for a husband the noblest and gallantest of men. Happy, happy pair!' said I.—'My dear Mr. Deane, said he, who just then entered, 'if you will keep me in countenance, I will venture to salute that charming creature.'

Sir Charles presented his bride to them both. With a bent knee she received their salutes. At that moment came in the three lords, who followed the example. Lord W. called her angel—Sir Charles looked delighted with the praises of his bride.

The rest of the company being come, we proceeded to church.

We were early; but the church was crowded. How were the charming couple admired on their alighting, and as they walked to their pew!—Never did my cousin herself look so lovely. How charmingly looked the bridegroom! But he forgot not that humble deportment, full of reverence for the place, and the divine offices, which seemed to make him absent for the time to that splendour and beauty which took every eye out of our own pew. His example was enough to give a proper behaviour, had it been needful, to every one in it.

I should have told your ladyship, that Mr. Greville had sent, over-night, a suddenly complaisant request to my aunt, in writing, importing, that as he heard the bride would make her appearance on the morrow, the bride-men and maids, if it broke not into our ceremonial, would accept of his pew, which is over-

against ours, for the *look* of the thing, he said: though he could not promise but he should all the day curse the occasion. By this we found, he was not gone to Lady Frampton's, as he had designed. His offer was thankfully accepted.

There was a great concourse of the genteel people there. Every body, men and women, looked delighted on the occasion. The humility of the bride was tried, by the respects paid her between the offices, by all who had ever been in her company. They should have reined in their own pride; for it was to *that*, as much as to respect to her, I doubt not, that their notice was owing. She looked conscious, bashful; *My*, I told her afterwards. She hates the word: but as I said, she should not have given the idea, that made no other word so proper to express it, and which must be more observable in *her* generally open free countenance, than in that of any other. She more than once saw devoirs paid her by a *leer*, when her sweet face was so disposed, that had she *not* returned the compliment, it might have passed that she had not seen them. But what an insensible must have been my cousin, had she not been proud of being Lady Grandison! She is not quite an angel, yet: she has a few *femalities*, as my uncle whimsically call our little foibles. So, perhaps, she *should*. But nobody saw the least defect in your brother. His dress most charmingly became him; and when he looked upon his bride, his eyes were fixed on her eyes, with such a sweet benignity and complaisance, as if he saw her mind through them, and could not spare a glance to her ornaments: yet by his own dress he shewed, that he was no stoical non-conformist to the fashion of the world. But the politeness and respect with which he treated her, did them both credit, and credit (as Lady G. observed) to the whole sex. Such unaffected tenderness in his respect; and known to be so brave, so good a man! O my dear Lady L. what an admirable man is your brother! What a happy creature is my Harriet!

When divine service was over, I was afraid our procession, as I may call it, would have been interrupted by the compliments of some of the gentry of our acquaintance, whose opened pew-doors shewed their readiness to address them: but all passed in silent respects from gentlemen and ladies. My cousin when she came home, rejoiced, that

one of her parading times was over. 'But when, my dearest love,' said Sir Charles, 'will the time be past, that all who see you will admire you?'

The church in the afternoon was more crowded than before. How was Sir Charles and my uncle blessed by the poor, and people of low degree, for the well-dispensed bounty to them!

My cousin has delighted Mrs. Shirley by telling her, that Sir Charles had said there would be a rite wanting, till he had communicated, according to the order of the church, at the altar, on the particular occasion.

Just now is every thing settled. Sir Charles wished to be settled. Lady G. will acquaint you with particulars, doubt not.

Permit me to commend myself to your ladyship's favour, as one of the *humblest and sincerest of your servants*,

LUCY SELWYN

P. S. Lady G. has half broke my heart.

On perusal of what I have written she says, I have not done my best; I have not given half particulars enough.—In short, she finds a multitude of faults with me—Even calls me names, 'She is a girl—laxity!' and I can't tell what to do. But do you, Madam, acquit me, and I shall be easy.

I told her, that I thought I had been very minute.

'What to a lying-in woman,' she says, 'who has no variety but her! all one dull chamber-scene hourly acted over again to subject so rich!'

I answered, it should then be had the richest pen!—Why she not write herself? If it was not for laziness—fate, it was self-fate, that she did not. I knew Lady L. would have been a gainer by the change of pen: she had much rather have been in company for which she quitted talk, than grubbing pens in a closet; and all to get nothing but discommendation.

I have shewn her this my postscript. She raves: but I am hardened. I will soon have an opportunity to shew all my defects, in person.

H

SIR CH

HON

V

L E T

MISS LUCY SELWYN

YOU enjoined me at parting on you; and to be written. I will, but you. Otherwise I will; first, because fortune to please you and next, because I honour to attend you begin.

On Tuesday we were in preparations for the next day. Sir Charles, brother James, paid Mr. Greville, who referred, and indisposed. James says, that he is manly, yet tender man to another, as Sir Charles, said he, and that he absolutely left him acknowledge his fault, and begging a visit, as he could, was often as he could, was parts; and that, he credit, as for his cousin Sir Charles, said he, was the siren! I will state her. The sooner, if I shall be able to, while she is in the southshire ground.—The match—Do you